THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND FOR THE RIGHT, AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

VOL. IV. No. 23. J. J. BURKE. EDITOR & PUBLISHER. Antioch, Illinois., Thursday Morning Feb. 5, 1891. ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE. TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.	GOING SOUTH.
No. 5, 5.07 P. M.	• No. 2 5.05 A. M.
No. 7, 10,19 A. M.	No. 6, 11,55 A. M.
No. 9, 7,10 P. M.	No. 8, 6,47 P. M
• No. 1, 12.39 A. M.	No. 10, 7,55 A. M.

TRAINS GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.

Reference mark • Stop on signal.

During the Summer Season, all of the above trains, ru daily between Chicago an Waukesha, except the Milk train, Nos. 9 and 10.

W. F. ZIEGLER, Agt

Antioch Home News.

Mr. John Little, of Chicago, was here on business Friday last.

The revival meetings at the Disciple church have been quite well attended throughout the week.

Mr. Thomas Wilton was in Waukegan a couple of days during the past week.

If you are about to buy village property it will pay you to examine the lots in Hancock's Addition.

Rev. W. A. Colledge will give one of his popular lectures at Millburn to-morrow (Friday) evening.

Rough roads once more, but even that is better than the abundance of mud we have had for some time past.

The ANTIOCH NEWS and the Chicago weekly *Inter Ocean* or *Journal* to new subscribers, one year for $1.80.

FOR SALE:— Building lots for $75.00 and up, in Hancock's Addition to Antioch.

CHINN & BURKE.

This village will enjoy a building boom in the spring. Many new residences will go up in the different sub-divisions.

Mrs. Stephen Grice went to Waukegan on Saturday last, called there by the serious illness of her son George's youngest child, Olive, who has got a severe case of lung fever.

A new member was baptised at the Disciple church on last Friday evening by the Rev. Holloman. Quite a large crowd were present. The members will continue holding meetings during the present week.

C. Coon has sold the property he recently purchased of Charles Harden to L. J. Simons. The "Kernel" bought the property intending to erect his summer residence thereon but the spot was not isolated enough to suit his fancy.

ICE palaces are no longer monopolized by the great northwest. An enterprising artificial ice manufacturing company has erected one at Newark, New Jersy, which the cold wave has strongly cemented with nature's frozen bonds.

The Kenosha "hoodlums" are not in full sympathy with the Salvation Army now quartered in that city Whenever the Salvationists go out on parade the youngsters evince their displeasure by storming their ranks with ancient eggs and brickbats.

Thirty of the hostile Brule Indians that took part in the recent Indian "unpleasantness" are now at Fort Sheridan, and will undergo a six months course of subjugation They will thus be deprived of their lively pastime "ghost dancing," for six months to come and will go back to their reservation, if the government sees fit to let them, with a better opinion of their white brothers military strength.

Who says property is not increasing in value in this village? We have known the price on a piece of property to advance $50 in two or three days and they weren't "boom" days either. If property keeps right on advancing like this, poor people will have to take up their abode on some of the "lake front" reservations recently thrown open for settlement, when Summer again rolls around and accustom themselves to the sturdy roar of the festive bull-frog.

From 8 to 12 below zero; how is that for a mild winter?

Frank Brown of Trevor was a caller on Monday last.

Miss May Richards was on the sick list during the past week.

A number of our farmers delivered hogs here on Friday last. $3.10 was the highest paid.

Quite a number of our farmers now get their feed ground here instead of going to Wilmot as formerly.

A welcome change occurred in the weather during the fore part of the week and our streets are once more passable.

Something must be wrong. The weather prophets predicted colder weather, commencing the fore part of this week, and their prediction has been fully verified.

There is some talk on the part of the Amateur Band boys of giving a dramatic entertainment in the near future. Quite proper boys. Let us have one soon.

No service was held at the M. E. church on Sunday evening last, as the pastor and members held a union service with the Disciples at the latter's church.

Messrs C. B. Harrison & Son having got their feed mill in perfect working order are prepared to do first class grinding on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week at reasonable rates.

The people of this section have to be contented with a little rain storm now and then, while down in New York the little "unpleasantness" they had recently, broke down telegraph poles and formed mud on the streets a foot deep.

The Vose Bros. of Avon have established the fact that they are fully competent to handle fractious and vicious horses in a manner satisfactory to all. Wherever they have given lessons entire satisfaction has resulted to their pupils.

Lounges, $4.50, woven wire springs, $1.75, chairs, 50 cents each, chamber suits (3 pieces) $13.50, plush parlor suits, $26.00, for ten days from this date. Everything else also at bed rock prices at J. C. James & Son's furniture store.

Mr. and Mrs. Mane, of Bassett Station, welcomed triplets (two boys and a girl) at their house on Tuesday of this week. One of the boys died shortly after seeing the light of day, while the other boy and girl are doing well. Two years ago twins were born to Mr. and Mrs. Mane.—*Standard Democrat.*

It would seem from the Chicago papers that Waukegan is not to get the Washburn-Moen Wire Co. without a vigorous fight with her sturdy antagonist for the same honors, South Chicago. There is one thing certain about the matter and that is the city that secures the concern will have much to feel proud of.

The following improvements will be made in this village as soon as spring opens up: On the Bock-addition Mr. N. Pullen will erect a new residence. On this same addition Mr. Joseph Barnstable will put up a residence as will also his brother James if other plans are not made. On his lot in the Johonnott addition, Mr. Jerome Story will build a residence, while on the lot recently purchased of his father, Lyman Grice will build. On the Davis addition, George Olcott will also build as soon as good weather permits. In the Kilmer addition Mr. E. Richards will build a residence if no different arrangements are made. It is probable that other building projects will be started before spring and work on some of those already mentioned may be commenced ere that time.

Standard smoking tobacco 20 cents per pound, at Stone & Co's.

Miss Flora Harden has been on the sick list for the past few days.

BORN:— To Mr. and Mrs. Luther Graves on Saturday last, a boy baby. Mother and child are doing well.

The weather caught a bad cold Monday night. As late as eight o'clock Tuesday morning the thermometer registered 7 degrees below zero.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Johonnott, and Mrs. Turner and daughter, attended the wooden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. J. Richardson, of English Prairie, Wednesday.

It was reported on Saturday last that portions of Silver Lake had thawed and broken up during the warm rainy weather of the previous week. We have certainly had considreable warm weather this winter but it hardly seems possible that ice from thirteen to sixteen inches thick could thaw out so quickly, when we take into consideration the fact that it has frozen more or less every night for some time past.

WILMOT JOTTINGS.

Mrs. John Conrad is visiting her mother, Mrs Brown.

Mrs. Wheeler spent Saturday with friends in Wilmot.

Miss Maggie Bryant of Salem is visiting Mrs. Hoysradt.

A. H. Kruckman and M. Tyrrell spent Monday in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Maylia are spending the week in Chicago.

E. A. Kruckman of Crandon, Dak. is visiting his uncle A. H. Kruckman.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brown will occupy their own home in the near future.

Mrs. Owen and Miss Lottie Scherff visited at Mr. Gauzlines west of town last Friday.

The Ladies Aid Society will meet at the residence of Mrs. Wm. Sears next Friday afternoon.

A wedding at the German Lutheran church Tuesday. We did not learn the names of the contracting parties.

Report says Frank Scott will move to town this spring. We shall be glad to welcome all such good citizens as Mr. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Faulkner returned from their wedding trip last Friday. They will reside with Mrs. F's mother, Mrs. Udell.

There was a quiet wedding at the home of Mr. John Menter, a little north of town, Tuesday, Jan. 27, the occasion being the marriage of his oldest daughter, Miss Annie, to Mr. Oliver Newberry.

LANCASTERVILLE.

Times are hard and news is scarce.

Mrs. Masterson has not recovered from her recent illness.

Mr. Jas. Redmond will soon have a fine house where the former one was burned.

Several of our people attended the masquerade at Highland Park Friday evening.

The school closed in the Vernon district the 30th. The school began very early in the fall.

Several copies of the Antioch NEWS have been examined by people of this community and all agree in the fact that it is a good paper.

Several odd looking characters were seen near the depot Sunday. They were very suspicious looking fellows. People can not take too good care of their property when such persons are allowed to roam in our midst.

The Misses Cora and Mary Reynolds, of Randall, spent Sunday with Miss Maggie Sears.

Jack Duffy's daughter fell on the ice and broke her arm one day last week. Dr. Darby set the fracture and she is doing nicely.

Mr. Jim Owen and Miss Kittie Gardner were married at Salem last Wednesday. Both are well and favorably known here where they have always lived, and start in life with the best wishes of their many friends.

Wisconsin Central Time Table.

Trains arriv at and depart from Trevor, as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
No. 1....†12:45 a. m.	No. 2....• 4:52 a. m.
No. 3....†0:50 P. M.	No. 4....† 8:03 a. m.
No. 5.... 5:14 P. M.	No. 6....•11:53 a. m.
No. 7.... 10:25 a. m.	No. 8 6:36 P. M.
No. 9.... 7:20 P. M.	No. 10 7:26 a. m.

• Trains stop on signal only.

† Trains do not stop for passengers.

Train No. 1, makes regular stops, for passengers to get off at Trevor every night.

Through tickets furnished at lowest rates. For further information enquire of Agent.

GEORGE SHAVER, Agent.

TREVOR, WIS.

K. K. Cass & Co. shipped a car load of hogs to Chicago last week.

Miss Topsy Stewart has changed her location in Chicago and is getting better wages.

We are having rather sloppy weather now days, or rather have had for a few days past.

N. Crowley is still confined to the house but is in hopes to be around again soon if nothing happens.

Frank Kingman shipped a car load of sheep to Chicago last Friday and left for Florida the fore part of this week to look after his interest in the flowery state, taking his wife along for company.

Sam Stewart took in Chicago last Saturday looking after his milk interest. There seems to be a combine among the dealers to beat the producers out of a good share of their money.

Train No. 1, arriving at Trevor at 12:45 A. M. will make regular stops hereafter, affording stock shippers and others ample time in Chicago as they do not leave Chicago until 10:45 P. M.

Herbert Robbins writes from Georgina Florida, his pine apple crop promises well and his orange grove is growing finely and beginning to fruit considerably, having raised quite a number of boxes this year.

A Pleasant Surprise.

Last Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Swenson of Wilmot were the recipients of a very pleasant surprise party, and judging from the astonished looks of the host and hostess they were surprised indeed. Mr. Swenson lay cuddled up on the lounge nursing a bad cold, but he jumped up and got a hustle on him and built fires in the large parlor and sitting rooms, and they were soon filled by a crowd that seemed bent on enjoyment. Mrs. Swenson with the aid of Mrs. Owen was soon changed into the charming hostess, and was here, there and everywhere, making it pleasant for the company, who were soon deeply interested in games of all discriptions, lasting until 11 o'clock, when supper was served by the ladies of the company, and such a supper, there was coffee, coffee that warms the whole body, cakes too numerous to mention and cheese from the grand old state of Pennsylvania. But there I ate until I could eat no more. After supper the company departed thanking Mr. and Mrs. Swenson very kindly. There were present: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Voak, Mr. and Mrs. Lem Voak, Mr. and Mrs. Gus. Kruckman, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bufton, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sherff Mr. and Mrs. Rance Shotliff, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Darby, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hegeman, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sears, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sabin, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Tyrrell, Capt. and Mrs. Marsh, Mr. and Miss Carpenter, Mr. L. L. Owen and Miss Marsh, Mrs. Wm. Faulkner, Mrs. F. J. Owen, Mrs. H. Hegeman, Mrs. E. Dalrymple.

MC'CARTHY.

WADSWORTH.

Some talk of incorporating Wadsworth.

Mrs. Emma with her smile invites all to call and examine her goods.

The Maud S. C. C. has found its way into 33 states and sales are constantly increasing. So much for printers ink. Sling on the ink.

Our weather prophet is in high glee. Thinks he is about right. In 1881 he prophesied that we were to have twelve or fourteen mild winters, commencing with the winter of '87 or '88. He prognosticates from the position of the planets.

Three freight cars jumped the track at Wadsworth, Jan. 27 and made a raid upon James Pollock's elevator, carrying away about 20 feet siding and windows, exposing a large quantity of flour to the noonday sun and making kindling wood out of one corner of the car. No lives were lost.

To James B. Welsh.

Beware of the careless word,
It has a fearful power.
It jars upon the spirit chord
Through many a weary hour.
Beware of the careless word,
Though not designed to give us pain,
Remembrance brings it back again
With all its fearful power.
Beware of the careless word,
Worm-wood, gall, and even death
May dwell in its every breath.
Beware of the careless word.
Beware of the careless word
Although at random spoken,
Remembrance brings it back again
The same bitter, fearful, token.

Written by F. G. Kent after listening to a discourse delivered by J. B. Welsh at Rosecrans M. E. church.

COUNTY SEAT ITEMS.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

Street railways are expected within a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Powell will take a southern trip soon.

Geo. Worth has sold 30 acres located near S. G. Israel's to E. Dryer of Chicago.

Ex-Sheriff Webb has sold to A. S. Chandler a house and lot on Grand Ave. for $2,500.

James Casterton of Newport has purchased property of A. D. Hutchinson on West Washington street for $1500.

The Waukegan "boom" is comparatively quiet this week, although much talking is indulged in regarding present and future prospects.

A lot west of the postoffice has been sold to Moran Bros. by H. S. Berry, and the erection of a fine brick business block thereon is contemplated.

The indications still are that the Washburn-Moen Co. will locate here, although a few days ago it was rumored that they would locate in South Chicago, where they own a large tract of land, but the company have written one of our real estate dealers asking that samples of brick be made from the clay on their land here and sent east to them. If the sample proves satisfactory it is expected that the article will be manufactured by the company on a large scale.

W. P. Higley is arranging to vacate the Werden building.

John Judge has purchased a lot on Grand Avenue, near G. Price's for $1,500.

H. Hoppe has purchased two lots in Talcott & Barnum's sub-division, for $1,200.

Miss E. M. Shumway has started on a southern trip, in search of health.

John R. Scott, architect, has opened an office in the Hutchins building.

The play "Town Lots" created a sensation recently, as town lots are all the style now.

Attorney Starin is having his Grand Avenue property, the old Swift place, repaired.

Poles for electric lights have been set about town during the week, extending far into the suburbs.

Thos. Grady and J. T. Judge will open a new meat market in the building vacated by Mr. Hazzard on Genesee Street.

The body of E. W. Campbell, late President of the Waukegan Safe and Lock Co., was found in the Chicago river at the Rush Street bridge on Wednesday of last week.

A special meeting of the city council Thursday evening. An ordinance was passed granting the Washburn-Moen Co. permission to lay side tracks &c. to their site.

H. F. Porter, the veteran grocery man, will move into the store now occupied by G. B. Warren, and a fine new block will be erected on the site of Mr. Porter's present quarters.

A public park comes next in order and four acres of ravine land lying on the west side was accepted by the city last Thursday. This land was presented by J. F. Powell, the city having agreed to expend not less than $100 per year for ten years in improving the same.

The real estate market continues lively. The sale of acre property has been large. 102 acres south of town was sold to Chicago buyers by Thomas Murphy, for $30,600. A tract known as the Wilder tract, also in the south part of town, sold to E. P. De Wolfe at $300 per acre. Sales were numerous in the north part of town. 20 acres on Glen Flora Avenue sold to Chas. Westerfield at $300 per acre, the McNamara tract of 20 acres to A. L. Hendee, at $250 per acre, and the O'Mallay tract of 8¾ acres to Jas. B. Durkin for $1,025.

SAW FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a ten-horse buzz saw in good order, which I will dispose of very reasonable. Call on or address Barney Trieger, Grass Lake, Ill.

NOTICE.

I have this day sold to W. H. Morgan of Union Grove, Wis. all my interest in the firm of B. D. Dunning & Co except the outstanding accounts. All persons indebted to said firm are requested to call and settle their accounts as we are anxious to close up the business as soon as possible. The new firm of Dixon & Morgan will carry on the business at the old stand. They have a full line of general merchandise including hardware, pumps &c. They are young men of good reputation and will spare no pains for the interest of their customers. Thanking you for your liberal patronage and wishing you prosperity, I remain

Yours very truly
B. D. Dunning.

FOR SALE.

A store 24x70 feet in Salem, Wis. on the C. & N. W. Railroad, a good trading point, with stock and fixtures complete, will be sold cheap as the owner wishes to retire from business on account of age. $1,000 cash, balance on time. CHINN & BURKE.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

Grover Cleveland and David B. Hill were present at a dinner given by Col. W. L. Brown to the governors of the Manhattan club in New York Saturday evening. They swapped compliments in a most amicable manner and shook hands when the company broke up.

Chaplin, the celebrated artist, is dead in Paris.

Mrs. Ball, wife of Thomas Ball, the American sculptor, died in Florence.

At Denison, Texas, eight persons were poisoned by eating bread made of cotton seed oil.

Gol. George S. Mann, a veteran of the Mexican war, died at San Francisco, aged 93 years.

A receiver has been appointed for the firm of Whitney & Tracy, lumber dealers at Toledo, Ohio.

A case of leprosy was reported to the Wisconsin Board of Health from Buffalo county. The patient is a Norwegian woman.

Dan Porter was found guilty of the murder of E. D. Smith, at Quincy, Ill. The crime, committed June 28 last, was without provocation.

Mrs. L. McDowell, daughter of the late Robert Middleton, of Nauvoo, Ill., was shot while sitting at a window, at Cottonwood, Cal.

John Aroken, a stockman who was a passenger on a train wrecked by an open switch near Kansas City.

The Great Northern railroad company has filed with the auditor of Kittitas county, Washington, a mortgage for $6,000,000.

Colonel C. G. Conn, proprietor of the horn factory at Elkhart, Ind., has appointed six of his employes a board of managers of his establishment and proposes to divide next year's profits with his hands.

Four of the imprisoned miners at the burning Chapin mine at Iron Mountain, Mich., escaped. Two others were suffocated and their bodies recovered.

Chief of Police Whalen of Chippewa Falls, Wis., arrested Frank Beaudin, alias Frank St. Clair, at Stillwater, Minn. The prisoner is wanted for stealing a gold watch and a buffalo coat.

The wife and daughter of Mr. Stallo, lately United States Minister to Italy, are suffering at Rome from typhoid fever. They have been in a critical condition but are recovering.

Owners of twenty-one furnaces and rolling mills in the Mahoning and Shenandoah Valley, representing a capital of over $6,000,000 and employing 20,000 men, formed a combination.

A resolution condemning Senator Cameron's course on the silver question, introduced in the lower House of the Pennsylvania Legislature, was defeated by a decided majority.

The Bellefonte (Pa.) Furnace company's furnace, ore banks, and quarries have shut down for an indefinite period owing to an increase in freight tariffs, throwing 660 men out of employment.

Members of the assigned banking company of Delamater & Co., and Victor M. Delamater, cashier, have been again arrested at Meadville, Pa. The charge is embezzlement. The defendants waived hearing and gave bond.

At Jefferson City, Mo., the Senate passed a resolution similar to that adopted by the House a week ago, pledging that branch not to appropriate any money for the World's Fair should the force bill become a law.

Sebastian Peters, a saloonist of Lima, Ohio, hacked his wife to death with a butcher knife. He had been on a several weeks' drunk, had become crazed from the effects of his spree, and is now a raving maniac.

The Nebraska House has indefinitely postponed the bill providing for a recount of the votes cast at the late election on the prohibitory amendment. The bill appropriating $100,000 for the relief of the drought sufferers in the western part of the State was passed by a unanimous vote.

John P. Jones was re-elected United States Senator from Nevada for the fourth time, receiving 54 votes out of 60.

The Chicago & Alton railroad has made a reduction in passenger rates from St. Louis to Jacksonville, Ill., to 2 cents a mile.

Advices from Tahiti report the discovery of wreckage believed to be that of the missing schooner Phœbe Chapman.

William K. Collins, editor of the Washington Evening Star, died at his home in Georgetown, D. C., aged 63 years.

Three counterfeiters have been arrested at Kalkaska, Mich. A quantity of dies, casts, and spurious nickels were found in their possession.

It is reported that the wheat crop of Nebraska is 10,000,000 bushels short of the amount reported by the Governor, and that the growing crop was in bad condition.

Wheat has touched the dollar point at St. Louis, causing much excitement among the bear element and heavy losses. No failures are reported, but wild rumors are in circulation.

John H. Powers of Nebraska, was re-elected president of the National Farmers' Alliance at Omaha. Chicago was selected as the place for the next meeting.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania has adopted a resolution calling on the United States Senators from Pennsylvania to support the Federal elections bill by all fair and honorable means.

At Bellaire, Ohio, the principal of a ward school chastised a 14-year-old girl pupil for chewing gum. She went home crying, but later returned, accompanied by her mother, when both attacked the teacher, gouging his eyes so that it is thought he will lose his sight.

George E. Crawford, ex-Governor of Kansas, died at Grand Junction, Colo.

Four men were killed by the explosion of a bleacher in a paper mill at Rock Falls, Ill.

Judge Thayer at St. Louis dismissed a suit against Selwyn Edgar for violating the alien contract labor law on the ground that there was no contract, as Edgar in a letter asking two men in England to come over to work for him and inclosing tickets to St. Louis had said he could give them steady work, not that he would.

At Grand Rapids, John Q. Look was elected Grand Master of the Michigan Grand Lodge of Masons.

Reports received by the Live Stock Indicator, of Kansas City, Mo., from the cattle feeding districts of Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado indicate that few cattle are being fed as compared with last year.

The remains of sixty-three of the victims of the Mammoth Mine horror in Pennsylvania were buried yesterday.

A bill providing for the Australian ballot system only needs the signature of the Governor to become a law in Oregon.

Low water in a saw mill boiler at Meredith, Mich., caused an explosion which killed two men and injured many others.

The State National Bank of Kansas City went into voluntary liquidation Wednesday. It was organized in January, 1887, with a capital of $250,000.

It is reported that the Northern Pacific railroad has secured the contract for carrying the fast mail between Chicago and San Francisco, beginning March 12.

At Saginaw, Mich., a successful skin-grafting operation was performed on Miss Sarah Little, who was badly burned recently while dressing for a party. Her sister, Miss Louise, furnished the necessary cuticle, and withstood the trying ordeal heroically, eleven pieces being taken from her.

J. B. Blaige has been indicted at Fort Dodge, Iowa, for obtaining money under false pretenses. Blaige has victimized the farmers of that vicinity to the extent of thousands of dollars by inducing them to pay him for securing worthless Government patents for their lands.

In a fit of drunken bravado George Schneider, of Erie, Pa., placed the muzzle of a pistol in his mouth. He pulled the trigger too hard and will die.

The result of the canvass conducted by two farmers' papers shows that Cleveland is the choice of Democratic farmers by a vote of 71,787 to 17,118 for Hill. Republicans are for Blaine by 39,209 to 31,013 for Harrison.

A five-foot vein of bituminous coal of good quality was struck 200 feet below the surface eight miles northwest of Le Mars, Iowa.

The Supreme Court of Missouri has fixed March 6 as the date for the execution of John Oscar Turlington, the murderer of Sheriff Cramer at Booneville, Mo.

The eleventh annual meeting of the National Farmers' Alliance has convened at Omaha, Neb. Representatives of the press were refused all information.

In the Wisconsin House the Bennett law was repealed, the vote being taken under suspension of the rules.

Citizens of Woodville, Miss., in mass-meeting adopted a resolution warning S. A. Bradford, who wrecked a pay train on the L. N. O. & T. Road recently, and escaped punishment through a technicality, to leave the county immediately and never to return, on pain of death.

The Michigan Masonic home at Grand Rapids was dedicated by the grand lodge of the State in the presence of 25,000 people.

The renowned temperance evangelist, Francis Murphy, is suffering from nervous prostration as a result of overwork. He is at the home of friends in Morristown, Indiana and is quite ill.

Sarah, the 11-year-old daughter of Allen Trusty, who lives near Staunton, Mass., has been mysteriously missing for a week.

At Westport, Minn., Mamie Ronnigan refused to wed Chris Abramson, who then shot the girl dead and committed suicide.

In Mercer county, Ky., a mad stallion attacked a jack. After a long struggle the jack killed the stallion, but was himself so badly hurt that he had to be shot.

In the lower branches of the legislatures of New York, Indiana, and West Virginia resolutions were adopted against making appropriation for the World's Columbian Exposition should Congress pass the election bill.

Several car-loads of food and clothing have been sent to the destitute and suffering people of Kansas and Nebraska from Carthage, Ill., and vicinity.

The cases of the twenty-five Camargo, Ill., citizens who were indicted for gambling were disposed of at Tuscola. Six were fined $20 each and the balance were discharged.

At Irving, Kan., a passenger train, carrying, among others, the Seventh cavalry returning from Pine Ridge, was in collision with a freight train. The engineer and firemen are reported killed, but it is not known whether any of the cavalry were hurt.

The Supreme Court of Iowa has affirmed the decision of the lower court giving $10,000 damages to the heirs of J. McDermott of Waterloo, who was killed while employed as a brakeman on the Illinois Central. The judgment and interest amount to about $12,000.

Reports from Grand Rapids, Mich., say the annual sales of furniture have practically closed, with the largest business in the history of the trade.

Rufus Robinson, a well-known colored man of Lyons, Kas., dropped dead in church Sunday afternoon. When the congregation rose to sing he stood up but suddenly fell heavily to the floor and expired almost instantly. Heart disease was the trouble.

At Grand Rapids, Receiver Withey of the R. G. Peters Salt and Lumber company negotiated $200,000 worth of receiver's certificates, which will be used in the release of 40,000,000 feet of pine, and will permit the receiver to go on with the business.

The New Denison hotel at Indianapolis, famous as Republican headquarters during the last Presidential campaign, was sold by Judge E. B. Martindale, the Indiana commissioner to the world's fair, to D. P. Erwin for $225,000.

At New York a carriage in which Senator Stanford was riding came in collision with a street car. The Senator was thrown out, and received a cut on the left temple, and bruises on his arm and shoulder.

A half interest in Baier & Seyfarth's brewery at Freeport, Ill., one of the largest in the West, was sold to William Ohlendorf of Freeport for $50,000.

The mystery surrounding the death of Harry Adea of Keeler township, near Decatur, Mich., may be cleared up soon. Adea was found lying by the roadside with a gunshot wound in his head. It has been learned that a couple of drunken rowdies were out hunting on the day of the murder near where the body was found and steps have been taken for their apprehension.

The Savings Bank of Wichita, at Wichita, Kan., has failed, with liabilities of $81,000 and assets of $75,000.

After the Michigan Central.

A dispatch from Lansing says the railroads were given another whirl in the House Representative Jackson introduced a bill providing that under the terms of the charter granted the company in 1846 the State has decided to purchase the Michigan Central railroad and all its property and stocks. The governor is authorized to act for the State in concluding the purchase. In case the State and the company cannot agree upon the market value of the stocks the Supreme court is authorized to fix a price.

Awful Holocaust.

OVER A HUNDRED KILLED

TERRIBLE RESULT OF A MINE EXPLOSION.

There Is Not a Soul Left to Tell the Story—Caused by the Ignition of a Miner's Oil Lamp.

At Scottsdale, Pennsylvania, by an explosion of fire-damp in the Mammoth shaft of the H. C. Fricke Coke company 112 sturdy miners were ushered into eternity and a number seriously injured. The explosion occurred shortly after 9 o'clock, and it is supposed was the result of the ignition of a miner's oil lamp. The after-damp, which followed the fire-damp explosion, suffocated nearly every workman. A few men realizing the fearful situation, fell to the ground, thereby preventing the gas striking them. There is not a soul left to tell the story. The persons not killed are in such a critical condition that their deaths are momentarily expected. Up to this writing seventy bodies have been recovered, all without a sign of life. The fire which broke out after the explosion was soon extinguished by the immense fans, which were put in operation. The gas has at out all been driven from the pit and the work of rescuing the entombed miners has been commenced.

General Manager Lynch of the H. C. Fricke Coke company is on the scene helping to devise means to rescue the perished workmen. His assistance is invaluable, as he has many years' experience in mining operations. The mammoth plant embraces 500 ovens, one of the largest plants in the coke region, but it is hard of access. It is situated near the United Works, where an explosion recently destroyed the entire shaft

The affair has cast a gloom over the entire coke region, and hundreds of miners are flocking to the scene of the disaster offering assistance. The appalling loss of life in the Dunbar disaster is more than overshadowed by the destruction of life in this Mammoth calamity. Language is too weak to describe the scenes at the mines. Horror is piled on horror. The news spread throughout the entire coke region with great rapidity and everybody was awestricken. The coffins have already been ordered from Mount Pleasant undertakers, and it is understood that the Fricke company, the owners of the plant, will bear the expenses of the same. The only man who escaped from the fatal mine was Mine Boss Eaton.

THE WRIT OF PROHIBITION.

Attorney-General Miller's Reply to the Canadian Government.

At Washington, D. C., the brief of Attorney-General Miller in reply to the application of the Canadian government for a writ of prohibition in the case of the W. P. Sayward, libelled for catching seal in Behring Sea forty-nine miles from shore was filed with the Supreme court. The position of the United States government is thus stated briefly: The government of the United States opposes the filing of the petition for a writ of prohibition to the District court of Alaska in this case for the following reasons:

That the Supreme Court has no power in any case to issue a writ of prohibition to the Sitka court, because it is not a District Court of the United States, being merely a territorial court. He argued further that the question of jurisdiction of the Alaska court, which the petitioners seek to present, cannot be raised on the record of the admiralty proceedings on file with the Supreme Court; because the face of these proceedings shows jurisdiction in the Alaska court, and after sentence in such causes, prohibition "will not issue."

COSTLY PICTURES DESTROYED.

Collapse of Omaha's Art Association Building—Ruined Masterpieces.

The building occupied by the Western Art association in Omaha, Nebraska, as a temporary exhibition hall was wrecked by the walls giving way. It was a three-story brick, and the many costly pictures of the association, numbering some of the most noted works of art in the world, were mixed with the debris. The damage cannot be estimated, but will amount to many thousands on pictures alone.

THE MAFIA AT BUFFALO.

Several Mysterious Murders are Attributed to the Italian Society.

Some teamsters tore up a part of the floor of an old unoccupied cabin at Hornellsville, N.Y., and found there the body of an Italian There were four bullet-holes through the head and a gash in the forehead, cut as by a hatchet. This is the sixth man that has been murdered in this vicinity within ten months, and no clew to the murderers has been found. It is believed to be the work of the Mafia.

The Des Moines, Iowa, Counterfeiters.

Two more men were arrested charged with being members of the gang of counterfeiters unearthed in Des Moine., Ia. When the police at that time arrested Matt Merritt, his wife and William Frow, having found at their residence all of a counterfeiter's paraphernalia, together with a considerable sum of counterfeit money, it was supposed they had all who were implicated, but later developments show that they were only the ring leaders of an organized band who have been working all over Iowa. The arrested parties were given hearings before United States Commissioner Jordan.

A Blacksmith's Fatal Blow.

At Williamsburg, Ia., James Kelly, a blacksmith, and a man named Bullck, engaged in a quarrel, during which Kelly struck him with a blacksmith hammer, fracturing his skull and fatally injuring him. Kelly surrendered himself and is under bonds.

Will Discuss Anarchism.

From Berne it is reported that the bundesrath, or federal council, has been officially notified of the intention of the powers to hold an international congress here during the present year, when the subject of anarchism will be fully discussed.

Fatal Blaze at San Jose, Cal.

The Central Lodging house at San Jose, California, burned. There were sixteen people in the house. John Foley and Charles Nord were burned to death, and one other person was injured. Several shops in front of the house were destroyed.

WHAT MR. BLAINE WANTS.

The Toronto "Globe" Says He Favors Unrestricted Trade With Canada.

The Toronto Globe publishes the correspondence on the reciprocity question between Secretary Blaine and Mr. Baker, and in an article on the subject says:

"Reports set afloat from Ottawa to the effect that the United States government had made a trade proposal and that the alleged proposal was only confined to reciprocity in natural products have received an effectual quietus. Our Washington correspondent, speaking on good authority, that, a short time ago, Sir Julian Pauncefote, acting, as was believed, at the instance of Sir John Macdonald, began to throw out feelers to the State department at Washington for a reciprocity treaty of some sort. In a purely informal manner Mr. Blaine stated that the United States government was prepared to treat with Great Britain for a treaty with Canada on the basis of unrestricted trade, but that it was not ready to discuss any proposition which fell short of that.

"This is the whole story of the trade proposal said to have been made by the United States government and which the Canadian ministerial journals announced had been referred to by England. Mr. Blaine's letter to Mr. Baker emphasizes the fact that nothing whatever, formal or otherwise, is now in progress between the two governments relating to any trade relations with the United States, and none will be entertained by the authorities at Washington unless it goes beyond natural products."

A MAN-OF-WAR FOR CHILLI.

The Navy Department Orders the Charleston to Go There.

The continual alarming condition of affairs in Chili has forced our State department authorities to the conclusion that an American man-of-war must be sent at once to those waters for the protection of our interests. The matter has been allowed to drag along for several days in the belief that the troubles would calm down, but the reports yesterday, showing that fighting is now going on, put a more serious aspect on the case. It is now high time that a vessel was en route there, and, as it is evident that the San Francisco cannot get away from the Pacific coast for at least another month, chiefly because her ammunition cannot be procured, the officials have reached the conclusion that the Charleston is the only vessel available for this purpose, and the probabilities are that she will proceed direct to Chili after landing the remains of King Kalakaua. There is also some talk of sending the Mohican, now at Honolulu, with her, but this could not well be done until the Iroquois had returned there from Samoa.

AGITATED FINANCIAL CIRCLES.

National Farmers' Alliance Statistics on the Growing Wheat Crop.

Financial circles are agitated over a report made by a committee of the National Farmers' Alliance to the annual convention of that order now in session concerning the consideration of the wheat crop for '91. The committee was secretly appointed two months since and instructed to secure accurate information concerning the growing crop and the features of importance thereof. The stastistics collected comprise the wheat crop of California, Colorado, Washington, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Montana, Kansas, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin. The report estimates the growing crop at 10,000,000 bushels less than the government figures, and asserts it to be in a much less promising condition than represented by government officials. The information was obtained at great expense to the National Farmers' Alliance for the use of the organization and is positively accurate.

ALL LOST AT SEA.

News Just Received Announcing the Fate of Elder Cudeny of Omaha.

According to a report the missionary schooner which left Honolulu a year ago in charge of Elder Cudeny of Omaha has been lost with all on board. He was sent out by the Omaha Seventh Day Adventists and was never heard of after leaving Tahiti. Nine months later a cablegram to the church in Omaha announced the matter.

MEISSONIER IS DEAD.

One of the World's Greatest Painters Passes Away.

Meissonier, the famous artist, died in Paris, France. He had been ill for some time and his death was momentarily expected.

Prominent Stock-Shippers Fined.

Kansas City, Mo., telegram: Within the last ten days more than a dozen stock-shippers have been brought to this city under arrest and fined for sending in cars of mixed hogs and cattle. Some of the men fined were among the most prominent stock raisers and shippers in Kansas.

Hardly a day passes that cars of stock do not enter the yards with a number of animals killed or maimed. The matter was of such a serious aspect that a humane bureau has been established.

Engine and Caboose Smashed.

While an engine on the C., B. & Q. railway was returning from Maxon to Albia with five laborers on board it collided with the rear end of a freight train standing at the Albia depot. All the men on the engine jumped, and the engine, having been reversed, started back, drawing the crushed caboose with it. The wild engine ran to Dudley before the steam gave out, but fortunately the track was clear.

Victims of an Explosion.

The saw and shingle mill of R. C. Herbison, located at Meredith, Clare County, Michigan, was completely wrecked by an explosion of the boiler. George Badder, a sawyer, and Albert Fitch, the fireman, were torn to pieces, and Mr. Herbison, George Stone, and Walter Bennet were seriously injured. Other employes were slightly hurt. Both victims leave families.

Postmasters' Appointments Confirmed.

The United States Senate has confirmed the following appointments of postmasters: Illinois—Milton D. Worrell, Gibson City; Robert F. Shipley, Mendota; Albert Miller, Dundee. Nebraska—William H. Smith, Indianola; Frank W. Mattoon, Blue Springs, Michigan—Volney A. Chapin, St. Johns; Joshua C. Gray, Kalkasin, Garret J. Van Buren, Holland.

Vilas Is Elected Senator.

At Madison, Wisconsin, both Houses of the Legislature elected William F. Vilas to succeed John C. Spooner as United States Senator by a strict party vote. The Republicans voted for Senator Spooner.

Windom Is Dead.

EXPIRES AT A BANQUET.

AT THE END OF HIS SPEECH THE SECRETARY DROPS DEAD.

Mr. Windom's Services in the House, Senate and Cabinets of Presidents Garfield and Harrison.

New York special: Secretary Windom died suddenly Thursday night. Just as the Secretary concluded his speech at the Board of Trade dinner he grew deathly pale, his eyes shut and opened spasmodically, and he fell inert on his chair. Thence he slipped to the floor, where he lay unconscious. The most intense excitement immediately ensued. Judge Arnoux, ex-Secretary Bayard, and Capt. Snow were the first of several who ran to Mr. Windom's aid. They found him apparently unconscious. They lifted him gently and carried him into an ante-room, where several physicians proceeded at once to his assistance, but it was found that he was dead.



SECRETARY WINDOM.

The great assemblage at once dissolved. Mr. Windom had been the only speaker, and the sentiment to which he responded was: "Our Country's Prosperity Dependent Upon Its Instruments of Commerce."

TWICE IN THE CABINET.

His Services in the Administrations of Presidents Garfield and Harrison.

Wm. Windom was born in Belmont Co., O., May 10, 1827. He received an academic education and studied law at Mount Vernon, Ohio, and was admitted to the bar in 1850. In 1853 he became prosecuting attorney for Knox county, but in 1855 he removed to Minnesota, and soon after he was chosen to Congress from that State as a Republican, serving from 1859 till 1869. In that body he served two terms as chairman of the committee on Indian Affairs, and also was at the head of the special committee to visit the Western tribes in 1865, and that on the conduct of the commissioner of Indian affairs in 1867. In 1870 he was appointed to the United States Senate to fill the unexpired term of Daniel S. Norton, deceased, and he was subsequently chosen for the term that ended in 1877. He was re-elected for the one that closed in 1883 and resigned in 1881 to enter the Cabinet of President Garfield as Secretary of the Treasury, but retired on the accession of President Arthur in the same year and was elected by the Minnesota Legislature to serve the remainder of his term in the Senate. In that body Mr. Windom acted as chairman of the committee on appropriations, foreign affairs, and transportation. He was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by President Harrison and has since served in that capacity.

When news of Secretary Windom's death was communicated to the President he was so shocked and overcome by the sudden announcement that he was unable to say anything with respect to the loss he has suffered.

AT WINDOM'S HOME.

The Wife of the Dead Secretary Prostrated by Grief.

Flags float at half-mast on the White House and the departments this morning, and there is an unusual expression of grief in official as well as in private circles over the death of Secretary Windom. The President and members of the cabinet are here in consultation and the official announcement of his death will be issued shortly.

Owing to Mrs. Windom's condition due to the shock the President and the members of the cabinet present concluded that it would be best to have the remains of the dead Secretary sent to Washington as soon as possible, in order to obviate the necessity of Mrs. Windom going to New York.

The news of Mr. Windom's death was the subject of general conversation as the House and Senate assembled.

NOT AFTER RECIPROCITY.

Secretary Blaine Denies Rumors of Deals with Canada.

Representative Baker of New York addressed the following letter to Secretary Blaine:

It is reported in the newspapers in Canada and along the northern border of my State, where my constituents are deeply interested in the subject, that negotiations are going on between this country and Great Britain with a view to partial reciprocity with Canada, including natural products only and not manufactured: and it is stated that Sir Charles Tupper is on his way here as a Commissioner to negotiate for such modification to our tariff. I would be glad if you would enable me to answer my constituents.

Secretary Blaine made the following reply:

"Dear Mr. Baker: I authorize you to contradict the rumors you refer to. There are no negotiations whatever on foot for reciprocity with Canada, and you may be assured that no scheme for reciprocity with the Dominion confined to natural products will be entertained by this government. We know nothing of Sir Charles Tupper's coming to Washington. Very truly yours,

JAMES G. BLAINE."

Illinois Central Dividend.

New York dispatch: The Illinois Central has declared its fifty-seventh semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent cash from the net earnings for the six months ending Dec. 31, 1890. The dividend is payable March 2.

Came Down With the Snow.

Nashville, Tenn., telegram: During the snow-storm here Tuesday morning countless small fish were seen to fall. They were about an inch long, and resembled the carp or mullet. The greatest number fell on Broad street. Some were found on Union street several blocks away.

Libeled the Emperor.

Berlin cablegram: The writer Maximilian Harden, against whom a criminal suit was brought, is charged with having libeled Emperor William. It was erroneously reported that the offense was the libeling of the Saalle Zeitung.

WIPED OUT BY FLAMES.

THE TOWN OF CYGNET, OHIO, DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Many of the Inhabitants Thought to Have Perished—Driven, Half-Dressed, Out of Doors.

An uncontrollable fire started from some unknown cause in the little oil town of Cygnet, fifteen miles north of Findlay, Ohio, and before it could be subdued six blocks were burned away and three persons are positively known to have perished in the flames, as their bodies have been recovered. These were:

R. MALONEY,
FRANK SATTERLY,
GERTRUDE SATTERLY.

Others are reported missing and several more will probably be found to have lost their lives. The loss will not be less than $100,000, with little or no insurance.

ASLEEP FOR MANY WEEKS.

Remarkable Trance State of a 12-Year-Old Indiana Boy.

At Columbus, Indiana, last March Jesse Street, aged 12 years, fell from a building, receiving spinal injuries which confined him to his room for several weeks. Eventually he recovered his usual health. Last May his father left for Illinois to engage in work and the lad was much distressed over his departure. The night of the 28th of that month he would not go to sleep until his mother promised to wake him up when his father came. From that hour until late in June he continued to sleep and during the interim he swallowed but a few spoonfuls of food. Several times during this period he was supposed to be dead, but when placed in a coffin he would move and attract the attention of the family. After recovering consciousness he told his people that he had been to Heaven and that he had looked upon his father at work in Illinois. He described exactly what his father did there and in many other ways surprised his attendants by the accuracy of his information. After this he continued in fairly good health until one week ago, when he went into a heavy and almost lifeless slumber. Frequently his breath is hardly observable and there are indications of death. The case is attracting a great deal of attention from the medical fraternity.

Operated at a Loss.

A Columbus, O., special says an investigation into the cause of the shutdown of the supply of natural gas in this city being conducted by the Board of Public Works shows that the Central Ohio Natural Gas company, owning the franchise, lost $16,000 the year the lines were in operation, and that an investment representing over $1,000,000 in the shape of pipes, dry wells, etc., was a dead loss on account of the loss of supply. The testimony shows that there was no scheme behind the advertised failure of the gas, and further investigation will be dropped.

Would Not Dine With a Negro.

The colored man who was installed as a member of the Federal grand jury was seated in the dining-room of the Howard House at Fordsville, Ky. The white guests were very indignant and with one accord arose and left the dining-hall. Several of the regular boarders also declared their intention to quit the hotel forever.

The New Apportionment Bill.

The new apportionment bill, as it has passed Congress, provides for a membership of the Lower House of 356. In 1880 the number was fixed at 325, but since then the admission of new States has added six members, making the total number in the present Congress 332.

Hog Cholera in Kansas.

Recent reports from McPherson, Marion and Saline Counties Kas., say that hog cholera is spreading with the most severity known in years. Hundreds of animals are dying daily on account of the warm, damp weather aggravating the disease.

MARKET REPORT.

Chicago.

BEEVES—Extra 1,500@1,800 lbs	$ 5.30@ 5.50
Good to fancy steers	4.40@ 5.25
Poor to medium "	2.90@ 4.35
Cows	1.25@ 2.50
Veal calves	2.50@ 5.25
MILCH COWS—per head	20.00@40.00
HOGS—Mixed	3.25@ 3.75
SHEEP—Native	3.50@ 5.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	.93@ .94
CORN—No. 2	.50@ .51
OATS—No. 2	.44@ .45
POTATOES—per bushel	.80@ .95
POULTRY—Chickens, dressed per lb	.08@ .09
Ducks, dressed, per lb	.10@ .11
Turkeys, dressed, per lb	.12@ .13
BUTTER—Choice creamery	.25@ .27
Low grades	.06@ .09
CHEESE—Full cream	.09@ .10
Off grades	.04@ .06
EGGS—Fresh, per dozen	.22@ .23

St. Louis.

BEEVES—Choice natives	$ 4.60@$5.00
HOGS—Choice	3.20@ 3.70
SHEEP	4.00@ 5.25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	.97@ .98
CORN—No. 2	.48@ .49
OATS	.43@ .44

Milwaukee.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red	$.93@$.94
CORN	.49@ .50
OATS	.42@ .43

Detroit.

WHEAT, No. 2 Red	$.97@$.98
CORN	.52@ .53
OATS	.44@ .45

Kansas City.

BEEVES—Grain and corn-fed	$ 3.75@ 3.25
STEERS—Grass range	1.25@ 2.75
HOGS	3.25@ 3.60
WHEAT—No. 2	.93@ .96
CORN—No. 2	.47@ .48
OATS—No. 2	.41@ .42

Farmers and Laborers to Unite.

The F. M. B. A. of Madison county Illinois, held another secret session at Alton, followed by a similar meeting of the Labor Federation and Workingmen's unions. They propose to take a forcible part in future political movements, but refuse to give any positive information as to contemplated action. The complete affiliation of the farmers and workingmen's organizations in this vicinity is still a matter of doubt. The former are confident and outspoken, the latter very reticent but seemingly assured of their position and prospects.

FOR THE LADIES.

READING MATTER FOR MARRIED AND SINGLE FEMININITY.

Hints for Parlor Elocution—Economy in the Family—Newsy Notes and Pithy Points.

A glance, a smile,
A tender tone;
A strange desire
To be alone;
A passing blush,
Perchance a sigh,
A soft hand-clasp
When none are by;
A dreamy waltz,
No thought of wrong;
A whisper low
Amidst the throng;
A white, white rose
With crimson heart—
That night 'tis laid
Softly apart;
A scented note,
Kissed there and here—
On that page "love,"
On this "my dear;"
A moonlight walk,
Too glad for speech;
Two scarlet lips—
Tempting—in reach;
Boldly his arm
Circles her waist
(Behind the clouds
Flee stars in haste);
Closer and closer—
Where is the wrong?
One tender kiss,
Passionate, long,
* * * *
In after years,
Never—ah, me!—
Pure as this kiss
Can kisses be.

—West Shore.

Hints for Parlor Elocution.

Commence by reading aloud. To do this well is in itself worth a good deal of effort, and you need never be without an audience. Read the paper to father in that half hour just before tea, when he has come home "all tired out." Read to mother while she sews; she will be glad to hear anything good, and you will perhaps find in her what every young elocutionist needs—a just but kindly critic. And while you read, *think*. Be sure you are bringing out the author's thoughts correctly. If not quite satisfied with the way you have read a passage, put a mark on the margin, and when you reach the end go back and try it again till you are sure of it. In reading the voice should be pitched moderately low, but every word must be enunciated distinctly. Unless you are on your feet while reading sit well back in your chair, and keep the back straight, which will enable you to breathe slowly and deeply. In reading and elocution, as in singing, it is important to take breath in such places and in such quantities that the voice will remain full and round until the sense is complete. No gasps must occur in the middle of a sentence, and there should be no hurrying toward the end because the breath is nearly out. As to where one should take breaths while reading there is no rule but the infallible rule of common sense; your hearers should never know just when you do it. Choose for public reading or speaking pieces *suited to your voice and ability*. Many a young elocutionist has come to grief and failure merely on account of a mistaken ambition. It may be in your power to keep an audience rippling with laughter, when you would be a dismal failure as a portrayer of deep passion and high tragedy. It is far better to do simple things well than to cause disappointment for yourself by attempting selections to which you cannot do justice.—Edna Warwick, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Killed by a Vampire.

Mrs. Cornelius Rainwater, of Savannah, Ga., received recently a letter from her brother, James Uhl, who is engaged in the wholesale coffee business in Calaboso, Venezuela, in which letter he gave an account of the singular death of his daughter last September. The young lady, who had just completed her seventeenth year, had been a somnambulist from childhood, and it was supposed that it was while in one of her frequent trances that she left the house and wandered several miles out into the country. She was missed, and, on being searched for, was at last found near the roadside dead, with a large vampire clinging to her throat.

The bat, at the appearance of the searchers, rose from the body of its victim and attempted to fly off, but was so gorged with blood as to be unable to make its escape, and was shot by one of the party. The placidity of the young lady's countenance showed that her death had been a painless one, and it is probable that it was not until she sank down, still fast asleep, that the vampire fastened upon her. A small wound, resembling the puncture of a large needle, just over the jugular vein, marked where the small white teeth had liberated the blood which it had then sucked, all the while soothing its victim to deeper sleep by a gentle, lulling movement of its outspread wings, which is the habit of these creatures.

The one which killed Miss Uhl was unusually large, measuring three feet and some inches from the tip of one wing to that of the other, and, while its weight would have naturally been ten or twelve pounds, it was so engorged that it was found to weigh something over twenty.—Ex.

Reading.

It is books, according to Leigh Hunt, that teach us to refine our pleasures when young, and which, having so taught us, enable us to recall them with satisfaction when old.

A Two-Sided Matter.

The "right kind of a wife" is said to be necessary to a man's success; yes, and the right kind of a husband is necessary to a married woman's happiness.—Farm, Stock and Home.

A Question of Age.

Emma Abbott was very sensitive on the point of her age, and her friends never alluded to the subject in her presence. Her husband, when he was alive, used laughingly to say, that it was the only thing that would make her lose her temper. We see that on the coffin plate her age was put at 36 years. We first knew her in 1862. She came to the city of Chillicothe with her father to give a concert. The old gentleman had collected money for a singing school which he had not given, and all of his pupils assembled at the concert with squawker horns, and when the concert was about half over everyone of them drew his horn from under his coat and set up a noise. The room was small and the din was furious, so much so that Emma's attempted song, "Johnny Schmoker," was cut short in the middle and the concert broke up in something like a row. Emma was then a girl about 12 years old, certainly not younger than that, and this would make her a little over 40 at the time of her death. The next year she attended what is now the Franklin school, at the age of 13 or 14. It is a matter of no particular consequence and in fact she crowded as much into the last twenty-five years as most persons do into a whole lifetime.—Peoria Journal.

Woman's Dangerous Age.

Balzac has said that a woman of 30 is at her most fascinating and dangerous age, and it is indeed true that all the women famous for power over the hearts of men, from Cleopatra to Helen down, were nearer 40 than 20 when in the zenith of their power.

Perhaps the secret lies in the simple fact that the woman of 20 must be pleased, while the woman of 40 tries to please; and the older woman's power consists not, as has been so often said, in understanding and making the most of her own charms, but in comprehending and with happy tact calling out and making the most of the good qualities of the man whose favor she seeks.

A man admires a clever woman, but he enjoys himself better with a woman who makes him feel that he is clever. He likes being entertained for a little while by a well-informed woman, but he enjoys much better the happy tact which makes him believe that he is entertaining the well-informed woman and telling her a great many things she never dreamed of. And the woman a man likes best is not always the one who is most brilliant, but the one who has the happy knack of discovering the subject he talks best on, and is well enough informed to listen intelligently and draw him out with happy queries until he is astonished at his own brilliancy.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Economy in a Family.

There is nothing which goes so far toward placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It matters not whether a man furnish little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in the kitchen or in the parlor. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongfully out of it—not the least article, however unimportant in itself, for it establishes a precedent—nor under any pretense, for it opens the door for Ruin to stalk in, and he seldom leaves an opportunity unimproved. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition should carry her no farther than his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much toward making a fortune, as she can in the counting-room or in the workshop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. A good and prudent husband makes a deposit of the fruits of his labor with his best friend, and if that friend be not true to him, what has he to hope? If he dare not place confidence in the companion of his bosom, where is he to place it?—N. Y. Ledger.

Scrapple.

Scrapple is a delicious dish that deserves to be more widely known, for while head-cheese is to be found in any pork market, scrapple is seldom seen outside of Philadelphia and South Jersey.

Procure a medium-sized, fresh pig's-head; remove and set aside the brains, which make an excellent entree, soak the head over night in tepid water, the next morning wash thoroughly in two or more waters and set to boil in sufficient hot water to cover. When the meat separates from the bones and is quite tender, remove it from the pot, leaving the liquor to boil; chop the meat fine; strain the liquor and set it back upon the fire, where it should be reduced to about a gallon; salt it, sprinkle into it sufficient yellow meal to make a consistent mush, say about three cupfuls to four quarts; stir, and cook for twenty minutes; pour the mush in the pan with the chopped meat, mixing thoroughly; season with salt, red and black pepper, powdered thyme, and sage; remembering that all preparations of fresh pork require to be well seasoned. When cold, this mixture will form a solid cake. Cut in slices about half an inch thick, and fry brown. No fat is required, there being sufficient in the scrapple. This is a winter dish, and especially good with buckwheat cakes.—Good Housekeeping.

Misunderstood.

"Clara," said Nellie, dropping the fashion paper she was reading, "what would you do if you had a mustache on your lip?" "After he took it away I should tell him that I preferred to be married in June."—Boston Herald.

THE CAMP FIRE.

EXPERIENCES OF OUR VETERANS DURING THE REBELLION.

War's Awful Carnage—Was It Cowardice?—Reminiscences, Episodes, and Interesting Items.

General Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, when in Washington a short while ago, told quite an interesting story about the greatest fatality of the war in proportion to the number of troops engaged.

"When Sedgwick's corps," he said, "surprised our troops by crossing the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, and captured a regiment and a half of General Barksdale's Mississippi brigade and a portion of the Washington artillery on Maryland Heights, that cut off from our main line that small portion of our troops stationed between Fredericksburg and Hamilton's crossing, on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad. Among these troops so cut off was a battery of artillery in position just opposite Deep Bottom Run, on the Rappahannock River, and far in advance of that portion of our line.

"A brigade of Sedgwick's corps, which had crossed the river at Deep Bottom Run, discovering the position of this battery and seeing that it was unsupported by and cut off from the main line of our troops, marched upon it preparatory to charging and capturing it.

"The captain commanding this battery, Carlton, of Georgia, discovering the movement of the enemy, at once realized the situation, and knowing full well that to attempt to retreat in face of the enemy would result in the capture and loss of his battery, promptly, although entirely unsupported, moved his guns forward, meeting the advancing brigade, and when in easy cannister range poured a volley into the enemy's ranks, which staggered and drove them back.

"Re-forming, they advanced again, when Carlton repeated the dose with the same success.

"Attempting a third time to charge the battery, and seeing the resolute determination of Carlton and his men not to yield the field, they rushed pell mell into an adjoining ravine, when the artillerist turned his guns upon them in their hiding place, and scarcely a man was left to tell the tale.

"The official report made a few days afterward by the Federal officer in command of the brigade, as to the loss in the engagement, was about 1,000 killed and wounded. The loss sustained by Carlton's battery was remarkably slight."—National Tribune.

Length of a Naval Cruise.

Judge Benedict of the United States District Court, Brooklyn, has handed down a decision in the case of Charles Bernhardt, a musician, who deserted from the navy and was arrested last November while employed in Zipp's Casino. Bernhardt claimed that he had enlisted for a cruise on the Chicago, and had gone on the Mediterranean on the ship. He demanded his discharge on his return to Brooklyn, and it was refused him. Then he deserted. On the trial United States District Attorney Oakley held that in naval circles a cruise meant the period between the day on which a vessel was put to sea and the time she was ordered out of commission, and that the Chicago had not been ordered out of commission. Judge Benedict, in his decision, supports Mr. Oakey's view of the case, and states that as the cruise of the Chicago has not yet expired, the custody of the petitioner set forth in the return to the writ of habeas corpus is a lawful custody from which the petitioner is not entitled to be released. The writ of habeas corpus is discharged and Bernhardt is remanded to the custody of the naval authorities. The Musical Union, of which Bernhardt is a member, will appeal the case to the United States circuit court.—Army and Navy Register.

"Rattlesnake for One."

The widow of General Custer says that he was the first of American army officers to experiment on the rattlesnake as an entree. His cook prepared the dish under protest, and as the General was eating the dainty he saw the alarmed negro cautiously peering in through a crack in the tent, doubtless expecting to see his master drop down in a fit.

Camps "Caterpillar" and "Potato."

C. H. Western, of the 74th Ind., in the Toledo Blade, says: On our arrival at Green River bridge we found there Co. K and Co. G, of the 74th Ind. Among the former were several of my acquaintances who warmly urged me to remain with them until they joined the regiment, and I would have accepted their invitation but for the fact that my gun and accoutrements had gone on in the train to Louisville. If I had remained I would have been captured with the garrison, which occurred in less than one week. On arrival of the afternoon passenger train we started for Louisville, and caught up with our train at Shepardsville. The bridge having been burned, it became necessary to portage the camp equipage across Salt river at that place, which the boys had accomplished and were ready to start when we arrived. We reached Louisville without any further mishap, and found the regiment all O. K. It was encamped in a piece of woods near the city, and of all the places for a regimental camp, that took the lead. The trees were infested with millions of caterpillars, and it was impossible to cook a meal without having the cooking vessels tightly covered. Next to the above nuisance was the pie, cake and fruit vendors. I do not think I ever came across a more shameless gang of women than those who infested our camp. We moved from "Camp Caterpillar," as the boys christened it, to "Camp Potato," about the time that Jeff C. Davis shot Gen. Nelson. There were two kinds of potatoes there, Irish and sweet potatoes. Our guard line surrounded the field. We first commenced to dig the potatoes inside of our tents and afterwards in the streets of our camp. We could change the bill-of-fare at will from Irish to sweet potatoes. We remained in this camp until the army took up the line of march in pursuit of Bragg's army of adventurers, who made their stand at Perryville, Ky., where they were well cleaned out by our Yankee boys. The next morning after we left Louisville, October 3, 1862, the surgeon sent me to the hospital at Louisville, in charge of Assistant Surgeon Bassett, of the 74th. I did not see the regiment again until September 21, 1863.

A Fortunate Accident.

When the Army of the Potomac occupied the lines of investment on the Chickahominy, Sykes' regular division was stationed on the left of the pond of Ellison's mills. There was little to do except picket duty. Time were heavily on our hands with only the compliment of an occasional shell to break the monotony. After a little time, however, these visitors became more frequent, some men were killed while in their tents.

Our neighbors, the Fifth New York and First Connecticut, suffered in this way, and a battery was established on on our front. This promised a little excitement. Some of the boys of the Sixth Infantry band thought they would enjoy the sight of the opening of our battery on the enemy, so three of us sallied out for the fun. We took our position on a little knoll beside the road. Scarcely had we established ourselves when an aged colored man passing along the road told us that we were in a very dangerous position; that the enemy had the range of the road and fired at every passing wagon.

By this time many others had congregated at the same spot, and sure enough along came a wagon with its white cover. Just then we noticed that an artilleryman going toward the new battery in our front stooped very low and looked upward, a movement that we all recognized as indicating the noise of a shell passing close to him.

The wagon was in front of us at this moment, and we all stooped low, for we heard the ominous scream, and as the wagon passed the shell grazed the feed box. Those behind, while stooping, pressed the men standing in front on the edge of the knoll, and about ten of us were thrown on top of the shell as it struck into the soft, sandy road. The shell did not explode, thank God, or likely I should not have written these few lines, for I was in front and the others fell on top of me. We all scrambled to our feet, and made tracks for our camps. Perhaps some of the comrades may meet this description of the incident and testify.—Potomac Vet., in Pennsylvania Grit.

Was It Cowardice?

* * * In the streets of Fredericksburg I saw Federal soldiers discharge their muskets into the air, when the enemy was within point-blank range. I saw plenty of them drop on their faces and tremble, groan and cry. This was the case where every man saw the hopelessness of attack. He felt that he was pushed forward to be shot down. There was no way for retreat until the lines should fall back. On the other hand, the Confederate troops posted behind the stone wall at the foot of Marye's Hill, joked and smoked and were in the highest spirits, feeling themselves secure from bullets, and knowing that they could beat back any force. One of them told me that after taking a dead aim on thirteen different men and dropping every one of them he refrained from firing the next quarter of an hour out of sheer pity for the human targets being shoved up to meet death.

At Malvern Hill my regiment lay in the dry bed of a creek at the foot of the elevation. As the confederates charged across the fields we poured in our volleys, and out of five Confederates who rushed into our lines in their bewilderment three were crying and sobbing. It wasn't cowardice but terror

At Cold Harbor, after beating off everything in our front, and while most of the men were cheering, some one started the report that the confederates had gained our rear. Two thousand men broke back like a lot of boys, some even throwing their guns away, and the jeers of other troops had no effect until the frenzy had had time to evaporate. * * * I have seen the best soldiers and the oldest fighters win their medals in one battle and show the white feather in the next. I saw a second lieutenant almost cry for the privilege of leading a charge at Antietam, and yet at Chantilly he fell into a ditch and pretended to be hit so as to drop behind in the charge. Cowards never go to war. If they get into the ranks through the draft they desert or commit suicide. It is only brave men who face the grim monster on a field of battle, and next to the foe his worst enemy is a terror which seizes him as a chill or fever might come on, and there is no remedy for it except to get away from the screaming missiles of death until one's nerve and sand return.—Vet., in Pennsylvania Grit.

Kept Busy.

Mrs. Garfield is said to be overwhelmed by her correspondence. Letters come to her from every part of the country and on every conceivable topic. Every communication she receives is given careful attention, and frequently a pleasant letter of some length is sent in answer.—Home and Country.

DOGMATISTS TO THE END.

Once a Katy-did Always a Katy-did, and Once a Didn't Always a Didn't.

There is one crop of early autumn that grows on trees which doesn't vary much, and that is the katydid. Climatic influences are favorable to the growth of this fruit. It is a singular thing that on the same trees where forty years ago, as little elms, these chanting insects lived, they now stay. They are never known to change from one tree to another. There may be several elms of equal size on one street, but two trees will most likely hold all the katydids and from the first chosen green they never budge.

The same way one yard will have its number, or one tree in a yard; the next person's grounds, although just as cool and shaded, will have none. Those in the same trees or yards have good manners, never interrupting each other, but listening intently for their turn to express their belief as to whether Katy did or didn't. The outside world, after listening for years to debate, is divided as to opinion. Just the same as on more important subjects, it judges in accordance with the sentiments of its own consciousness.

These little green chanters never change their opinion. They belong to the dids or didn'ts, and by no mistake alter their saying. One may tramp around the trees where they live, may sit beneath them, talk, laugh, or indulge in any noise, and Katy chants on in undisturbed monologue. But lay a hand, ever so lightly, against the bark of a tree, one says who has tried it, and their notes are instantly hushed, remaining quiet until the hand is removed. In darkness, when one creeps safely up to an elm tree where, above in the branches, is taking place a loquacious dialogue, and gently rest the palms of the hands against the bark, the silence is painfully sudden.

There was once a man visiting Rhode Island whose ambition was to possess some elm trees, and in them katydids. He had the elms for the katydids, but no katydids for the elms. So he came from his distant home and got possession of one, which he carried back and put well up in the greenery of the elm. Then he waited. The katy was as dumb as a sealed fruit jar, and wouldn't say a word. He wrote back to inquire why the thing wouldn't open its mouth and sing. He was informed, first, that the thing didn't speak the sentence with any mouth, but with its legs; second, that although the divorce laws of Rhode Island were often brittle enough to sever knots tied by ministers, still he need not expect any garrulous hilarity from one katydid separated from its mate and alone in a strange land. Then another was put in the tree, and in true marital style one said Katy did, and got contradicted in about a second. They've kept it up ever since.—Courier Journal.

Inexpensive Delights.

A middle-aged man with a satchel between his feet sat in front of a Canal street hotel the other evening, when a pedestrian accosted him: "Well, are you off?" "Beg pardon, sir, but you have the advantage of me," replied the first. "Well, well, but that's queer. We have been together four weeks." "You—are—not—" "I am Ka-bush-ky, the Zulu, who can't speak a word of English and prefers raw meat to cooked. You are Tornado Tom, the celebrated scout and Indian slayer and are modestly credited with having killed thirty-seven Indians. We both exhibited from the same platform in the museum." "Thunder! but so we did! Well, what's now?" "Going home to Indiana to-morrow. The old man wants me to help him run the grocery, and I am tired of the Zulu business; too much sameness about it; have to hold a peach-stone in my mouth to produce the gutteral, and it wears on my teeth. Which way are you going?" "Back to Toronto. I'm tired of this cowboy business; public ask too many questions; fellers come in every day and want to see my scars. I've got Dakota, Kansas and Nebraska all mixed up in my geography, and somebody gets onto me every day for a deceiver. If I start out again, it will be William Belding, the Australian murderer who was sentenced to be hanged seven different times, but who finally proved his innocence." "Well Tornado, so long." "Ka-bush-ky, good-bye, and may luck go with you."—New York Sun.

A Tip For Indian Fighters.

Among the Indians it pays for a white man to appear to be an idiot if he thinks his life is in danger. No Indian will harm a lunatic, because the savages think fools are under the especial care of God. Among the Blackfeet in Canada an eccentric white man has lived twenty-five years. He speaks Blackfoot as well as they, and he can do anything he wants to with the most lawless and savage men in the tribe. He is said to have stolen a lot of finery from a Roman Catholic Bishop on one occasion; at all events he distributed the Bishop's property among the Indians. When it was called for every Indian gave up what he had. "We give up the things," said a chief, "because we never take seriously anything that man does. We would have killed him twenty years ago, but what is the use—he is not responsible."—N. Y. Sun.

WISCONSIN NEWS.

—Richard Bailey, a veteran, died at Onalaska.

—Silas S. Johnson, an old settler of Portage, is dead.

—The Union hotel at Ashland was burned. Loss $3,000.

—Ex-Assemblyman Cairncross, of Pewaukee, has died.

—Milwaukee curlers won the Raffin medal at Chicago.

—Manilla tissue paper is to be manufactured at Kaukauna.

—Christian Rohrbeck was killed by the cars in Milwaukee.

—Peter Flannigan was killed at the Milwaukee flushing tunnel.

—Marinett is to have a $200,000 paper mill, employing 150 hands.

—Alfred R. White, of Stevens Point, attempted suicide in Milwaukee.

—Sheboygan is now agitating the establishment of a beat sugar factory.

—Wm. Vielbaum, a car inspector, was killed by the cars in Milwaukee.

—The Buckstaff-Edwards company, at Oshkosh, sustained a $28,000 loss by fire.

—Ferdinand Rohn, a resident of Milwaukee since 1847, died at the age of 65 years.

—The receipts and disbursement of the De Pere postoffice during 1890 aggregated $23,-554.72.

—The Blanket company at Burlington, Racine county, started with a capital of $15,000.

—Ecke Bros.' general store at Hilbert was robbed of razors, knives, silverware and revolvers.

—LaCrosse ice-packers are busily engaged cutting ice. The field there is twelve inches thick.

—Everett Choake, 21 years of age, shot himself at Racine. No cause can be assigned for the deed.

—Post Eben E. Rexford, of Shiocton, whose house recently burned, will remove to Appleton.

—Knapstein & Co. are storing 8,000 tons of ice at New London. About forty men are employed.

—The site for the new $160,000 public building at Ashland has been chosen on the court-house square.

—Frank Gordon, of Lake Geneva, was killed by being caught in the belt of an ice-hoisting apparatus.

—Oshkosh highwaymen held up William Hoenig on one of the main streets, and took what he had—$26.

—Paul Kulow, a well-known member of the Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce, died after a protracted illness.

—Fred Mayer and Frank Clark, burglars, were sent up from Oshkosh for two years and one respectively.

—Grand Rapids and Centralia are trying to raise a bonus of $10,000 for the establishment of a chair factory.

—Sam B. Tripp, an alleged horse thief has been taken to Hudson for trial. He was captured in Minnesota.

—Samuel B. Dixon, of Muscoda, has been adjudged to be insane at 10 years of age. He has been taken to an asylum.

—Leroy Graves, founder of Gravesville, in Calumet county, died at Fond du Lac. He came to Wisconsin in 1857.

—Mrs. Dr. Kempster has suddenly disappeared from Oshkosh, probably going to her old home at Baltimore, Md.

—The old scheme to take land from Wood, Clark and Marathon counties and form a new county is being agitated.

—The body of a man, evidently a tramp about 61 years of age, was found hanging by the neck to a tree near Waterford.

—Slader, the negro convict who escaped from an Oshkosh deputy sheriff while being taken to state prison, was recaptured.

—Dozens of persons suffering from tuberculous diseases have besieged the Milwaukee Hospital since the lymph treatment began.

—Starks, of Plainfield, will build six large potato-storing houses—two at Plainfield, two at Hancock and two at Bancroft.

—Three buildings, with contents, were burned at Black Earth recently. The loss was $1,500 on buildings and $1,800 on contents.

—Wilmer G. Henson, who eloped with a pretty Chicago girl, was married to her at Janesville, and the pair still are at Janesville.

—People at Fort Atkinson are subscribing toward the erection of a new Methodist church. Over $3,000 of the $10,000 is already pledged.

—Dora Boynson, a pretty girl of 16 living west of Durand, shot herself in consequence of intimacy with a young man. The case is being investigated.

—The body of May Cary, who was drowned at the coasting accident at Appleton, was found about half a mile below the scene of the accident.

—Deputy Marshal Marshall, of Milwaukee, took the Rev. Deford to the State prison at Waupun to serve a five years' sentence for passing a raised bill.

—An organization known as the Oshkosh Business Association was organized at Oshkosh. The object is to encourage industries and build up the city.

—Contractors have been asked to submit estimates for building an extension of the Illinois Central Railroad from Madison to Portage, a distance of forty miles.

—Senator Sawyer and Congressman Clark waved their congressional rights in any suit against ex-Treasurer Hershaw for the recovery of interest by the State.

—The lake reservoir at Prairie du Chien is now an immense skating rink over a mile in extent. Over four hundred persons were counted upon the ice at one time.

—W. W. Lovell, who escaped from the train at Clybourn, while on his way to an insane asylum at Wauwatosa, was found at the home of his father-in-law in Racine.

—The warehouse of the Wisconsin Lumber and Manufacturing Company, at La Crosse, was entirely consumed by fire, with contents. The loss is $18,000; insurance, $10,500.

—Jacob Emerson, a lumberman who disappeared from Iola four years ago, and was mourned as dead, has just written from California for money. He wandered west while insane.

—The stockholders of the Oshkosh and Mississippi railroad held a meeting. The Board of Directors was directed to sell the road to the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul company.

—Over 1,300,000 pounds of butter and cheese was shipped from Elkhorn during the year 1890. The amount of butter shipped was greater than in 1889, and cheese a trifle less.

—A friend of Beloit College at Beloit, has given $25,000 to that institution for the erection of a new dormitory. The building will be of brick, four stories high. The giver's name is withheld.

—Fritz Schulz, who resided on the Cedarburg road in the Town of Milwaukee, left home Jan. 16, after having a few words with his wife. He is supposed to have committed suicide.

—Frank Hall was overhauled at Boscobel for stealing twelve sacks of clover seed and three or four sacks of timothy seed from the Hawley warehouse at Fennimore. He had sold the clover seed for $106.

—Col. C. H. Saunders, of Chicago, is at Waukesha making preparations to start a large ice factory. The cost of the machinery and buildings will be $200,000, and the institution will employ twenty-five men.

—Justice William P. Caldwell, of Wauwatosa, died of peritonitis. He had been a resident of Wauwatosa for twenty-five years, and leaves a widow and four children, the eldest son residing in Chicago.

WONDERS OF PARIS.

NEW EYES STILL SEE NEW WONDERS IN ITS BEAUTIFUL STREETS.

Arlo Bates Tells an Interesting Story of His Visit to the Capital of the Gay World.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, in a recent letter says:

The Parisians are a people who eminently enjoy their city. They are not alone proud of it in an abstract way. They live out of doors and make the most of it. They go to the parks and into the museums, and above all they sit upon the sidewalks in front of the cafes watching life. Paris is a town where it should never rain, so greatly addicted are its folks to open air. The doctor, descending a pun, thinks this may be the reason the French have done away with the reign of Kings; but in the next breath he laments that Paris is no longer Paris since the fall of the Empire.

Its streets are still lively enough, despite the lamented absence of royal equipages, to cause the doctor to skip about in a very lively manner in crossing. In the midst of the principal streets in Paris, as in London—in neither of which benighted towns do foot passengers have the right of way—are islands raised some six inches above the line of the street and surrounding the lamp-posts. To cross the street is, with the doctor, a matter of time and deliberation. He pauses on the edge of the curb like Cæsar by the Rubicon; then, when there is a lull in the flood of carriages, he darts across to the island upon which he from the first has had his eye, his calves, like those of Dickens' *immortal dancer, fairly twinkling with* the swiftness of his motion. The island reached, the whole process is repeated, and thus in time the adventurous traveler gets himself entirely across the street.

The sidewalks are made largely as an adjunct to the cafes, and in the evening those along the central boulevards are covered for three-quarters of their depth with sitters who drink coffee by the cup or by the glass, or imbibe some liquor yet more potent. The amount of coffee consumed by the Parisians is something so prodigious that all Christendom might well turn bilious with astonishment thereat. Indeed, it seems rather doubtful if Paris could exist without coffee. One understands after seeing the astonishing coffee drinking which goes on constantly why it is that French poets and painters have united in apostrophies to that narcotic. The coffee rather than the lily should be the flower of France.

"A man enjoys himself in Paris," it hath been said by a cynic, "in direct proportion to his wickedness"; by which token, if it be indeed a true saying, an *abandoned wretch indeed is he* who writes these lines. In the first place—the first place because "man is after all only a highly organized stomach,"—there are so many good things to eat in Paris! There comes a certain lickerous watering of the chops at the remem-



brance of the fleshpots of Paris, no matter in what corner of the earth a man *may be. With a bone, a vegetable or* two, a few herbs, and a fire, which is nothing but a handful of charcoal ignited, a French cook will concoct a dinner fit for the gods, or indeed far too good for the gods if the tales told of them in classic chronicles of Olympian scandals be only half true. A man is ready to ruin his digestion and imperil all his standards of ethics for the sake of the feasts of this land of culinary delights. To begin with, they have things to cook. The doctor kindly allowed me to go to the central market, having first been alone to assure himself that it was a strictly moral place. The piles of prawns, of snails, of mushrooms, of shrimps, of froglegs made one groan in despair at the physical impossibility of eating even a hundreth part of them. One longed for as many mouths as hath the Ganges. The fruits, too, were delicious to sight and to smell and to taste. Grapes, fresh figs, melons, plums, apples, pears, and —in October—wild strawberries which were in appearance and flavor exactly like the late fruit which grew in our youth upon the mossy rocks on the shady side of New England farm-houses.



We had much innocent enjoyment in going about, buying things, eating what we wanted, and giving what was left to some dealer from whom we purchased other viands or to some forlorn-looking passer. The doctor addressed the market women in every known modern language except French, and achieved an immense success by the way in which he devoured cheese in the market-place. As there seemed to be about as many *sorts* of cheese as there are saints in the calendar—about twice as many, that is, as there are sands on the sea-shore—it was difficult to resist them, and it is something to have contributed to the innocent amusement of one's fellow-mortals, I must remark, parenthetically, that the doctor has been popular in Europe. His motto, in his own phrase of Shakspearean perversion, has been: "Still in thy right hand carry gentle fees"; while the smile with which he has eked out any deficiencies of language has been calculated to soften a heart of stone. To see him at the market allowing a fishwoman to peel for him a prawn and put it into his mouth with fingers which evidently had not used soap that morning was a spectacle worthy of the days of Moliere.

The chief temptation to the stranger in Paris—despite whatever snares may *have been* more insisted upon by the moralists—is to buy things. The shop



windows are a constant inducement to him to plunge into a reckless course of extravagance and to shut his eyes to all consequences. In the window of a prominent jeweler was displayed a brooch some two and a half inches long, whereof the device was a cat formed of diamonds playing with a ball, which was a single beautiful round pearl. The price was 11,000 francs. From another place he who chose to pay 7,000 francs for the privilege might carry home to his wife or his sweetheart a frog of gems which was as large as a baby's hand. Animals of jewels seem to be something of a fashion if one is to judge from the windows of Paris.

The eccentricities in mourning are also amazing. Imagine handkerchiefs of point lace, sold at 200 francs each, wherein are butterflies of black thread in the design. Or, again, a *mourning cloak for* an infant with weeping-willow garlands wrought in black silk upon the blue-white cashmere. Only a people who find a mournful pleasure in decorating the graves of friends with hideous *wreaths of beads and tin flowers would* be capable of things of this sort.

A Royal Wandering Minstrel.

The Archduke Maximilian, shot in Mexico by the Juarez Government about the end of our civil war, was in his younger days famous as a singer and player on the guitar. While traveling around on foot, a pastime which was a passion with him, he would occasionally stop along the lonely road and sing a song or two or play some charming air.

Once while thus engaged he was heard by a number of peasants, who, *quite ignorant of his identity, listened* to him with rapture and applauded him with vigor. "If you come to the inn," said one of them, "with that voice and that touch I can promise you a good glass of wine, if not a little more."

Falling in with their humor, Maximilian accompanied them to the village tavern.

Here he rendered several choice *melodies with such skill and taste that* he had, so to speak, his audience at his feet, and, though the tavern vintage was not the best, he drained glass after glass with his new found friends.

Finally he announced that he must go, and when the jolly Boniface found him determined to do so he took his hat and went round among the auditors, collecting a fair sum, to which he added something himself, and offered *it to the Archduke.*

Seeing the honesty of the motive, he took the coins and put them in his pocket, thanking them for their appreciation and kindness. At that moment the village 'Squire, who knew Maximilian, happened to enter. Seeing the crowd around him, and not knowing the cause, he called out:

"Stand back, you clowns! Don't you know it's the Archduke Maxi*milian, your Prince?*"

The tavern keeper fell on his knees in his fright and thinking his money generosity was the crowning infamy of which he had been guilty he asked that it be given back.

"Not a bit of it," said Maximilian heartily. "It's the first money that has been honestly earned by any of our family for a thousand years and I'm going to keep it as an heirloom." —*Philadelphia Times.*

Securing "A Pleasant Expression."

It is an easy thing to laugh when there is something to laugh at. But when nothing funny has happened, laughing to order is a very different matter. The other day a certain German gentleman urged an amateur to photograph his two children when they were laughing. On a certain afternoon the amateur came with his camera, but on hunting up the children it was discovered that while the little girl was quite willing to smile, the boy was in a very bad humor. In fact the boy had just been punished by his father, and when he was asked to laugh never felt less humorous in his life. But the camera was there and the father was set upon having the performance proceed. He repeatedly urged the boy, whose mouth did not get beyond a slight twitching at the corners. Then, becoming exasperated, the father shook his finger and exclaimed, "You laugh now, or I vip you again!" And under this *awful* persuasion the boy made a heroic effort.—*Alexander Black, in St. Nicholas.*

Maine's hay crop is estimated at 1,500,000 tons, worth at least $15,000,000. The ice crop brings in, perhaps, as much more, and the summer visitor crop over $6,000,000.

BASE INGRATITUDE.

THE WIDOW'S RAM BUNTED JEEMS AND DIED FOR IT.

The Prisoner Turns on His Accusers and Tells a Harrowing Tale That Mollifies the Judge.

I was travelling among the mountains of East Tennessee and one day about noon was casting about for a place *where I might get something to eat, when* my eye was attracted by a number of horses that were tied near a ruinous old log house.

Curiosity and a hope that I might be *on the trail of something to eat drew me* to the house says Opie P. Read. Upon entering the doorway I found a justice of the peace holding court. It was a criminal case, and I discovered the *prisoner to be a long, lank fellow, with* a bony face and a complexion that proclaimed the clay-eater. I fancied that having killed some one he was now on trial to determine whether or not he should be sent before the Grand Jury as a sort of sarcastic preliminary to being hanged, and had begun to pity his probable wife and presumable children when the Judge said:



"JEST LET ME HAVE A MINIT."

"This here court, bein' sorter tired, will now take a recess fur half'er hour. The Court has sot here an' chewed new tobacker till the hide is about all took offen the inside of his mouth, an' I wanter say that if anybody has got any tobacker that is a leetle milder in its parts, pass a chew of it right up to the Court."

The prisoner took out a twist of tobacco and handed it to the Judge, whereupon the jurist remarked: "This Court thanks you, Jeems, but at the same time reminds you that the law of this great land ain't to be bought for a mess of pottage nor a chaw of tobacker. How's yo' crap, Jeems?"

"Sorter wallerin' with the crab grass an' rasslin' with the rag weed. I wouldn bad it all right but this here trouble come on me. When a man is bowed down in the speret he ain't thinkin' *of* craps. *He is* athinkin' of the shame that mout fall on him an' take all the color out of his repurtation."

"Yes, that's a fact, Jeems."

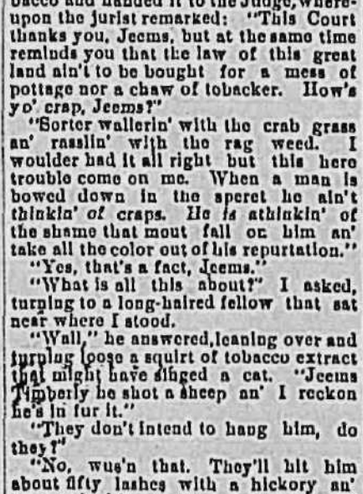
"What is all this about?" I asked, turning to a long-haired fellow that sat near where I stood.

"Wall," he answered, leaning over and turning loose a squirt of tobacco extract that might have slinged a cat. "Jeems Timberly he shot a sheep an' I reckon he's in fur it."

"They don't intend to hang him, do they?"

"No, wus'n that. They'll hit him about fifty lashes with a hickory an' then make him work a country road *some day when thar's a hoss show in the* neighborhood."

At this juncture the Judge pounded on the table. "Come to order now. The Court is about to put on the solemn garment of the law of this here free an' mighty land, an' if any man so fur forgits himself as to interrupt the proceedin's, he'll fall under the witherin' displeasure of yourn truly. Now, let's git at this business, fur this Court has other affairs on hand. This Court must go some time this evenin' an' reprimand a man that pizened his dog. Jeems, as I said at the outset of this trial, I never was more shocked in my life. Fur many years we have know'd you to be reasonably honest, with generally a putty good dab of meat in yo' smokehouse, an' we kain't see why you should have killed the Widder Dalton's sheep."



"HE SENT ME SPRAWLING ON THE GROUND."

"Yes," spoke up the widow, who, for the first time, I noticed was present, sitting in a corner, "an' a finer ram never blew his breath on a bunch of pennyrile. But here comes Jeems an' shoots him, an' that too when he's got more meat than I have an' he knows that I've got three sons-in-law to feed."

"Jedge," said Jeems, "if you will jest let me have a minit, I will fling a good deal of light on this here subject. I don't deny a killin' of the sheep"—

"Well, then, Jeems, you neenter say no more. You've stated the very fact that we air tryin' to git at, an' thar ain't no use in foolin' along here no longer. The court 'lows that it will hafter sentence you, Jeems."

"Not without givin' me a hearin', I hope?"

"I don't see what good a hearin' will do you when you have made that confession."

"Wall, jest listen to my talk an' then mebby you'll see. I don't want to take up yo' time so that you kain't meet the feller that pizened yo' dog, but I do insist on havin' a hearing."

"Wall, then, go ahead, but cut her short."

"Jeems" got up, reached back his long hair and thus addressed the assembly: "One cold Winter night, when the snow come down faster than you ever seen chaff come outen a wheat fan, I heard a bleatin' noise, an', goin' to the door, I thought the sound *come from the valley* not fur from the house. I told my wife that I had to go down in the valley because I heard a lamb callin' for help, and let me say right here that I may be bad in a good many things, but no lamb ever *called to me in vain.* I thought of Simon Peter that was told to feed the Lord's sheep—thought of it as I stood thar in the door with the snow a-drivin' past me into the house. My wife said that I better not go out in sich a night, 'specially as I wa'n't feelin' very well; but I 'lowed that I couldn't sleep with the pitiful cry of that lamb a-ringin' in my ears, so I took my lantern an' went down into the valley. The snow was whirlin' so fast that I could hardly see whar I was goin', but at last, comin' nearer an' nearer to the bleatin', I at last found a little lamb with his head stickin' out of a snow-drift.

"I took him out; his legs were frozen stiff as sticks. I took him to the house an' warmed him by the fire—got a bottle of milk and fixed it so he could suck. I built up a good fire so he wouldn't get cold durin' the night, an' every time he would bleat I would git up an' fix his bottle. *The weather stayed cold for a* long time, an' once when the old cow got out of the lot an' wandered off an' didn't come up in time to give milk for the lamb I searched for her on the mountain side an' way down in the valley. It was late when I got back home, an' long before I reached the house I heard the lamb a-bleatin'. He seemed to be powerful glad when I came in with the milk, an' the thought I read in his eyes was: 'I never will forgit you.' Wal, to make a long story short, I brought up that lamb till he was as fine a sheep as you ever saw, an' in every look out his eyes he said that he never would forgit me. We called him Bob an' he 'peared to like the name. One day the next Fall, Nat Sarschet, that I owed $5, come over to my house an' 'lowed that he must have the money. I didn't have it an' told him so. Just then Bob he come up. 'I'll take this sheep,' *says Nat,' an' he done it in spite of all* my beggin' an' promisin' that I would pay him as soon as I could get the money. Last Spring I heard that Nat had sold Bob to the Widder Dalton. So much for the first part, an' now for the second: A day or two ago I was goin' through the woods, carryin' a bag of corn on my back, an' all at once ker-bhip! something took me an' almost knocked me lifeless.



WAITED FOR HIM.

"As soon as I could git up I looked round an' thar, not more than ten feet away, stood Bob, a-shakin' of his head. 'Gracious alive, Bob,' said I, 'don't you know me?' He backed a little, an' jest as I expected to see the look that said he was never goin' to forgit me, he shot at me an' gave me a biff that sent me sprawlin' on the ground. I think he hit me three times before I could git up, an' then he followed me to the fence, a-churnin' me every jump of the way—an' tickled! W'y, I never saw a ram enjoy himself so in my life. Well, when I got home I sot down an' thought a *long time about the ingratitude of this* life, an' then I thought I would teach that rascal a lesson; so I got my gun and went back down into the woods. I held the gun behind me an' poked about. Putty soon I saw Bob, an' he saw me *about the same time. Here he come.* I didn't say a word. He was so tickled that he thought he'd stop an' laugh a little before billin' me, an' he stopped an' snorted with delight, an' jest then I ups with my gun. I never saw such a surprised sheep. When he saw that I was fixed for him he tried to look lovin', but I let him have it right between the eyes. That's my statement, Jedge, an' it shows that I wa'n't out after meat, but revenge, fur I didn't even skin the rascal; an' now, if you want to whip me an' make me work on the county road, all right."

"Jeems," said the Judge, "any court that could have the heart to convict you *oughter be hung.* Widder Dalton, what have you did with that sheep's meat?"

"I've got it at home."

"Wal, you go home an' roast a hin' quarter of it. This court an' Jeems air goin' to take dinner with you to-morrer."

The Place to Learn German.

I heard an odd bit of repartee in a barber shop on Eighth avenue a few days *ago. The boss barber was conversing in* English with a customer when he broke off suddenly and began talking in German. A third gentleman as a sort of playful rebuke remarked: "Don't you know that it is impolite to converse in a language that is not understood by all present?" "What!" said the barber, "don't you understand German?" "No," said the other. "Well," was the response, "you ought to; you've been in this country long enough!"—*N. Y. Star.*

"Fin de Siecle."

A new slang phrase has appeared in Paris. Everything that is new and nice nowadays is "fin de Siecle," which means "end of the century," or what hunkidori used to mean in America, with an addition which brings it closer to the cockney phrase, "down to date."

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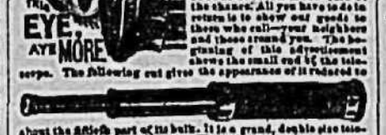
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Lighting the Fire in Winter.

An' then the room gets good an' warm; the kettle starts to bile,
An' mother potters down the stairs an' stan's an' yawn's a while,
And sez: "Now, pap, you go an' rouse them sleepy boys o' yours,
For it's snowin' and they's lots to do besides the morning chores."
An' then she brushes up the hearth with that old turkey wing,
An' stoops an' pulls her stockin's up an' ties 'em with a string.
An' Towser yawns and stretches out an' acts a little shyer
When I git up o' mornin's fer to light the kitchen fire.

An' when the boys come trompin' in, an' scrouge around an' spat
An' kick the dog an' poke the fire an' set down on the cat,
The coffee-pot's biled over an' the biscuit's steaming hot,
The sassidges jest brown enough, the breakfast table set,
An' mother says "Fetch up the cheers," an' pours the coffee out—
My cup runs over with a joy the rest don't know about;
Fer the blessin's of the Lord to me's a daily drawin' higher
When I git up o' mornin's fer to light the kitchen fire.

—Edwin S. Hopkins.

LOTTIE DEANE'S MISTAKE.

Mr. Ross Deane was a thriving young surveyor and auctioneer in a large country town.

One day Mrs. Ross Deane was mending her husband's office coat and singing cheerily over her task. She was a pretty little woman, with pink cheeks and wavy fair hair and great blue eyes, sunny and innocent in expression as a little child's. If her mouth was a trifle large, nobody ever noticed it for admiring the scarlet lips and white teeth that gleamed out when she smiled, which was not seldom, for she was a merry little body, as sparkling and sunshiny as if she'd never a care in the world.

And really, when you come to think about it, her cares were very few, and her pleasures many. Hadn't she the handsomest and dearest husband in the world, who petted and humored her to her heart's content? It is very queer the fondness some women have for being petted. It's rather a cat-like trait, this liking to be purred and coddled so much. Then she had the sweetest love of a baby; but that was rather a partnership concern—there were grandparents and aunts innumerable, who put in a claim to baby, to say nothing of the little one's father; while her handsome Ross was all her own individual property.

At least she thought he was, till she very unwisely undertook to mend that office coat of his. She had pounced upon it that morning, when previous to a shopping expedition, she had penetrated to his office at the back of the house—being in want of more money—and had confiscated it directly, declaring that it was a shame for anybody to wear such a dilapidated arrangement, and her husband shouldn't do it another day, so there!

There was only one more pocket to look after now, and then the tiresome job would be done. Caroling a merry little roundelay, she turned it inside out. The song died on her lips as a tiny scented envelope dropped out and fluttered to the floor. She stooped to pick it up, and, noticing the feminine handwriting on the outside, opened it, of course, but with an odd misgiving at her heart regarding the act, nevertheless.

Perhaps she had better not have opened it. I won't undertake to say whether it was best or not; but I always believed that "where ignorance was bliss" it was exceedingly foolish to become enlightened of your own free will, as this child was doing, for this was what she read:

DEAR MR. DEANE: Of course you will be at the masquerade to-morrow evening. I won't tell you what character I shall assume, but if you were to wear a pink domino with a white rose in your button-hole, and you were to meet another pink domino with a red rose in its hand—how can I tell who it would be?
BELLE.

Bad enough—or not—just as one chose to take it. Mrs. Deane knew well enough who wrote it—knew that the letter wasn't really half so bad as it sounded. Still it was proof that the flirtation—which Mrs. Deane had heretofore believed to be carried on chiefly by Miss Belle—was going altogether too far to be pleasant to the looker-on—when the looker-on happened to be the wife of one of the parties.

As long as Miss Belle Preston made eyes at handsome Ross Deane, only to be carelessly flattered in return by him, and afterwards laughed at alike by both Mr. and Mrs. Deane, it was very little the latter cared about it. She called the girl a goose to herself, was politely cordial to her before folks, and never gave the matter another thought.

Miss Preston was a goose, of course, but quite a pretty, winning little goose after all. She was rather dashing in her ways—smoked cigarettes, talked slang—both of which Mrs. Preston particularly detested—and tried to ape the manners generally of the masculine half of creation. Of course she made a failure of it, but men are remarkably tolerant of bright, saucy, black-eyed failures of the Belle Preston kind; and so they laughed at her a little, but flatter her a great deal more, and not a few fell in love with her continually.

But Mrs. Deane did not choose that her husband should be caught in the toils of a siren like this; and she was properly indignant at finding that the two were on familiar terms enough for notes to pass between them—and such notes, too.

"The bold thing—to ask another woman's husband to come to the masquerade to meet her—she ought to be ashamed of herself!" muttered Mrs. Ross Deane angrily. "And he, too, after pretending to me that he thought she was horrid—I hate him!" and she stamped her little foot, and subsided into a fit of the sulks.

But her nature was too healthy to permit a long indulgence in feelings of that kind; so, before long, she found herself wondering what she would do about it. Was she going to sit still and let this woman win away her husband without an effort on her part to prevent it? Not she. She would go to this masquerade herself. What she would do there she hadn't fully determined upon. She would wear a pink domino and carry a red rose in her hand; and if Ross Deane should happen to mistake her for the fascinating Miss Preston—why, how could she help it? Any way, she knew she wouldn't try to help it. Let him blunder if he liked; she didn't care.

Her mind once made up, she looked to see where the note was dated. It was written the day before she found it, so that the masquerade was to be that very evening. No time was to be lost, evidently, if she wanted to attend. They had received cards several days before, but Ross had declared himself averse to going, and so Mrs. Deane had thought no more about it. Now she saw his decision in a different light.

"He didn't want me to go," she murmured to herself, "and he thought he could make some excuse to be away this evening, so that I needn't know he went. But we'll see how his plans turn out. I'm very much afraid he'll be disappointed. We'll see," and the red lips were compressed firmly, and the little hands were tightly clenched.

When everything was finished she sat down on the sofa in the pretty parlor. There Ross found her, sitting soberly, bending forward a little, with her white hands clasped in her lap. She did not look up to greet him when he entered. She was too angry, and she waved him back haughtily when he stooped to kiss her.

"Why, pet, what's the matter?" he said, amazedly, as he stepped back, his hand on the table beside him.

She sat still, with drooping eyes and averted face. "I do not wish to talk to you," was all she said.

He stared, bewildered.

"But, Lottie, darling, I don't understand—what has come over you so suddenly? What have I done?"

And he could stand there and ask her that so coolly! Lottie was almost frantic. And then the dinner-bell rang and saved them from a scene for that time.

Ross Deane followed his wife to the dining-room, feeling very much as if he was dreaming. When the meal was over he retired to the office to take a smoke and to think it over. Lottie went upstairs to wait for him to leave the house before she began to dress.

She sat where she could watch the garden gate, and there she waited with nervous impatience for him to go out that she might follow and the first act of the tragi-comedy be ready for performance.

Eight o'clock struck, and in a few minutes after she heard him moving about down stairs. Then he came to the foot of the stairs and called: "Lottie, dear, won't you come down stairs?"

But Lottie would not answer. She had no desire to receive his good-bye kiss when she knew he was hurrying away from her impatient to meet that "bold girl" who was trying to win him away from his wife. He called once more and then she heard him pass into the parlor. After that there was a long silence, and still she sat there and wondered what delayed him so.

Nine o'clock struck; then 10, and nobody had passed out at the front gate she watched so jealously. What could it mean? Had he been so cowardly as to slip out by the back way for fear she might see him? She couldn't believe that of him; but she didn't understand why he waited till so late before going away.

Half past ten; a quarter of eleven. She couldn't bear this any longer; but would just find out what it meant. Just as the clock struck 11, she came down into the parlor. There lay Ross, sound asleep on the sofa, the evening paper tossed carelessly on the floor beside him.

"Ross! Ross! Wake up! Don't you know that it's 11 o'clock and you are not dressed for the masquerade."

"Who — what?" muttered Ross, stretching lazily. "Eleven o'clock! Well, what of it, dearie?"

"The masquerade, Ross; don't you remember it is this evening and you are not dressed?"

"The masquerade, Lottie? Why, I thought we had decided not to go."

"So we did," she answered, bitterly; "but I supposed Miss Preston had persuaded you to change your mind."

"Miss Preston? What has she to do with our going, one way or the other? Oh, I begin to smell a rat," he cried exultantly, now fully wide awake. "See here, puss; what did you mean by having the sulks to-night, and refusing to kiss your liege lord, or even be civil to him, eh?"

"Oh, Ross, I thought—"

"Yes I know what you thought." He had her in his arms now. "You saw that note Miss Belle saw fit to send me the other day, and you thought your husband could care enough for a girl, who threw herself at his head in that bold way, to deceive his wife—his own wife, whom he loves better than all the world beside," he added lower and more earnestly. "I don't think you have a very high opinion of your husband, pet."

"I did find the note, Ross," she sobbed, "in the pocket of your office coat, and I—I— Please forgive me, dear;" and she clung to him closer while he soothed and petted her.

"Never mind, little girlie; I don't wonder you doubted me for a minute. I ought to have burned that note, and then you'd not have been so troubled. But perhaps it's just as well. You know 'for certain, true,' now, how much influence Miss Belle has over me, don't you?" And he patted her cheek and laughed a little.

I think Mrs. Deane managed—women know how to do these things—in some perfectly polite and pleasant way to let Miss Preston know why Mr. Deane did not attend the masquerade, and also the fate that notes addressed to him were likely to meet. At any rate, the young lady wastes no more of her time on other women's husbands but is devoting all her energies to procuring one of her own.—*Evening World.*

A Narrow Escape.

For eight hours an infant of Stephen Burleen of Bridgeport, Conn., lay in a trance, and an undertaker came and put the babe in a casket. Everything was ready for the burial when the child suddenly woke up and sang out lustily "Ma!" It is all right now.

"You are not like my good friend Shakespeare," said Raleigh to his executioner after he had inspected the instrument of death. "Why?" asked the headsman gruffly. "You provide for no intermissions between the ax."—*N. Y. Herald.*

CHINESE GIRLS NEGLECTED.

Education Denied Them Because They will Get Married.

A writer in the *North China Herald*, in an essay on "The National History of the Chinese Girl," has some interesting remarks on the lack of education of Chinese women. When the child grows up to what we should call a young school girl her friends begin to be very uneasy about her. This has not the smallest connection with her intellectual nature, which, so far as any culture which it receives is concerned, might as well be non-existent. Unless her father happens to be a schoolmaster and at home with nothing to do he never thinks of teaching his daughter to read; it would be preposterous. It is like weeding the field for some other man, or putting a gold chain around the neck of some one else's puppy, which may at any moment be whistled off, and then what becomes of the chain? One of the underlying assumptions of Chinese society is that it is the body of the girl for which the parents are responsible, and not the mind. To almost any Chinese it would probably appear a self-evident proposition that to spend time, strength, and, much more, money in educating the daughter-in-law of some one else is a sheer waste. "But," you say to him, "she is your daughter." "Not after she is married," he replies; "she is theirs; let them educate her themselves if they want her educated. Why should I teach her how to read, write and reckon when it will never do me any good?" With which utilitarian inquiry the education of most Chinese girls has been banished from human thought for the space of some milleniums.

The anxiety which all her friends begin to feel about a Chinese girl as soon as she attains any considerable size is exhibited in the inquiries which are made about her whenever she happens to be spoken of. These inquiries do not concern her character or her domestic accomplishments, much less her intellectual capacity, of which she has, theoretically, none to speak of; but they may all be summed up in the single phrase: "Is she said?" meaning by the term "said" betrothed. If the reply should be in the negative the intelligence is received in much the same way as we should receive the information that a European child had by some strange neglect been allowed to grow to the age of 16 without having been taught anything whatever out of books. The instinctive feeling of a Chinese in regard to a girl is that she should be betrothed as soon as possible. This is one of the many points in regard to which it is almost impossible for the Chinese and the Anglo-Saxon to come to terms. As soon as a Chinese girl is once betrothed she is placed in different relations to the universe generally. She is no longer allowed such freedom as hitherto, although that may have been little enough. She can not go anywhere, because it would be "inconvenient." She might be seen by some member of the family into which she is to marry—than which it is hardly possible to think of anything more horrible. "Why?" the irrepressible occidental inquires, and is quenched by the information that "it would not be proper." Why it would not be proper no one can ever tell, except that it never was proper, and therefore it is not so now, and therefore never will be. The imminent risk that the girl might at some unguarded moment be actually seen by the family of the future mother-in-law is a reason why so few engagements for girls are made in the town in which the girl lives—an arrangement which would seem to be for the convenience of all parties in a great variety of ways.

At a Chilian Hotel.

The favorable impression of Chili which I had received in descending the western slopes of the Cordillera was augmented when I reached the village, or perhaps I should say town, of Santa Rosa de los Andes. This was my first experience of a Chilian hotel. As we rode up through the clouds of dust the exterior of the one-story "adobe" building of the Hotel del Comercio did not seem inviting. Inside, however, I found a series of court-yards, or "patios," avenues of trellised vines, aviaries, canalized watercourses, and other pleasant features. I hired a room in the first "patio," with an outlook upon the flowering shrubs, the fountain, and the wonderful imitation marble statues which stood around it. Who would have expected to find specimens of Greek sculpture—of the period of decadence, it is true—at the foot of the Andes?

Dusty as I was, and having been wholly deprived of the use of soap and water during my six days' journey across the mountains, the old prejudices of the dweller in town asserted themselves, and I asked the landlady, in an off-hand and half-apologetic tone if it would be possible to have a bath. "*Como no?*" she replied, with the usual Chilian formula of ready affirmation, and added: "Would you like a swimming bath?" "Is there a swimming bath in the hotel?" I asked. "*Como no?*" The water is not crystalline, but it is clean and fresh, and brought from the Aconcagua River by an 'acequia.'" "*Bueno, vamos a ver,*" said I, and we went to see. And behold at the end of the garden was a tank some fifteen feet square, with water running through it, and overhead, as a protection against the sun, vines laden with pendent bunches of grapes, forming, as it were, a ceiling to the bath. This was delightful, and I bathed with joy. Now after a bath a man needs refreshments of some kind. "*Como no?*" was the invariable reply; and I was shown into a bar-room, where I found a greater variety of deleterious drinks than you would meet with in similar establishments in Europe or the United States, and yet Los Andes does not boast 3,5000 inhabitants. Thus fortified and rejuvenated, I was prepared to dine, and I succeeded in dining very fairly, drank good Chilian wine, had a pleasant talk with my friend Don Honorio and other gentlemen, and after dinner took a walk on the plaza, where there was a zealous but inferior orchestra playing for the distraction of "all Los Andes," represented by a few officers, employes, and shop-keepers, a dozen ladies wearing Parisian hats that were the fashion a year ago, and a few score modest natives, the women wearing black shawls drawn mantillawise over their heads, and the men draped in "ponchos," and sheltered from indiscreet eyes by broad-brimmed white straw hats with black strings tied under the chin.—*Theodore Child, in Harper's Magazine.*

THE NEWSPAPER OF TO-DAY.

The Helper of Religion, Science, Education, and all Good Works.

No publisher or editor pretends that he risks his capital, gives time, labor, thought, and care to the making of a newspaper, for charity's sake. He publishes his journal as the book publisher publishes his book—for profit as a means of living or making a fortune. Publishing a newspaper is strictly business, though there is no other business on the face of the earth of which philanthropy and patriotism are so large a part.

The newspaper is the helper of the church and the school, of religion, science, literature, art, industry agriculture—of everything which concerns the good of society and the State. It is the very prop and stay of charity and public spirit; the most potent enemy of public wrong or injustice; and it must be so necessarily, as it is public sentiment reflected in type. The newspaper depends for its success upon popular favor, and the aim of every one connected with it is that of winning popular favor by running upon parallel lines with public morality. To say that the newspaper is published for money is to say no harm of it. It has passed into a universal maxim that "the church lives by the altar"—by the contribution which the faithful lay upon the altar. And it is true, and it is not discreditable. The newspaper press is generally as high in moral and intelligence as the public conscience and mind; higher than that it can never be permanently, as it must be what society demands it shall be. As a matter of fact, it frequently runs ahead, temporarily, of public sentiment that destroys public wrongs; it often secures justice by proclaiming the injustice.

The press is not without its faults, but venality or untruth for money's sake is not one of them. Its worst fault is its partisan prejudice, its inability to perceive that the newspaper that serves its country best serves its party best. It does not lie for pelf, but it does, for political expediency's sake, too often fail to recognize the truth. It is not unclean for money's sake, not sensational for profit's sake, though it may too often blunder into the mire or into sensationalism through want of good judgment. The press of the United States—and we speak, of course, of that great body of reputable newspapers which really constitute the press—is just what readers of high of average intelligence and morals make it, and it rises day by day to higher planes of intelligence and morality.

To make the best, the truthfullest, the cleanest newspaper, all other things being equal, is to make the most profitable one. That is the experience of every publisher and responsible editor of a great and pecuniarily successful public journal. The press will always have its adverse critics, who if run to the earth will be found to be some unworthy discarded members of it, or those with whom the press has had to deal more in justice than in mercy. As to its defense against mendacious criticism, it is making it daily; for it is compelling the testimony of scores of millions of readers to its usefulness, its public spirit, its intelligence, and its morality.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

War's Awful Carnage.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee of Virginia, when in Washington a short while ago, told quite an interesting story about the greatest fatality of the war in proportion to the number of troops engaged. He was telling about Congressman Carlton as an artillerist in the war.

"When Gen. Sedgwick's corps," he said, "surprised our troops by crossing the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, and capturing a regiment and a half of Gen. Barksdale's Mississippi brigade and a portion of the Washington artillery stationed on Marie's Heights, this cut off from our main line that small portion of our troops stationed between Fredericksburg and Hamilton's crossing, on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad. Among these troops so cut off was a battery of artillery in position just opposite Deep Bottom Run, on the Rappahannock River, and far in advance of that portion of our line.

"A brigade of Sedgwick's corps, which had crossed the river at Deep Bottom Run, discovering the position of this battery and seeing that it was unsupported by and cut off from the main line of our troops, marched upon it preparatory to charging and capturing it.

"The Captain commanding this battery, who is now Congressman Carlton of Georgia, discovering the movement of the enemy, at once realized the situation, and knew full well that to attempt to retreat in face of the enemy would result in the capture and loss of his battery, promptly, although entirely unsupported, moved his guns forward, meeting the advancing brigade, and when in easy canister range poured a volley into the enemy's ranks, which staggered and drove them back.

"Reforming, they advanced again, when Carlton repeated the dose with the same success.

"Attempting a third time to charge the battery, and seeing the resolute determination of Carlton and his men not to yield the field, they rushed pell mell into an adjoining ravine, when the artillerist turned his guns upon them in their hiding place, and scarcely a man was left to tell the tale.

"The official report made a few days afterward by the Federal officer in command of the brigade, as to the loss in this engagement, was about 1,000 killed and wounded. The loss sustained by Carlton's battery was remarkably slight."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Justin S. Morrill, the father of the senate, is now eighty years of age. Both in years and in consecutive service he is the oldest senator.

THE WILD HONEY BEE.

They Are Creatures of Civilization—Their Habits and Peculiarities.

That abrupt and positive insect know as the honey-bee is eminently a creature of civilization. It finds neither pleasure nor profit in savagery, and when you note one of these indefatigable individuals unloading some rich flower, you may be sure that church and the school-house are not far away. There are certain forms of animal and vegetable life which flourish only in concert with civilization. The bees have been mentioned, and, as sample of the latter, white clover, which may be termed the national food of the honey-bee, might be pointed to. The honey-bee has a requirement which confines its range to the timbered districts. It must have some hollow tree for residence purposes.

As long as civilization, literally speaking, was in the woods, the bee went with it. The earlier settlers and the bee were hand in hand, and the former plundered the latter and the latter stung the former with equal persistency through all the changing seasons of the year. The Indians realized in the advent of the bee the beginning of their end. They knew it was the forerunner of their fate; but nevertheless employed themselves in earnest quest of the honey it was known to represent, and for which dripping sweet commodity the aboriginal relish was great. Western Missouri was perhaps the greatest bee country that ever existed. It was here that the tree growth found its last expression in the sparse and scrubby oak openings which, in happy alteration of tree and grass and sunlight, afforded vast fields for bee ambition to unfold itself. It was here, too, the bee said good-bye to the white man as he was pushed out on the prairie. Here the trees ceased and here perforce the bees ceased also. They could go no further. So, as year followed year, with new communities of bees following hard the old, and all checked and held by the eastern boundary of the treeless plains, there came at last a day in these parts when a bee was swinging on every clover bloom and every hollow tree possessed its buzzing commonwealth.

Bee-hunting came into furious fashion. The method was simple and primitive. A bee working on some flower was captured. A little fluffy patch of cotton was fastened to its back with paste of honey. He was released and his flight narrowly watched. One of the most worthy characteristics of this admirable insect became the basis of overthrow. A honey bee means business. Nothing of the jocular, the loiterer or the gossip bides in its make-up. Whenever arrived the time for home, the bee proceeded thither in a straight line. There was no turning in at this place to see a man or stopping at that to get a drink. It took the shortest and directest route and made a bee-line of it. So was its strength its weakness. The bee-hunter got his direction from the flight of the bee and usually had but little difficulty in walking straight to the tree. It was then felled with an ax and its store of comb honey taken possession of. The bees of the tree attacked made little resistance. The catastrophe seemed to leave them in a state of bewilderment and daze, and they either buzzed aimlessly about or collected in a pendant huddle, clinging to some bough. The few who attempted to interfere with the spoiler at his work were easily disposed of with a little "smudge" of the leaves.

No sooner would a bee tree fall than bees from rival communities at once put in a cheerful appearance and worked away like so many enthusiastic wreckers on some Cornish coast to complete to their own profit the despoliation of their neighbors. As to whether the bees were taught this lesson by man, or the latter gained it from the bees there is some difference of learned opinion, and no attempt will be made to settle the question here, but sure it is there was something sadly human in the promptitude with which the disaster of the one was made the advantage of the other.

Pittsburg Smokers.

"Talking about that apology for a smoke, the Pittsburg stogie, reminds me of a peculiar experience I had with that article some years ago," said an old-time cigar drummer at the Continental Hotel to a Philadelphia *Inquirer* reporter. "I was traveling for a Philadelphia house that made a fine line of goods only and had met with only indifferent success. I was looking forward to Pittsburg as a kind of El Dorado and imagined sales of great magnitude in the Smoky City. I arrived in the evening and immediately started out to interview the trade. About the first place I struck was a prosperous looking cigar store, but I noticed that among the stock the stogie seemed to predominate. I presented my card to the proprietor, talked up my stock and firm to him in great shape, but did not seem to be making any great headway.

The proprietor assured me that he was full up, but said he would look over my samples the following morning if I would stop in. While I was talking to him endeavoring to prolong the conversation, a gentleman walked in who immediately impressed me as being one of the solid men of the town. He had that unmistakable sleek and well-fed air of fortune's favorite. Walking up to the counter he selected four stogies and lit one, laid down a 5-cent piece and walked out.

"'Do you know who that is?' asked the proprietor of me. I replied in the negative. "Why, that's Phipps, Andrew Carnegie's partner,' was the astounding assertion. I was completely flabbergasted. That was the mutest and yet the most convincing argument I ever had to withstand. Without a word I closed up my grip and took the next train out of town. I had come to the very natural conclusion that if men worth $20,000,000 took their smokes at four for five I did not stand much show with the plebeian smokers."

Alexei Platschejew, the poor but famous Russian poet who was sentenced to death in 1849, partially pardoned by Nicholas and restored to his privileges by Alexander II., has just become incredibly wealthy by the death of a kinsman.

FULL DRESS ALONG THE NILE.

Curious Usages and Dress Among the Various Tribes.

A few miles in an uncivilized country makes a very great difference in the dress, or, one might say, the fashions of the dress of a native tribe. The Dor inhabit the Nile district just above the equator in Central Africa, and although the Kytch and other tribes enjoy a state of perfect nudity other than the climatic covering of grease and dust, the people of the Dor for that reason look down upon them with contempt, a reason that would probably not be apparent to a visitor entering that village. It may be said to be a distinction rather than a difference. The men and the unmarried women wear a small apron of leather, which hangs behind them, but which, upon the appearance of a stranger, whether native or white, is immediately turned in front of them as a mark of respect. If it is desired to affront the visitor it is left hanging behind.

When the marriage takes place there is no ceremony to speak of, but the change in the social state of the woman is noted by a change in her costume. Every morning the married woman steps into the adjacent forest, where there are abundance of creepers and evergreens with close-matted foliage, and with these she forms her dress. A tendril passed through the girdle in front forms a thick mat of leaves, and then several long ones are selected, which are fastened to the apron behind, so that they form a leafy train of ample dimensions, and so fulfill all the purposes of clothing. With those picturesque trains, they perambulate from hut to hut in the everlasting gossip that is the vital essence of their being; many of them also loaded down with ornaments which a man would not care to carry for a day through, consisting of heavy strings of beads around their waists and necks, the most valuable being beads as large as pigeons' eggs. Heavy strings of beads depend from their ears, and on their wrists and round their ankles they wear bangles, made simply of iron bars cut to the proper length and bent around the limb. Some of these are fully an inch thick and quite solid, so that their united weight is more than a trifle. Their huts and the streets of the village are miracles of cleanliness.

John L. Sullivan on Boston.

John L. hasn't the highest respect for Boston. "Why!" he exclaimed to a reporter, tossing the butt of his cigar into a cuspidor, "if the papers were to show up Boston politics as they have done New York and Chicago politics, officers would go to jail for the rest of their natural born lives. The law that makes a man sit down to drink in a Boston saloon will be repealed. They have the bar fenced in, and instead of taking a drink and going, a man sits down, a bottle of whisky is brought to him and he drinks himself silly. And the saloons are closed Sunday so that a man who wants a drink on that day has to take home a quart of whisky or a barrel of beer. Boston is full of cranks; that's the trouble. Cranks and hypocrites. I ain't got any use for them. They go to church, not to hear what the minister says, but just to be thought pious and to look around and pipe off the bonnets and dresses of the other hypocrites. Then they go off and booze, or anything else. I've no use for them."

THE DUDE.

The dude is like a match, because its head is the light end.

It is like a man without legs because it has no visible means of support.

It is like Mother Eve, because it fosters cane.

It is like a woman scaring chickens, because it uses absurd shoes.

It is like the noise made by an omnibus because it is of no earthly use.

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GOD'S ANVIL.

Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow.
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper: As God will!
And in His hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
In His own fair shape to beat it
With His great hammer blow on blow
And yet I whisper: As God will!
And at His heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it,
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er and beats it,
And lets it cool and makes it glow;
And yet I whisper: As God will!
And in His mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? For the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be;
Its end may come, and will to-morrow,
When God has done His work in me;
So I say, trusting: As God will!
And trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand;
And all His heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a master's hand;
So I say, praying: As God will!
And hope in Him, and suffer still.

—From the German.

LOVE IN STEEL BRACELETS.

IN Cheyenne's early days the sheriff was one of the most important personages in the country. In fact he still holds a conspicuous position in most cities of the vigorous, impetuous west.

Some years ago, Sheriff Black, of Cheyenne, was much annoyed by the persistence and determination o sundry suitors for the hand of his fair daughter, Miss Helen.

As is always the case in mining districts, the male population far outnumbered the gentler sex, and Miss Helen, who was a handsome brunette, would have been a belle among far severer critics than the youth of Cheyenne.

She had graduated at St. Louis, and besides being a gifted musician was a devout worshiper of nature and fond of outdoor exercise.

Almost any fine evening in summer a passer by might hear her rich mezzo voice accompanying her guitar to some ringing "ballad of the plains."

Unconscious was she of the fact that the melody floated out from the shadows of the cottonwood trees and mingled with the broad, effulgent moonlight, and that many a luckless youth darted a hopeless love from the first evening when he had dropped in to help the sheriff and the old servants in mkaing an audience.

Miss Helen cared little for the admiration of men, but accepted it as a matter of course, having been brought up among them. She enjoyed herself in a fashion of her own, with her books, guitar, sketch book, and her spirited horse, Wildfire.

Two of her lovers, however, seemed to gain more favor than the rest. In fact, popular opinion was puzzled as to which would win.

One of them was a tall, athletic young Westerner, who was as bright and invigorating of presence as the air he breathed, and in whose clear blue eyes not a shadow of deceit was visible. Handsome, for true, but so sturdy and independent that he impressed one as a young giant.

He was an ardent geologist, could analyze a "find" as well as an expert, loved his mountains and worshiped—Miss Helen.

But with all his devotion Joe was a discreet young fellow, and held his curly head up in defiance of mankind in general and his rival in particular, and he never let fair Helen feel too sure of her conquest.

The aforesaid rival was a wealthy young mine owner from Chicago—all that is conveyed in the term "a polished gentleman!" He had laughed heartly when, on departing for his new home, his Chicago friends had jokingly predicted that he would lose his heart to some Western beauty. But here he was, eager to lay his fate and fortune at the feet of the sheriff's queenly daughter.

One bright, breezy day in September Helen cantered off soon after dinner with her sketching material, ostensibly to make some sketches of the autumn scenery, but really to commune with nature, the only mother she had ever known, and to decide what answer she should give on the morrow to her wealthy lover, who that day had asked her to be his wife. She told him that she must read her own heart before she could answer, and he hoped for a favorable reply.

Joe had been offended by one of her hasty speeches a week before. They were talking about Russell, and she had asserted somewhat warmly that she knew of no one whose society she preferred. As soon as the impulsive words were spoken she repented, but Joe rode away with a look in his blue eyes that had haunted her ever since.

Somehow Joe's haughty head, flung back like a stag at bay, kept looming up before her mental vision, when duty demanded that she be thinking of Russell and his flattering offer.

The hours wore on, and so preoccupied was she that she did not observe the heavy clouds that were rolling black and massive down the mountain sides.

Suddenly a large drop splashed in her face, and she looked about her in alarm. A heavy equinoctial storm seemed almost upon her.

Wildfire sprang forward at the touch of the whip, and literally flew in the direction of the house.

The great clouds were rolling over the hills like giant ogres clad in mist. Thunder and sharp, vivid lightning followed, and then the deluge.

Wildfire dashed on until they came to the creek, and then the girl drew back in dismay.

The creek was a foaming torrent, and she could not see the bridge.

Suddenly she heard a man's voice shouting to her, and in a few minutes Joe on his tough little mustang was beside her. He wore a buffalo overcoat and threw a large cloak of her own about her shoulders. She did not wait to ask how he happened to come for her. She forgot that he was angry and hurt. She reached out her firm, white hand and caught Joe's extended fingers, and side by side the two horses were urged across the bridge.

They galloped home in silence, and when they reached there and Helen stepped into the friendly shelter of the broad veranda she noted the fact that Joe led both horses to the stable and put them up.

Half an hour later Joe, arrayed in Sheriff Black's dressing gown and slippers (articles brought by Miss Helen from the east), was explaining to the rosy, demure young mistress of the house that her father had been called suddenly to the next town, and might not return before early morning. "He asked me to keep a sort of lookout over the place, and when I rode over to ask you to invite me to tea and found you gone, I hastened after you."

This speech over, an embarrassed silence followed. It was broken by Joe, who looked straight at his hostess and said:

"If I am intruding, Miss Nellie, why, just give the word and I'll go."

Helen assured him in a constrained sort of way that she was glad of company, and went, out to prepare the little supper herself, for in those days as now, servants were rare and insufficient in the west.

After supper, in an awkward pause of conversation, Joe took up a little case from the table and began examining its contents—A bright new pair of hand cuffs.

They were a new kind just from the east, and Helen began explaining the spring lock which opened with a skeleton key.

Somehow one of the bands was on Joe's wrist as he slipped the other bright circlet over her firm, white hand, when, lo! the lock snapped and they were locked together.

Helen blushed crimson and commenced searching for the key in nervous haste.

But no key was to be found. Suddenly the truth dawned upon her. The key was in her father's pocket and he was on the other side of Crow creek, which was now a foaming torrent and dangerous to cross in the storm and darkness.

She tried to smile and treat the matter lightly, but it was just the ghost of a smile, and it was a very doleful voice that said: "I am afraid, Mr. Gordon, that we must break the lock. Father has the key."

Joe felt tempted to indulge in a hearty laugh over their queer situation, but a glance at the distressed face across the table sobered his mirth. A great throb of sorrow came over him. If she loved him she would not care so much.

He gazed at the shining fetter on her wrist so long and so earnestly that Helen lifted her eyes wonderingly, but dropped them again.

What woman ever failed to read the story that she saw in the honest blue depth of her humble young giant's eyes?

Her confusion encouraged Joe, but there was almost a tremor in his voice as he laid his great brown hand over her fettered one and said softly: "Nell, if you only loved me I would believe that it was fate that bound us together. I would take it as an omen that fate would grant me my dearest wish. But, Nellie, I dare not hope."

The girl looked up slowly into her lover's eyes; looked steadily though she still saw that look in them: "Joe," she said, "it is fate."

The cool and cultured Mr. Russell would have marveled had he seen "that queenly girl" sobbing for very joy on Joe Gordon's shoulder, and, perhaps, he would have marveled still more had he known at that moment the thought of him and his millions did not once enter her mind.

When the sheriff returned in the gray of the morning he found an interesting picture.

The lamp still burned in the corner and the fire was smoldering away. On the broad lounge by the fireplace sat Helen and her lover. She had fallen asleep from sheer weariness, and Joe sat like a statue lest he might disturb the fair sleeper whose cheek was so near his own.

The old gentleman's face was a study. When the truth dawned upon him, he flung himself into the nearest chair and laughed until he waked the echoes—likewise Miss Helen.

She was first bewildered by her novel position, but soon remembered the true situation and relapsed into silence, leaving Joe to tell the story.

"And now, sheriff," concluded he, "you may loose these fetters with the understanding that they will soon be replaced by more enduring ones. I must not let my prisoner escape."

Helen's father had always liked young Gordon, and his blessings was forthcoming.

The announcement of the approaching nuptial gave Mr. Russell a conclusive answer, and he settled up his affairs in short order and returned east.

The old sheriff used to tell with great gusto how Gordon won his perverse daughter and how gracefully she wore her fetters after she was won.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Brave Woman.

More than a score of years ago a party of Americans were traveling in Spain, there were eight of them—four men and four women—and one night they found themselves in a little hostelry containing one bed, in which the four women slept, with the bare floor for the four men, who found the necessary room to lie down in by utilizing the space under the bed for their feet. Just as the party were dropping off into their first doze the youngest woman felt something soft and warm moving in the straw of the tick beneath her. She awaited a moment to make sure, and then as it began a passage up one side of her body she gave a jump that landed her clear over by the opposite wall, and got ready to scream.

"What is it?" came from the doctor on the floor.

"There is a rat or a snake in the bed," she whispered excitedly.

The doctor sat up. "Nonsense!" he said. "I tell you there is. It is in the straw of the tick. And it crept up my leg."

"Well," asked the doctor calmly, "suppose there is an animal there. What are you going to do about it?"

"Do? Why I'm going to get the girls out and open the tick and take the creature out, You don't "suppose I'm going to sleep all night with a snake coiling around under me, do you?"

Now, see here," expostulated the doctor, "let's reason about this thing. It can't be a snake, it's probably a rat; and it's inside the ticking and it can't get out. It can't possibly harm you. And by and by the warmth of your body will make it drowsy, and it will curl down and go to sleep. So much for the rat.

"Now, here we are—eight of us tired out. Nobody knows about the rat but us two. Now are you going to be selfish enough to wake these six people up, turn the girls out of their bed—they will scream, too, till they are black in the face—make us men take all the straw out of the tick—nearly a whole night's performance—just because you have got hysterical over a harmless little creature?

"Now, be a sensible girl, get back into bed and let me get to sleep again. When the rat gets to sleep you will too. Just try it."

If it is ever given to a man to be eloquent it is when he is pleading for his own comfort, and the doctor was just a man after all. His persuasiveness won. The young woman crept timidly back, and lay with clenched fists and tightly shut eyes, while the little creature nestled uneasily about, and finally crept close to her side under the ticking and curled down to sleep. Sure enough the doctor was right. And pretty soon she did go to sleep, too, and only waked with the morning to tell the other women of their filth bedfellow, and how she saved them from an overwhelming fright.

And the girls quite turned her head with their ohs! and ahs! And the doctor said she was pretty sensible for a woman. And she sometimes tells the story even today. "But was it a rat after all?" the listener is sure to ask when she is done. And she also likes to answer, "It is my chiefest glory in the whole affair that I left the inn in an hour without speaking of the matter, and to this day I do not know whether I slept with a rat, or a kitten, or a snake."—New York Evening Sun.

Wild Western Justice.

In one of the frontier settlements in the wild west a German cobbler was elected police justice. His reputation as an honest toiler was well established, but his legal knowledge and sense of humor were so far of unknown quantities.

One of his first cases was that of a tough citizen who was duly arraigned for a breach of the peace. The justice heard the evidence in the case and pronounced sentence of three months in jail. This so enraged the defendant that he ended in a vigorous abuse of the court by promising to call on him promptly that day three months and prepare for a first-class funeral. The judge heard this abuse silently, and then, without any emotion, cogitated as follows:

"Vell, you kills me to day three months ago, vill you? Let me see. This is Aug. 1. Three months vill be Nov. 1. Thanksgiving vill be the 25th. I vill miss my thanksgiving dinner. Christmas is next. I vill miss Christmas too. Six months from Aug. 1 vill be Shanuary. I makes it six months, and den you kills me, vill it? You shust go right avay to jail six months, and then I see you any more I shust shoot you so full of lead it vill take von steam derrick to lift you down to your grave. You hear me?"

The six months were up long ago, and the justice still sits upon his cobbler's bench when not dispensing justice from his official seat. The tough citizen is presumably herding cattle in Arizona.

WHAT LACK YE?

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON UPON LIFE'S ESSENTIALS.

To Be a Christian the All-Important Requirement.—The Poverty of a World Without Christ.—An Appeal to Young Men.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 1—The deep religious feeling manifested in Dr. Talmage's congregations since his recent arousing "Appeal to Outsiders," has apparently encouraged him to continue preaching distinctively evangelistic sermons. Today he delivered another discourse of the same Gospel type, both at the morning service in the Academy of Music in this city, and at night in the New York Academy of Music. His text was taken from Mark 10, 21.—"One thing thou lackest."

The young man of the text was a splendid nature. We fall in love with him at the first glance. He was amiable, and frank, and earnest, and educated, and refined, and respectable, and moral, and yet he was not a Christian. And so Christ addresses him in the words that I have read to you, "One thing thou lackest." I suppose that that text was no more appropriate to the young man of whom I have spoken than it is appropriate to a great multitude of people in this audience. There are many things in which you are no lacking. For instance, you are not lacking in a good home. It is, perhaps, not more than an hour ago that you closed the door, returning to see whether it was well fastened, of one of the best homes in this city. The younger children of the house already asleep, the older ones, hearing your returning footsteps, will rush to the door to meet you. And in these winter evenings, the children at the stand with their lessons, the wife plying the needle, and you reading the book or the paper, you feel that you have a good home. Neither are you lacking in the refinements and courtesies of life. You understand the polite phraseology of invitation, regard and apology. You have on appropriate apparel.

Neither are you lacking in worldly success. You have not made as much money as you would like to make, but you have an income. While others are false when they say they have no income or are making no money, you have never told that falsehood. You have had a livelihood or you have fallen upon old resources, which is just the same thing, for God is just as good to us when he takes care of us by a surplus of the past as by present success. While there are thousands of men with hunger tearing at the throat with the strength of a tiger's paw, not one of you is hungry. Neither are you lacking in pleasant friendship. You have real good friends. If the scarlet fever should come tonight to your house, you know very well who would come in and sit up with the sick one; or, if death should come, you know who would come in and take your hand tight in theirs with that peculiar grip which means, "I'll stand by you," and after the life has fled from the loved one, take you by the arm and lead you into the next room, and while you are gone to Greenwood they would stay in the house and put aside the garments and the playthings that might bring to your mind too severely your great loss. Friends? You all have friends.

Neither are you lacking in your admiration of the Christian religion. There is nothing that makes you so angry as to have a man malign Christ. You get red in the face, and you say, "Sir, I want you to understand that though I am not myself a Christian, I don't like such things said as that in my store," and the man goes off giving you a parting salutation, but you hardly answer him. You are provoked beyond all bounds. Many of you have been supporters of religion and have given more to the cause of Christ than some who profess his faith. There is nothing that would please you more than to see your son or daughter standing at the altar of Christ, taking the vows of the Christian. It might be a little hard on you, and might make you nervous and agitated for a little while, but you would be man enough to say: "My child, that is right. Go on. I am glad you haven't been kept back by my example. I hope some day to join you." You believe all the doctrines of religion. A man out yonder says: "I am a sinner." You respond: "So am I." Some one says: "I believe that Christ came to save the world." You say: "So do I." Looking at your character, at your surroundings, I find a thousand things about which to congratulate you; and yet I must tell you in the love and fear of God, and with reference to my last account, "One thing thou lackest."

I remark again that you lack the element of usefulness. Where is your business? You say it is No. 45 such a street, or No. 260 such a street, or No. 300 such a street. My friend immortal, your business is wherever there is a tear to be wiped away or a soul to be saved. You may, before coming to Christ, do a great many noble things. You take a loaf of bread to that starving man in the alley; but he wants immortal bread. You take a pound of candles to that dark shanty. They want the light that springs from the throne of God, and you cannot take it because you have it not in your own heart. You know that the flight of an arrow depends very much upon the strength of the bow, and I have to tell you that the best bow that was ever made was made out of the cross of Christ; and when religion takes a soul and puts it on that, and pulls it back and lets it fly, every time it brings down a Saul or Goliath. There are people here of high social position, and large means, and cultured minds, who, if they would come into the kingdom of God, would set the city on fire with religious awakening. But we all have a work to do. I cannot do your work, nor can you do my work. God points us out the place where we are to serve, and yet are there not people in this house who are thirty, forty, fifty and sixty years of age, and yet have not begun the great work for which they were created? With every worldly equipment: "One thing thou lackest."

Again, you lack the element of personal safety. Where are those people who associated with you twenty years ago? Where are those people that fifteen years ago used to cross South Ferry, or Fulton Ferry, with you, to New York? Walk down the street where you were in business fifteen years ago, and see how all the signs have changed. Where are the people gone? How many of them are landed in eternity I cannot say, but many, many. I went to the village of my boyhood. The houses were all changed. I passed one house in which once resided a man who had lived an earnest, useful life, and he is in glory now. In the next house a miser lived. He devoured widows' houses, and spent his whole life in trying to make the world worse and worse. And he is gone—the good man and the miser both gone to the same place. Ah, did they go to the same place? It is an infinite absurdity to suppose them both in the same place. If the miser had a harp, what tune did he play on it? O my friends I commend to you this religion as the only personal safety. When you die, where are you going to? When we leave all these scenes upon what scenes will we enter? When we were on shipboard and we all felt that we must go to the bottom, was I right in saying to one next me: "I wonder if we will reach Heaven if we do go down tonight." Was I wise or unwise in asking that question? I tell you that man is a fool who never thinks of the great future.

I apply my subject to several classes of people before me. First, to that great multitude of young people in this house. Some of these young men are in boarding-houses. They have but few social advantages. They think that no one cares for their souls. Many of them are on small salaries, and they are cramped and bothered perpetually, and sometimes their heart falls them. Young man, tonight, at your bedroom door on the third floor, you will hear a knocking. It will be the hand of Jesus Christ, the young man's friend, saying: "O, young man, let me come in; I will comfort thee, I will deliver thee." Take the bible out of the trunk, if it has been hidden away. If you have not the courage to lay it on the shelf or table, take that Bible that was given to you by some loved one, take it out of the trunk and lay it down on the bottom of the chair, then kneel down beside it, and read and pray, and pray and read, until all your disturbance is gone, and you feel that peace which neither earth nor hell can rob you of. Thy father's God, thy mother's God, waits for thee. O young man, "Escape for thy life!" Escape now! "One thing thou lackest!"

But I apply this subject to the aged. O father of the weary step, O mother, bent down under the ailments of life, has thy God ever forsaken thee? Through all these years, who has been your best friend? Seventy years of mercies! Seventy years of food and clothing! O, how many bright mornings! How many glorious evening hours you have seen! O father, mother, God has been very good to you. Do you feel it? Some of you have children and grandchildren; the former cheered your young life, the latter twine your gray locks in their fingers. Has all the goodness that God has been making pass before you produced no change in your feelings, and must it be said of you, notwithstanding all this: "One thing thou lackest?"

I must make application of this subject, also, to those who are prospered. Have you, my friends, found that dollars and cents are no permanent consolation to the soul? You have large worldly resources but have you no treasures in heaven? Is an embroidered pillow all that you want to put you dying head on? You have heard people all last week talk about earthly values. Hear a plain man talk about the heavenly. Do you not know it will be worse for you, O prosposed man, if you reject Christ, and reject him finally—that it will be worse for you than those who had it hard in this world, because the contrast will make the discomfiture so much more appalling? As the hart bounds for the water brooks, as the roe speeds down the hill-side, speed thou to Christ. "Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain lest thou be consumed!"

I must make my application to another class of persons—the poor. When you cannot pay your rent when it is due, have you nobody but the landlord to talk to? When the flour has gone out of the barrel, and you have not ten cents with which to go to the bakery, and your children are tugging at your dress for something to eat, have you nothing but the world's charities to appeal to? When winter comes, and there are no coals, and the ash-barrels have no more cinders, who takes care of you? Have you nobody but the overseer of the poor? But I preach to you a poor man's Christ. If you do not have in the winter blankets enough to cover you in the night, I want to tell you of him who had not where to lay his head. If you lie on the bare floor, I want to tell you of him who had for a pillow a hard cross, and whose foot-bath was the streaming blood of his own heart. O you poor man! O you poor woman! Jesus understands your case altogether. Talk it right out to him tonight. Get down on your floor and say: "Lord Jesus Christ, Thou wast poor and I am poor. Help me. Thou art rich now, and bring me up to Thy riches!" Do you think God would cast you off? Will he? You might as well think that a mother would take the child that feeds on her breast and dash its life out, as to think that God would put aside roughly those who have fled to him for pity and compassion. Yea, the prophet says: "A woman may forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb, but I will not forget thee."

If you have ever been on the sea, you have been surprised in the first voyage to find there are so few sails in sight. Sometimes you go along two, three, four, five, six and seven days, and do not see a single sail; but when a vessel does come in sight, the sea glasses are lifted to the eye, the vessel is watched, and if it come very near, then the captain, through the trumpet, cries loudly across the water: "Whither bound?" So you and I meet on this sea of life. We come and we go. Some of us have never met before. Some of us will never meet again. But I hail you across the sea, and with reference to the last great day, and with reference to the two great worlds, I cry across the water: "Whither bound? Whither bound?" I know what service that craft was made for, but hast thou thrown overboard the compass? Is there no helm to guide it? Is the ship at the mercy of the tempest? Is there no gun of distress booming through the storm? With priceless treasures—with treasures aboard worth more than all the Indies—wilt thou never come up out of the trough of that sea? O Lord God, lay hold of that man! Son of God, if thou wert ever needed anywhere, Thou art needed here. There are so many sins to be pardoned. There are so many wounds to be healed. There are so many souls to be saved. Help, Jesus! Help, Holy Ghost! Help, ministering angels from the throne! Help, all sweet memories of the past! Help all prayers for our future deliverance! O, that now, in this the accepted time and the day of salvation, you would hear the voice of mercy and live. Taste and see that the Lord is gracious. In this closing moment of the service, when everything in the house is so favorable, when everything is so still, when God is so loving, and heaven is so near, drop your sins, and take Jesus. Do not cheat yourself out of heaven. Do not do that. God forbid that at the last, when it is too late to correct the mistake, a voice should rise from the pillow, or drop from the throne, uttering just four words—four sad annihilating words: "One thing thou lackest."

By George Bancroft's will congress has the refusal of his historical collections.

The United States revenue cutter Bear is being fitted for sea at San Francisco.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

The average age of eighty-four Congregational ministers who died last year is given at 71 years.

A singular religious sect has become prominent in and around Zewackau, Saxony. Its members predict the speedy coming of the end of the world. They are so confident of the correctness of their faith that they decline to work or engage in any business. They spend their time in watching and prayer.

Bishop John P. Newman is to take a prominent part in the quarter-centennial Methodist jubilee, to be held at New Orleans. It was in 1864 that Dr. Newman was first sent to New Orleans by Bishop Scott at the request of President Lincoln to take charge of the Methodist churches in that region. The celebration will be held in the largest hall in New Orleans and Bishop Newman will be the orator of the day. He will speak on "The Future of the Negro Race."

An Episcopal minister has been giving to the public his opinion of the Salvation army. He asks "whether anybody could imagine Jesus Christ as an officer of such a remarkable organization?" To this the London Christian World answers that there are those who would at once reply that they could just as soon imagine Jesus Christ as a Salvation army officer toiling among the poor as they could imagine Him a bishop or an archbishop, with his £5,000 or £15,000 a year and a seat in the house of lords.

THE BUSKIN-WEARERS.

Gossip has it that Den Thompson will retire from the stage at the end of this season.

Patti has arranged for a tour in Russia. She has also signed with Sig. Lago to sing in opera next season in London.

George Thatcher is not afraid of No. 13, and truthfully says that no matter how superstitious a man may be he would rather have $13 than $12.

Mme. Modjeska was not allowed to play in Warsaw for fear her reappearance there would stir up Polish patriotism that would be inimical to Russia.

Marie Wilt, the opera singer, has just endowed the city of Gratz with a fund of 100,000 florins to be used in the support of students of music who are poor.

Lillian Russell made her first appearance as a chorus girl in one of E. E. Rice's companies at $10 a week. Tony Pastor heard her sing one afternoon and discovered that she possessed a voice of marvelous power and purity. Mr. Pastor offered her an engagement at $15 per week, which she gladly accepted. Being a beautiful girl with a fine figure he introduced her to his patrons as a serio-comic and she made an instantaneous hit. Then she essayed leading parts in small operas. At the time she left Mr. Pastor's management she was receiving $250 a week. If Miss Russell was not an American she would receive $1,000 a night.

USEFUL SUGGESTIONS.

Always use a little vinegar in anything made with molasses.

One tablespoonful of soft butter, well rounded, weighs just one ounce.

When obliged to take unpleasant medicine hold a bit of alum in the mouth first, and the dose will not be minded at all.

A small piece of fresh lime put in to boil with watery potatoes will make them, it is said, perfectly dry and mealy.

A lamp may be kept from smoking if the wick is soaked in strong vinegar and dried well before using. It will then burn clearly and give much satisfaction for the trifling trouble taken to prepare it.

THE CZAR'S PEOPLE.

Gatchina, the Czar's home, contains 700 rooms.

The ministry of education has adopted a plan to promote popular education in Bessaraida. Schools will be established and teachers maintained at the expense of the government in all the towns of that region.

A railroad will be built in the Caucasus along the coast of the Black sea. It will run from Vladikavkas to Baku, over Grozny, Petrovsk, Derbent and Koobe. There is also a project for a line to be built from Vladikavkas to Tiflis.

RULES FOR A LONG LIFE.

Eight hours sleep each day.

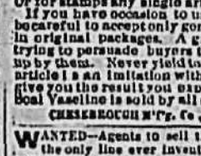
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THE FARM AND HOME.

A HALF-HOUR WITH AGRICULTURAL EXCHANGES.

Something About the Silk-Worm Mulberry—Breaking a Colt—Mulching in Winter—Raising Onions—Farm and Stock Notes.

The Silk-Worm Mulberry.

Since the formation of the Women's Silk Culture association, now several years ago, a great deal of interest has been excited in the silk worm industry. Plants are sent free to those who give proper guarantee that they will cultivate them for the purpose specified. The association started right at first, by deciding on the use of the Morus alba, the white mulberry, as the proper one for the purpose, and they have adhered to the sending out of this one alone, despite the well-meant but mistaken advice of some persons to use the multicaulis, or some other one differing from the alba. It is said that the silk from worms fed on the leaves of the multicaulis is finer than that from those fed on the alba. While this may be so, it is well known to those familiar with the subject that multicaulis-fed worms do not long continue healthy. This was why the industry came to an end many years ago, when the craze known to Philadelphians as the "multicaulis fever" raged. Though there were many who went into the business, from excitement alone, believing that it offered a large field for great profits, there was nothing then to prevent its paying a fair profit, excepting that the wrong kind of mulberry was used. There was something in the multicaulis which did not agree with the worms. They sickened and died, and this it was which brought the business to an end. The explanation given for the lack of fitness of the plant was, that as it was but a variety and not a true species, it could not be raised from seeds, but had to be increased by cuttings and layers. The excessive propagation the demand called for so weakened the plants that they became sickly, and thus caused a lack of health in the worms; and no doubt this was the cause of failure. The mulberry now used is raised from seeds, which insures a healthy tree to start with. The stripping of the leaves to feed the worms, of course injures the trees to some extent. The wisest way is to set out enough trees, that one set can be left entirely alone every other year. Even then the trees in use should only be partially stripped, as, if wholly defoliated, it is almost death to them. Osage orange leaves can be fed to the silk-worm, but are not to be recommended, as they produce a coarse silk. As said above, the common white mulberry, Morus alba, has been found the best of all trees that have been tried.

Onions.

Take one year with another the onion crop is about as profitable a crop as the small farmer or the market gardener can grow. The market gardener, however, would not grow them in the same way nor sell them in the same condition that the small farmer would. He would raise small onion sets and these he would pull and dry and early the next spring he would set them out in rows. He would commence pulling these for market and sell them in bunches just as soon as they began to form small bulbs and would probably have them all sold before they were ripe. Onions grown and sold in this form have been known to bring from $600 to $1,000 for the product of an acre. But then there is a large charge for labor to balance against this income.

Small farmers, even at a considerable distance from market, can grow ripe onions, with profit, if all the conditions and the management are correct. *One of the fundamental conditions* is, a good rich soil. If it be rich it does not make a great deal of difference what its classification is. We have seen splendid crops, yielding 400 to 500 bushels to the acre produced on a quite light sandy loam, and we have seen them equally large grown on a deep swamp muck. The two indispensable requisites are fertility and fineness. It is not requisite that it should be mellow to a great depth, but the upper three inches should be of very fine tilth.

Breaking a Colt.

A writer who claims to know what he is talking about, gives the following directions for leading a colt along side of a cart: "Put a halter on the colt and halter-break it. Harness a gentle horse in a cart. Procure a slender stick like a broom handle (the sprout of a willow, locust or elm is as good) about four and a-half feet long; use it as a jockey stick. Fasten one end with a thong of buckskin to the colt's halter at the chin. Make the other end fast to the center of the breast plate of the harness. Then fasten a long strap or cord to the halter at the chin, and then tie the end so that it will hold the colt back about abreast of the horse. The jockey stick will hold the colt off from the horse about four feet. The strap will hold him from going in front. Start the horse off in a walk. If the colt fails to come up to place touch him up with a whip. In five minutes the colt will trot alongside of the horse, more or less agreeable to you as he is well or otherwise broken to halter or as he likes the company of the horse. You can turn either way without danger. After you have tried it you will say it is the easiest, safest and most sensible way to lead a colt that was ever thought of. You can fasten the jockey stick to the shaft where it goes through the strap if you prefer. Then your stick would answer if four feet long."

Mulching in Winter.

Mulching of trees is usually not thought of until it is found that drought is injuring them. By this time, of course, the soil has become thoroughly dried, and as the mulch itself will absorb light rains, it may absolutely do little good during the remainder of the growing season. The very best time to apply mulch is in the winter while the soil is frozen. The ground is then full of moisture and the mulch prevents its evaporation. In winter it has also several other good effects, especially around bearing fruit trees. The mulch, by preventing the soil from thawing out quickly, keeps back fruit buds that might in some places put out and be destroyed by late frosts. It also helps to prevent too deep freezing of the soil, which in dry land sometimes kills otherwise hardy trees. There are fewer objections to a mulch in winter than in summer. During the growing season continuous mulching keeps the soil near the surface so moist that it encourages the tree roots to form near the surface. So, if mulching is done in summer, it must be kept up during the winter, in order that these surface roots be not frozen dry and killed.

Irregularity in Feeding.

Jersey Bulletin: Irregularity in feeding is much more hurtful to cows than most men are aware. Cows are much more completely creatures of habit than men, yet all men know when meal time comes, how the appetite wakes up and what a feeling of discomfort it is to be disappointed. Cows have nothing to do but digest their food and elaborate milk. They have nothing else to think about. Hence all the more are they disappointed and disturbed if, when feeding times comes, the food is not ready. As irregularity in meals will soon beget indigestion in men, so it will in cows. Loss of appetite in a cow means disturbed digestion, interrupted milk flow and lowered powers of milk secretion. Irregularity in feeding, either as to time or quantity, is sure to impair the appetite and bring all the attendant ills of indigestion.

Ignorance in Dairying.

National Stockman: In no business perhaps does ignorance have to be paid for more promptly than in dairying. When we churn, if we don't know the right degree of temperature for the cream we may either waste many hours at the crank or else have the butter come too soon, with flavor and texture ruined. If we don't know how to feed our cows we may be wasting feed every day; we may be dairying with the wrong breed, and so on through the whole business, if we do not have the knowledge we are always in the way of making heavy losses. In the present state of dairy science it is inexcusable for anyone to go blindly about his work when he, by a little reading and study, can be as fully informed on every dairy subject as the most expert.

Keeping Breeding Stock.

Breeding hogs, especially, should not be allowed to get fat. A good development of bone and muscle is far more important than an accumulation of fat.

The kind of food that is supplied makes a considerable difference in this, and then in addition a good pasture should be supplied where they can have a good range. This affords them a good opportunity to take exercise. Some animals seem more inclined to lay on fat than others, and while this is no fault with fattening hogs, care must be taken to keep from getting too fat. With breeding hogs, both with the sire and dam, a good thrifty condition is all that is necessary and the nearer they can be kept to this the better.

Farm and Stock Notes.

An animal raised on the farm will not introduce disease.

On the farm something is always growing while you are sleeping.

Generally, early planting should be shallow and late planting deep.

If hauled to the fields as fast as made, manure needs but little care.

It is poor economy to purchase good implements and allow them to lay out.

A good horse blanket saves feed, prevents disease and is a credit to the owner.

Even if stock are allowed to run out, it will be better to feed a little hay or fodder.

Beauty in a horse, if combined with a good animal, increases its value very materially.

If a bell is kept on any of the sheep, select one of the ewes that is most docile to wear it.

The amount of stable manure can be greatly increased by supplying plenty of bedding.

The men who breed and raise good draft horses for market rarely complain of hard times.

The kind and quality of the hay supplied, will make a considerable difference in the amount of grain it will be necessary to feed.

With all classes of stock, if the quality is kept up, it will be necessary to keep weeding out occasionally always selecting out the best to keep.

"Johnny—Johnny, if you don't go in the house this minute and get your over-shoes, I'll tell your mother." Tell on then. I ain't a-caring—we're thrown away our rubbers and taken to Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, we have."

W. R. Gregory was sent to jail in Kansas City, Mo., the other day, for stealing a "red hot stove," the oven of which was filled with biscuits. He sold it at a second-hand store, biscuits and all, for $3.

Should be kept at stables and stock yards.—Salvation Oil is the best friend not only of man but of dumb beasts as well. For swelled joints, strained tendons, old sores, saddle galls, and wounds of all kinds there is no remedy like Salvation Oil.

One of the industries of London is the selling of sea water, which is delivered at the purchaser's house for twopence a gallon. It is brought to town every night by the railroad companies.

Why rub, and toil, and wear out yourself and your clothes on washday, when, ever since 1864 *Dobbins' Electric Soap* has been offered on purpose to lighten your labor and save your clothes. Now try it. Your grocer has it.

An English court has decided that the chimes of bells in the village of Deptford must not be sounded because the noise is offensive to the majority of the property *owners in the vicinity.*

GARFIELD TEA cures Constipation and Sick Headache; restores the Complexion; saves Doctors' Bills. Sold by Druggists.

A New York husband was so insanely jealous that he would take his wife's shoes with him when he went to work so that she could not go out in his absence.

Alexander's Detective Agency, 181 W. Madison St., Chicago. All kinds of detective work done in the most satisfactory manner. All communications strictly private.

Half a dozen New York ladies earn a handsome living by holding conversation classes and giving private lessons in that art.

Sudden Changes of Weather cause Throat Diseases. There is no more effectual remedy for Coughs, Colds, etc., than BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. *Sold only in Boxes.* Price 25 cts.

On Lake Nyassa, Africa, the Scottish Free church has, at Bandawe, 1,189 pupils and thirty-eight native teachers in its schools.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

The oldest clergyman in the church of England, the Rev. John Elliott, vicar of Randwick, began his hundredth year Dec. 19. He has served in Randwick for more than seventy years.

THE WORLD GROWS.—Noah Webster would not know his old dictionary in its new dress. The world grows, however, and dictionaries with it, so an old "Webster" is now worth about as little as an old almanac. Webster's International Dictionary, a new book re-edited and reset from cover to cover is a magnificent work, and well used in a family will be of more value to the members thereof than many times its cost laid up in money.

Sadie Martinot is having a play written for her with Mme. de Pompadour as a central figure. It will be a faithful portrayal of the times of Louis XVI. and will introduce several characters prominent in the history of France at that period.

An Illustration

Of the value of extensive and judicious advertising of any article of undoubted merit is found in the remarkable success of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., which has simply been phenomenal, even in this age of great enterprises.

Organized a few years ago to manufacture a new and more perfect remedy than had ever been produced, a laxative with original and attractive features, prepared from delicious fruits and health-giving plants, one which would be pleasant and refreshing to the taste, as well as really beneficial to the system, the management very wisely concluded to select the leading newspapers throughout the United States to make known to the public the merits of the new remedy, Syrup of Figs. As happens with every valuable remedy, cheap substitutes are being offered to the public, but with the general diffusion of knowledge it is becoming more difficult each day to impose on the public. Health is too important to be trifled with, and reputable druggists will not attempt to deceive the public, as they all know that Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. of San Francisco, Cal., Louisville, Ky., chew York, N. Y. Do not accept any Neap, non-advertised imitations if offered.

Nothing is more soothing for burns or scalds than to put the white of an egg over the injured place. It is easily procured and is more cooling than sweet oil and cotton.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

☞ Sold by druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

The sight of a gang of convicts in prison suits of broad black and yellow stripes at work in the public parks of Richmond strikes a Northern man as a peculiar feature of the Virginia reformatory system. They work even in the shadow of the State house, keeping the walks and lawns in order. They are short-term men and do not require much watching to prevent their escaping.

Dropsy.

We call attention to those suffering with dropsy to the fair proposition of Dr. H. H. Green & Sons in their advertisement on this page. Try them; costs you nothing to do so.

For next season Richard Mansfield will have two new plays besides "Don Juan;" namely, "The Man Without a Shadow," by Mrs. John Elliott (Maude Howe), and "Charles II.," by Margaret Marrington and Miss Purdy.

In another column of this paper can be seen a small cut of "The Newcomb Fly-Shuttle Rag Carpet Loom." They claim the loom will weave seventy yards of carpet per day, and we should judge from the amount of carpets woven in this vicinity, that the business could be made a very profitable one for a good weaver. Write them for circulars.

Laura (at the play): "I wonder why Booth isn't with Barrett this season." Jean: "Why, don't you know that Booth is giving all his time to that wonderful Salvation army of his, and to his plan for helping the London poor? Why don't you read the papers, dear?"

GOSSIP ABOUT THE FAIR SEX.

At Morristown, Pa., Colonel Theodore W. Bean, prominent in Republican politics in Pennsylvania, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. Financial trouble was the cause.

Mrs. Dolph, wife of the Oregon Senator, is one of the pretty women of Washington. She is a brunet, of fine figure and handsome face. She is a farmer's daughter and was a dairymaid in her youth.

Miss K. T. Mumford of Detroit, at one time George Bancroft's amanuensis, says that the historian, though deluged with letters and telegrams of congratulations on every birthday, scrupulously replied to every solitary one by letter.

Dr. Charles A. Young, professor of astronomy at Princeton college, has received notice that he has been awarded the Janssen prize for 1890, by the French Academy of Sciences, in recognition of his discoveries in spectroscopy.

One of the best financiers of St. Louis is Mrs. Lucy V. S. Ames, who, since her husband's death, has managed his estate with great skill and practical good sense. She is at the same time a prominent figure in the best society of the Mound City.

It is said of Queen Victoria's daughters that if it had not been for their exaltered position in society they would all have made names for themselves in literature or art. Among their accomplishments they are noted as being good needle women and excellent cooks.

Mrs. Kate Chase has in her home near Washington a large piece of Gobelin tapestry, one of the few in America, that once hung on the walls of King Louis Phillippe's palace. It tells the story of Ulysses in the guise of a woman being entertained at a feast by the Queen of some barbaric island.

The new college for women to be established in Virginia is partly the gift of a land company of Lynchburg, which has offered to give Randolph-Macon college twenty acres of land for a woman's college and $100,000 in bonds, provided $100,000 more can be raised for the endowment fund.

There are many curious copies of the Bible in the various collections of Europe and America, but it is doubtful if there is a duplicate for the one belonging to Dr. R. T. Williams of London. This odd copy of the holy writ is in shorthand characters and is complete throughout.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Pope has conferred upon the Hon. M. Mercier the premier of Quebec, the great privilege of having the blessed sacrament reserved in a tabernacle at his private residence. Mr. Mercier has built a sumptuous chapel, which was consecrated at the first mass of the new year.

St. JACOBS OIL
CURES SURELY.

SPRAINS.
Ohio & Miss. Railway. Office President and General Manager, Cincinnati, Ohio
"My foot suddenly turned and gave me a very severely sprained ankle. The application of St. Jacobs Oil resulted at once in a relief from pain."
W. W. PEABODY, Prest. & Gen'l Man'gr.

BRUISES.
706 Delphin Street, Baltimore, Md., Jan'y 18, 1890.
"I was bruised badly in hip and side by a fall and suffered severely. St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me." WM. C. HARDEN, Member of State Legislature.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

AGENTS of every kind, Men and Women seeking a business change, $75 to $100 monthly. Send for our "Copyrighted methods" and double your profits or salary. Big pay for spare hours at home. Particulars free. TREASURY PURCHASING AGENCY, 3 COOPER UNION, NEW YORK.



Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the world-famed remedy for all chronic weaknesses and distressing derangements so common to American women. It is a potent, invigorating, restorative tonic, or strength-giver, imparting tone and vigor to the whole system. For feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon. *Guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper.

A Book of 160 pages, on "Woman: Her Diseases, and How to Cure them," sent sealed, in plain envelope, on receipt of ten cents, in stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.



THE NEWCOMB Fly Shuttle Rag Carpet LOOM. Weaves 10 yds. an hour. Send for circulars.
C. N. NEWCOMB, Davenport, Ia.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P.O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

MARVELOUS DISCOVERY MEMORY
Mind wandering cured. Books learned in one reading. Testimonials from all parts of the globe. Prospectus POST FREE, sent on application to Prof. A. Loisette, 237 Fifth Ave., New York.

S. E. WOOD, JAS. WOOD, E. A. WOOD, H. NASH.
WOOD BROTHERS,
Live Stock Commission Mch't's,
UNION STOCK YARDS, CHICAGO.
Branches: OMAHA, SIOUX CITY.
Established 1867
It will pay you to give us a trial. Correspondence invited.

$100 IN ONE YEAR AND $10 PER WEEK SICK BENEFITS. Men and women wanted in every town to organize Lodges. No previous experience necessary. Liberal commissions. J. P. DODGE, Chicago, Ill.

$525 Agents' profits per month. Will prove it or pay forfeit. New portraits just out. A $5.50 Sample sent free to all. W. H. Chidester & Son, 20 Bond St., N. Y.

WANTED! MEN TO TRAVEL. We pay $25 to $100 a month and expenses. STONE & WELLINGTON, Madison, Wis.

LADIES can have smaller feet. Solid comfort. Pamphlet free. Sample pkg., 15c. The Pedine Co., New York.

CHEAP FARMS. Fine climate, free fuel, rich soil and best stock country. Nebraska Security Co., Harrison, Neb.

PATENTS Obtained by Experienced Solicitors at lowest price. Address the CHICAGO PATENT LAW AG'CY., 86 La Salle St., Chicago

R. T. FORD LAWYER, 204 Dearborn St., Chicago. Confidential cases a specialty. Advice free.

W. N. U. CHICAGO Vol. VI.—No. 6.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH. RED CROSS. DIAMOND BRAND.
PENNYROYAL * PILLS
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square, Sold by all Local Druggists. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PISO'S CURE FOR
25 CTS. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.
Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

"What force cannot do, ingenuity can." COPYRIGHT 1890. Weak women can
PERFORM MIRACLES
with the aid of
SAPOLIO
Try it in your next house-cleaning and see.

A STRUGGLE WITH DIRT
Goes on in civilized society from the cradle to the grave. Dirt is degradation—and degradation is destruction. Women, especially, are judged by their habits of household cleanliness, and no stronger condemnation can be expressed than "she keeps a dirty house and a filthy kitchen." But the struggle with dirt is often unequal. The woman's weakness or the worthlessness of the soaps she uses make it impossible to overcome the demon of dirt. By the use of SAPOLIO she wins easily.



I have Tried
the new *five cent* package of Pyle's *Pearline* and like it—decidedly—economical for use—economical to hand to servants—no waste by upsetting.
I know *Pearline* is never peddled—gives no prizes—*is a prize* in itself; and further I know, when a grocer tells me "this is just as good as" or "same as" *Pearline*, he does not know the truth, or else is not telling it.
Manufactured only by 302 JAMES PYLE, New York.

THE ANTIOCH WEEKLY NEWS.
SILVER LAKE CLIPPER.
LAKE VILLA ADVOCATE.
HAINESVILLE WEEKLY BLADE.
} $1. PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

— PUBLISHED BY —

J. J. BURKE,

From the Press of the Antioch News.

Advertisers will find the above four leading weeklies, the best Advertising medium, in Northern Illinois.

RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION.

Address the Publisher, at Antioch, Illinois

IT seems peculiar that those little Central American nations can't be neighborly with each other. Guatemala and San Salvador are now calling each other sassy names, and between times preparing for war.

GERMANY'S o-grab-me (embargo) on American pork will soon be raised. The sturdy Teuton could not afford to live without the American hog — not the street car kind. Heaven knows we all could dispense with him, it is the other kind we mean.

WHAT a benighted place St. Louis must be. A couple of importers in that city have filed suit against the United States Government to test the constitutionality of the Mc'Kinley law. The law has been passed. It is a drastic dose, but we might as well swallow it without a grimace.

THE grand total of the production of pig iron for the year 1890 in the United States is 10,250,000 tons an increase of 1,750,000 or over 20 per cent. over the product of 1889. The production of steel ingots in the year 1890 was 4,900,000 net tons, and of steel rails 2,200,000 net tons.

SENATOR-ELECT Gordon has a good war record to recommend him to the position he seeks. This is a fact conceded by both his friends and foes. At the battle of Seven Pines he received three bullet wounds, at Antietam he got two bullets in the leg, one in the arm, one in the shoulder and one in the right cheek. He also had a horse killed under him, the butt of his pistol shattered, his canteen pierced and his coat torn with bullets.

A local spirit dealer in Ayr, during the visit of a circus to the town, hit on an expedient for obtaining a cheap advertisement by offering a prize for the best reply to his conundrum: "Why is it that my whiskey resembles a certain bridge across the water of Ayr?" The answers were read aloud in the circus, and the one which obtained the prize was given in by a poor boy, and ran as follows: "Because it leads to the poorhouse, the lunatic asylum and the cemetery." The publican had his advertisement, but history does not state whether he relished the notoriety it brought him or not.—*Ex.*

Preachers are some times given to using energetic terms when addressing their congregation. A certain Baptist minister in Pennsylvania recently said to his people: "This church is rotten to the core, from the front seat to the back, and if the people who live in large houses and put on the most style paid their honest debts they would not have a quarter of a dollar to call their own." He also offered to kick some of the members out of the church if they did not go voluntarily. His language created an uproar but the society concluded that they could not get along without him and his salary was raised to $500.

THE Boston Herald says that over 20,000 women voters registered in that city in 1888, a few over 10,000 in 1889, and less than 8,000 in 1890. It will thus be seen that the list grows beautifully less year by year. If female sufferage was to have succeeded anywhere it should have done so in Boston. The women there fought and nearly bled and died for the ballot. But three years have passed since they gained their point and their voting force has decreased from 20,000 to about 8,000. The quickest way to settle the question of female sufferage would be to at once grant to every woman in the land the right to cast a ballot and in about five or six years they would all be satisfied to stay home on election day.

THERE are 3,985 paper mills in the world and 1,904,000,000 pounds of paper are turned out annually. Half is used for printing, 600,000,000 pounds being required for newspapers alone, the consumption of which has risen by 200,000,000 pounds in the last decade.

THE third party movement is not making very rapid progress, owing to the difficulty of getting the Southern members of the Farmers Alliance to withdraw from the democratic party. This obstacle is a formidable one, and may defeat the whole movement, or postpone it until after '92.

SINCE bringing out the fact that Senator Cameron was a speculator in silver bullion, the House committee which is investigating the charge of Congressional silver pools, hasn't discovered anything startling, and it is whispered around the Capitol that it isn't trying as hard as it might, because of knowledge of the guilt of certain men high in the counsels of both parties that has unofficially come to its members. These things are hard to believe, but they will be believed unless the committee adopts more energetic methods than it has yet done. No honest man would object to stating under oath whether he had engaged in speculation in silver; therefore it seems that the best way to clear the innocent and show up the guilty would be to examine every Senator and Representative, not forgetting the members of the committee.

The Art of Advertiseing.

Many an advertiser spends hundreds of dollars yearly in advertising, and the sales resulting therefrom do not net him three per cent on the money invested. Why? Because he lacks the happy faculty of making his advertisements appear attractive and at the same time impressive. The day has gone by when the mere announcement that "John Jones sells goods dirt cheap" or "Sam Brown keeps the best store in town" would have the effect of increasing the sales in either of the above stores. There are too many other business men advertising their place in the same style. An advertisement, if it would be remembered by all who chance to read it, must have an individuality of its own. The most successful advertisers of the present day all adopted at the start an attractive, and in many cases a peculiar, style of advertising, and have "stuck to it" through thick and thin. Who is not familiar with the advertisement of Dr. Price of baking-powder fame and that of Pear, the famous soap manufacturer? So persistently did the latter use the startling and suggestive expression "Good morning. Have you used Pear's Soap?" as a heading for all of his first class advertisements, that now the friendly greeting "Good morning" almost suggests the impertinent inquiry "Have you used Pear's Soap?" These two, as well as many other advertisements that we might mention, have established their own individuality and are among the *best paying "ads" to be found. It takes* as much intelligent brain work to prepare an *attractive* advertisement as it does to keep a set of books in one of our large mercantile establishments.

AGENTS WANTED.
FOR OUR NEW BOOK, RECENT
INDIAN WARS.
By James P. Boyd, A. M. A full account of all Indian wars for the past 30 years, including The Minnesota Massacre and its terrors; The Sioux Wars on the Missouri River and in Wyoming; The Wars of '68 and '69 with the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes; Custer's War with the Comanches and Cheyennes; The Modoc War of 1873; Wars with Sitting Bull and other chiefs from 1876 to 1880; The Custer Massacre; The Nez Perces War; Sketches of leading chiefs and a complete history of
THE PRESENT WAR.
Over 300 pages. Cloth $1.00; Paper covers, 50 cts; Agents outfit, 25 cts. Everybody interrested. Intense excitement everywhere. A thrilling book. Sells as fast as you can show it. Prices at which everybody can buy. A quick canvass will pay you big. Send 25 cts. for outfit at once. Address
FRANKLIN NEWS CO.
523 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.



$6000.00 a year is being made by John H. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay for the first worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn from Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which persons can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful myself. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

Many years practice have given C. A. Snow & Co., solicitors of Patents, at Washington D. C., unsurpassed success in obtaining patents for all classes of invention. They make a specialty of rejected cases, and have secured allowance of many patents that had been previously rejected. Their advertisement in another column will be of interest to inventers, patentees, manufacturers and all who have to do with patents.

FOR SALE.

I now offer for sale my warehouse; house and lot, and three building lots and I will also rent my farm of 480 acres. Call on or address:
T. C. Udell, Antioch, Ill.

FARM FOR RENT.

I desire to rent my farm in the town of Richmond, 3 miles south-east of the village of Richmond. The farm consists of 121 acres of good improved land with good buildings, wells etc. For particulars enquire of R. Johonnott, Antioch, Ill.

NOTICE!

Watches! Watches!!

All that are lovers of good and reliable time keepers, watches and clocks, can buy of me for spot cash, at wholesale prices. All I ask is 6 per-cent. over wholesale list price. You will get from 40 to 50 per-cent discount, which will reduce your time pieces from $20 to $10. Please call and I will show you the net prices.
T. C. Richardson,
Antioch, Ill.

JOB WORK
NEATLY DONE
AT THIS OFFICE.

FOR RENT:
A good store with dwelling rooms overhead. For particulars call on or address: H. Thacker, Lake Villa, Ill.

MISS ADDIE SHAFFER,
Invites the Ladies of Antioch and vicinity to call and inspect her new line of
WINTER MILLINERY.
Prices Always Reasonable.
Everything New and of the Latest Styles.
Shop in Foltz' Store,
ANTIOCH, -:- ILLINOIS.

E. H. AMES,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office at Residence,
ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.



Many little fortunes have been made at work for us. Why not you? Write Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, at once. They will tell you all about a business that will pay you handsomely right where you live. Send them your address and they will do so. Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $20 a day. Agents, Managers, Clergymen, Teachers, Students, Lawyers, Mechanics, Laborers, Ladies, Boys and Girls all do well at the work they give us. Capital not required. We show you how and start you. Some have made over $50 in a single day. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. Write them to-day. They have a royal, valuable sample box and full particulars which they mail free. Better write them to-day. H. Hallett & Co., Box 1020 Portland, Maine.

MONEY can be earned at our NEW line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new lead, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information [illegible] & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

A. CHINN. *Auctioneer.* J. J. BURKE. *Justice.*

Chinn & Burke,
REAL-ESTATE,
LOANS AND INVESTMENTS.

We have for sale a number of desirable Residences', lots and farms in and around Antioch, and will attend to all matters pertaining to the renting, sale and transfer of the same.

MONEY TO LOAN IN SUMS TO SUIT, on real-estate and other good security.

INVESTMENTS MADE, Rents etc. Collected on small commision.

Call in and see us in regard to Investments of all kinds, and learn what we can do for you in this line. Let us hear from you if you wish to buy, sell, let or rent buildings or real-estate of any kind.

Yours for Business,
CHINN & BURKE,
ANTIOCH, - - ILL.

Mrs. J. A. Turner,
— DEALER IN —
LADIES FURNISHING GOODS,
WOOL AND MERINO UNDERWEAR, RIBBONS LACES, HANDKERCHIEFS, HOSIERY, NOTIONS ETC.
All goods selected with care and sold AT LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.
CALL AND SEE ME.
Store in Rogers' building, on Lake Ave.,
ANTIOCH, - ILL.

NEW FIRM!
MONTGOMERY & STORY.
NEW GOODS,
— AND —
NEW PRICES.
Call and examine our fine line of
GROCERIES
— AND —
: PROVISIONS :
HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR BUTTER & EGGS.
MONTGOMERY & STORY,
ANTIOCH, - ILL.



— FOR —
Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.
Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Kidd Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. *Manufactured by the* JOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y.
Sure Cure for Hog Cholera. FULLER & FULLER, General Western Agents, Chicago, Ill.

A SAFE & PROFITABLE INVESTMENT!
A Well Conducted Building and Loan Association
is a safe and profitable investment for monthly savings, but valueless AS AN INCOME INVESTMENT.
The Illinois Building and Improvement Co., of Chicago,
is a pioneer Company in conducting its business on the plan of paying the profits to investors in Semi-Annual dividends, instead of hoarding -:- the profits eight or nine years to mature the stock. -:-
The investments of this Company are of the same character as ordinary Building Associations, and largely confined to Cook County,
MAKING AN ABSOLUTELY SAFE INVESTMENT.
A FEW MORE SHARES WILL BE SOLD AT PAR, INTEREST ALLOWED FROM DATE OF FIRST PAYMENT.
-:- This Stock is an excellent investment for limited amounts of Trust Funds. -:-
For particulars etc., Address: H. DELANY, *Vice Pres., and Manager,*
218 LA SALLE STREET, - - - CHICAGO, ILL.

2,000 References. Name this paper when you write.

WATCH THIS SPACE
— FOR —
SOMETHING NEW!
NEXT WEEK,
AT C. O. FOLTZ,
ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

DO YOU SEE THIS?
During the month of February,
previous to removal to our new Store, we will sell

Full Standard prints 5 & 6cts. ₱ yard.
Amoskeag & York Ch. Ginghams @ 6½
Fine Dress Ginghams, ... @ 8½.
Pipperell R. 36 inch Sheeting, ... @ 6½.
Lonsdale Bleached Sheeting, ... @ 8½.
All No's. of thread, ... ₱ doz. 45c.

— Come and see —
OUR STOCK OF CLOTHING
AT THE LOWEST PRICES
quality considered
EVER OFFERED.

Ladies, Gents and Misses
UNDERWEAR
and Gents Gloves and Mittens,
LOWER THAN EVER KNOWN
in this town.

NOTE THESE PRICES
IN GROCERY STOCK.
Tea at 50 cts, or 45 cents in 5 pound lots.
Tea at 40 cents or 3 pounds for $1,00.
Tea at 30 cents or 4 pounds for $1,00.
CANNOT BE EQUALED
in Lake County.

Fine Valencia Raisins 8c ₱ lb. 14 lb. $1.
Buck-Wheat, ... 65 cents.
20 lb Pail Jelly, ... 75 cents.

SUGAR:
For The Present,
15½ lbs. Granulated, ... $1,00.
18 lbs. White Clarified, ... $1,00.
20 lbs. Very light Brown, ... $1,00.

WILLIAMS BROS.,
Antioch, - - - Ills.

M. A. Howard,
— DEALER IN —
FURNITURE.
I KEEP ON HAND A LARGE AND SELECT STOCK OF EVERY-THING USUALLY FOUND IN A FIRST-CLASS FURNITURE STORE,
AND SELL AT "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES.
BEFORE PLACING YOUR ORDER WITH OTHER DEALERS,
CALL AND LEARN PRICES.
STORE IN ROGERS' BUILDING,
ANTIOCH, - - - - ILLINOIS.

DONT BE DECEIVED
BY BIG GLOWING ADVERTISEMENTS.
A comparison of our prices with those of other General Dealers anywhere, will demonstrate that
QUALITY CONSIDERED
WE SELL THE CHEAPEST.
— Just received a full line of —
M. D. Wells & Co.,' Boots and Shoes,
IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
We also carry in Stock a full line of Rubbers & Arctics.
Call an see us before you buy,
STONE & CO.,
"LEADERS OF LOW PRICES"
ANTIOCH, - - ILL.

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND FOR THE RIGHT, AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

VOL. IV. No. 23. J. J. BURKE. EDITOR & PUBLISHER. Antioch, Illinois., Thursday Morning Feb. 5, 1891. ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE, TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.	GOING SOUTH.
No. 5, 5,07 P. M.	* No.2 5,05 A. M.
No. 7,10,19 A. M.	No.6, 11,55 A. M.
No. 9, 7,10 P. M.	No. 8, 6,47 P. M
* No. 1, 12.30 A. M.	No. 10, 7,35 A. M.

TRAINS GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.

Reference mark: * Stop on signal.

During the Summer Season, all of the above trains, run daily between Chicago and Waukesha, except the Milk train, Nos. 9 and 10.

W. F. ZIEGLER, Agt

Antioch Home News.

Mr. John Little, of Chicago, was here on business Friday last.

The revival meetings at the Disciple church have been quite well attended throughout the week.

Mr. Thomas Wilton was in Waukegan a couple of days during the past week.

If you are about to buy village property it will pay you to examine the lots in Hancock's Addition.

Rev. W. A. Colledge will give one of his popular lectures at Millburn to-morrow (Friday) evening.

Rough roads once more, but even that is better than the abundance of mud we have had for some time past.

The ANTIOCH NEWS and the Chicago weekly *Inter Ocean* or *Journal* to new subscribers, one year for $1.80.

FOR SALE:— Building lots for $75.00 and up, in Hancock's Addition to Antioch.

CHINN & BURKE.

This village will enjoy a building boom in the spring. Many new residences will go up in the different sub-divisions.

Mrs. Stephen Grice went to Waukegan on Saturday last, called there by the serious illness of her son George's youngest child, Olive, who has got a severe case of lung fever.

A new member was baptised at the Disciple church on last Friday evening by the Rev. Holloman. Quite a large crowd were present. The members will continue holding meetings during the present week.

C. Coon has sold the property he recently purchased of Charles Harden to L. J. Simons. The "Kernel" bought the property intending to erect his summer residence thereon but the spot was not isolated enough to suit his fancy.

ICE palaces are no longer monopolized by the great northwest. An enterprising artificial ice manufacturing company has erected one at Newark, New Jersy, which the cold wave has strongly cemented with nature's frozen bonds.

The Kenosha "hoodlums" are not in full sympathy with the Salvation Army now quartered in that city Whenever the Salvationists go out on parade the youngsters evince their displeasure by storming their ranks with ancient eggs and brickbats.

Thirty of the hostile Brule Indians that took part in the recent Indian "unpleasantness" are now at Fort Sheridan, and will undergo a six months course of subjugation. They will thus be deprived of their lively pastime "ghost dancing," for six months to come and will go back to their reservation, if the government sees fit to let them, with a better opinion of their white brothers military strength.

Who says property is not increasing in value in this village? We have known the price on a piece of property to advance $50 in two or three days and they weren't "boom" days either. If property keeps right on advancing like this, poor people will have to take up their abode on some of the "lake front" reservations recently thrown open for settlement, when Summer again rolls around and accustom themselves to the sturdy roar of the festive bull-frog.

From 8 to 12 below zero; how is that for a mild winter?

Frank Brown of Trevor was a caller on Monday last.

Miss May Richards was on the sick list during the past week.

A number of our farmers delivered hogs here on Friday last. $3.10 was the highest paid.

Quite a number of our farmers now get their feed ground here instead of going to Wilmot as formerly.

A welcome change occurred in the weather during the fore part of the week and our streets are once more passable.

Something must be wrong. The weather prophets predicted colder weather, commencing the fore part of this week, and their prediction has been fully verified.

There is some talk on the part of the Amateur Band boys of giving a dramatic entertainment in the near future. Quite proper boys. Let us have one soon.

No service was held at the M. E. church on Sunday evening last, as the pastor and members held a union service with the Disciples at the latter's church.

Messrs C. B. Harrison & Son having got their feed mill in perfect working order are prepared to do first class grinding on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week at reasonable rates.

The people of this section have to be contented with a little rain storm now and then, while down in New York the little "unpleasantness" they had recently, broke down telegraph poles and formed mud on the streets a foot deep.

The Vose Bros. of Avon have established the fact that they are fully competent to handle fractious and vicious horses in a manner satisfactory to all. Wherever they have given lessons entire satisfaction has resulted to their pupils.

Lounges, $4.50, woven wire springs, $1.75, chairs, 50 cents each, chamber suits (3 pieces) $13.50, plush parlor suits, $26.00, for ten days from this date. Everything else also at bed rock prices at J. C. James & Son's furniture store.

Mr. and Mrs. Mane, of Bassett Station, welcomed triplets (two boys and a girl) at their house on Tuesday of this week. One of the boys died shortly after seeing the light of day, while the other boy and girl are doing well. Two years ago twins were born to Mr. and Mrs. Mane.—*Standard Democrat.*

It would seem from the Chicago papers that Waukegan is not to get the Washburn-Moen Wire Co. without a vigorous fight with her sturdy antagonist for the same honors, South Chicago. There is one thing certain about the matter and that is the city that secures the concern will have much to feel proud of.

The following improvements will be made in this village as soon as spring opens up: On the Bock-addition Mr. N. Pullen will erect a new residence. On this same addition Mr. Joseph Barnstable will put up a residence as will also his brother James if other plans are not made. On his lot in the Johonnott addition, Mr. Jerome Story will build a residence, while on the lot recently purchased of his father, Lyman Grice will build. On the Davis addition, George Olcott will also build as soon as good weather permits. In the Kilmer addition Mr. E. Richards will build a residence if no different arrangements are made. It is probable that other building projects will be started before spring and work on some of those already mentioned may be commenced ere that time.

Standard smoking tobacco 20 cents per pound, at Stone & Co's.

Miss Flora Harden has been on the sick list for the past few days.

BORN:— To Mr. and Mrs. Luther Graves on Saturday last, a boy baby. Mother and child are doing well.

The weather caught a bad cold Monday night. As late as eight o'clock Tuesday morning the thermometer registered 7 degrees below zero.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Johonnott, and Mrs. Turner and daughter, attended the wooden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. J. Richardson, of English Prairie, Wednesday.

It was reported on Saturday last that portions of 'Silver Lake had thawed and broken up during the warm rainy weather of the previous week. We have certainly had considreable warm weather this winter but it hardly seems possible that ice from thirteen to sixteen inches thick could thaw out so quickly, when we take into consideration the fact that it has frozen more or less every night for some time past.

WILMOT JOTTINGS.

Mrs. John Conrad is visiting her mother, Mrs Brown.

Mrs. Wheeler spent Saturday with friends in Wilmot.

Miss Maggie Bryant of Salem is visiting Mrs. Hoysradt.

A. H. Kruckman and M. Tyrrell spent Monday in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Maylia are spending the week in Chicago.

E. A. Kruckman of Crandon, Dak. is visiting his uncle A. H. Kruckman.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brown will occupy their own home in the near future.

Mrs. Owen and Miss Lottie Scherff visited at Mr. Gauzlines west of town last Friday.

The Ladies Aid Society will meet at the residence of Mrs. Wm. Sears next Friday afternoon.

A wedding at the German Lutheran church Tuesday. We did not learn the names of the contracting parties.

Report says Frank Scott will move to town this spring. We shall be glad to welcome all such good citizens as Mr. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Faulkner returned from their wedding trip last Friday. They will reside with Mrs. F's mother, Mrs. Udell.

There was a quiet wedding at the home of Mr. John Menter, a little north of town, Tuesday, Jan. 27, the occasion being the marriage of his oldest daughter, Miss Annie, to Mr. Oliver Newberry.

LANCASTERVILLE.

Times are hard and news is scarce.

Mrs. Masterson has not recovered from her recent illness.

Mr. Jas. Redmond will soon have a fine house where the former one was burned.

Several of our people attended the masquerade at Highland Park Friday evening.

The school closed in the Vernon district the 30th. The school began very early in the fall.

Several copies of the Antioch NEWS have been examined by people of this community and all agree in the fact that it is a good paper.

Several odd looking characters were seen near the depot Sunday. They were very suspicious looking fellows. People can not take too good care of their property when such persons are allowed to roam in our midst.

The Misses Cora and Mary Reynolds, of Randall, spent Sunday with Miss Maggie Sears.

Jack Duffy's daughter fell on the ice and broke her arm one day last week. Dr. Darby set the fracture and she is doing nicely.

Mr. Jim Owen and Miss Kittie Gardner were married at Salem last Wednesday. Both are well and favorably known here where they have always lived, and start in life with the best wishes of their many friends.

Wisconsin Central Time Table.

Trains arriv at and depart from Trevor, as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
No. 1....†12:45 a. m.	No. 2* 4:52 a. m.
No. 3....†6:50 P. M.	No. 4.... †8:03 a. m.
No. 5.... 5:14 P. M.	No. 6....*11:53 a. m.
No. 7.... 10:25 a. m.	No. 8 6:36 P. M.
No. 9.... 7:20 P. M.	No. 10 7:26 a. m.

* Trains stop on signal only.

† Trains do not stop for passengers.

Train No. 1, makes regular stops, for passengers to get off at Trevor every night.

Through tickets furnished at lowest rates. For further information enquire of Agent.

GEORGE SHAVER, Agent.

TREVOR, WIS.

K. K. Cass & Co. shipped a car load of hogs to Chicago last week.

Miss Topsy Stewart has changed her location in Chicago and is getting better wages.

We are having rather sloppy weather now days, or rather have had for a few days past.

N. Crowley is still confined to the house but is in hopes to be around again soon if nothing happens.

Frank Kingman shipped a car load of sheep to Chicago last Friday and left for Florida the fore part of this week to look after his interest in the flowery state, taking his wife along for company.

Sam Stewart took in Chicago last Saturday looking after his milk interest. There seems to be a combine among the dealers to beat the producers out of a good share of their money.

Train No. 1, arriving at Trevor at 12:45 A. M. will make regular stops hereafter, affording stock shippers and others ample time in Chicago as they do not leave Chicago until 10:45 P. M.

Herbert Robbins writes from Georgina Florida, his pine apple crop promises well and his orange grove is growing finely and beginning to fruit considerably, having raised quite a number of boxes this year.

A Pleasant Surprise.

Last Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Swenson of Wilmot were the recipients of a very pleasant surprise party, and judging from the astonished looks of the host and hostess they were surprised indeed. Mr. Swenson lay cuddled up on the lounge nursing a bad cold, but he jumped up and got a hustle on him and built fires in the large parlor and sitting rooms, and they were soon filled by a crowd that seemed bent on enjoyment. Mrs. Swenson with the aid of Mrs. Owen was soon changed into the charming hostess, and was here, there and everywhere, making it pleasant for the company, who were soon deeply interested in games of all discriptions, lasting until 11 o'clock, when supper was served by the ladies of the company, and such a supper, there was coffee, coffee that warms the whole body, cakes too numerous to mention and cheese from the grand old state of Pennsylvania. But there I ate until I could eat no more. After supper the company departed thanking Mr. and Mrs. Swenson very kindly. There were present: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Voak, Mr. and Mrs. Lem Voak, Mr. and Mrs. Gus. Kruckman, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bufton, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sheriff Mr. and Mrs. Rance Shotliff, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Darby, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hegeman, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sears, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sabin, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Tyrrell, Capt. and Mrs. Marsh, Mr. and Miss Carpenter, Mr. L. L. Owen and Miss Marsh, Mrs. Wm. Faulkner, Mrs. F. J. Owen, Mrs. H. Hegeman, Mrs. E. Dalrymple.

MC'CARTHY.

WADSWORTH.

Some talk of incorporating Wadsworth.

Mrs. Emma with her smile invites all to call and examine her goods.

The Maud S. C. C. has found its way into 33 states and sales are constantly increasing. So much for printers ink. Sling on the ink.

Our weather prophet is in high glee. Thinks he is about right. In 1881 he prophesied that we were to have twelve or fourteen mild winters, commencing with the winter of '87 or '88. He prognosticates from the position of the planets.

Three freight cars jumped the track at Wadsworth, Jan. 27 and made a raid upon James Pollock's elevator, carrying away about 20 feet siding and windows, exposing a large quantity of flour to the noonday sun and making kindling wood out of one corner of the car. No lives were lost.

To James B. Welsh.

Beware of the careless word,
It has a fearful power.
It jars upon the spirit chord
Through many a weary hour.
Beware of the careless word,
Though not designed to give us pain,
Remembrance brings it back again
With all its fearful power.
Beware of the careless word,
Worm-wood, gall, and even death
May dwell in its every breath.
Beware of the careless word.
Beware of the careless word
Although at random spoken,
Remembrance brings it back again
The same bitter, fearful, token.

Written by F. G. Kent after listening to a discourse delivered by J. B. Welsh at Rosecrans M. E. church.

COUNTY SEAT ITEMS.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

Street railways are expected within a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Powell will take a southern trip soon.

Geo. Worth has sold 30 acres located near S. G. Israel's to E. Dryer of Chicago.

Ex-Sheriff Webb has sold to A. S. Chandler a house and lot on Grand Ave. for $2,500.

James Casterton of Newport has purchased property of A. D. Hutchinson on West Washington street for $1500.

The Waukegan "boom" is comparatively quiet this week, although much talking is indulged in regarding present and future prospects.

A lot west of the postoffice has been sold to Moran Bros. by H. S. Berry, and the erection of a fine brick business block thereon is contemplated.

The indications still are that the Washburn-Moen Co. will locate here, although a few days ago it was rumored that they would locate in South Chicago, where they own a large tract of land, but the company have written one of our real estate dealers asking that samples of brick be made from the clay on their land here and sent east to them. If the sample proves satisfactory it is expected that the article will be manufactured by the company on a large scale.

W. P. Higley is arranging to vacate the Werden building.

John Judge has purchased a lot on Grand Avenue, near G. Price's for $1,500.

H. Hoppe has purchased two lots in Talcott & Barnum's sub-division, for $1,200.

Miss E. M. Shumway has started on a southern trip, in search of health.

John R. Scott, architect, has opened an office in the Hutchins building.

The play "Town Lots" created a sensation recently, as town lots are all the style now.

Attorney Starin is having his Grand Avenue property, the old Swift place, repaired.

Poles for electric lights have been set about town during the week, extending far into the suburbs.

Thos. Grady and J. T. Judge will open a new meat market in the building vacated by Mr. Hazzard on Genesee Street.

The body of E. W. Campbell, late President of the Waukegan Safe and Lock Co., was found in the Chicago river at the Rush Street bridge on Wednesday of last week.

A special meeting of the city council Thursday evening. An ordinance was passed granting the Washburn-Moen Co. permission to lay side tracks &c. to their site.

H. F. Porter, the veteran grocery man, will move into the store now occupied by G. B. Warren, and a fine new block will be erected on the site of Mr. Porter's present quarters.

A public park comes next in order and four acres of ravine land lying on the west side was accepted by the city last Thursday. This land was presented by J. F. Powell, the city having agreed to expend not less than $100 per year for ten years in improving the same.

The real estate market continues lively. The sale of acre property has been large. 102 acres south of town was sold to Chicago buyers by Thomas Murphy, for $30,600. A tract known as the Wilder tract, also in the south part of town, sold to E. P. De Wolfe at $300 per acre. Sales were numerous in the north part of town. 20 acres on Glen Flora Avenue sold to Chas. Westerfield at $300 per acre, the McNamara tract of 20 acres to A. L. Hendee, at $250 per acre, and the O'Mallay tract of 8¾ acres to Jas. B. Durkin for $1,025.

SAW FOR SALE.

I offer for sale a ten-horse buzz saw in good order, which I will dispose of very reasonable. Call on or address Barney Trieger,
Grass Lake, Ill.

NOTICE.

I have this day sold to W. H. Morgan of Union Grove, Wis. all my interest in the firm of B. D. Dunning & Co except the outstanding accounts. All persons indebted to said firm are requested to call and settle their accounts as we are anxious to close up the business as soon as possible. The new firm of Dixon & Morgan will carry on the business at the old stand. They have a full line of general merchandise including hardware, pumps &c. They are young men of good reputation and will spare no pains for the interest of their customers. Thanking you for your liberal patronage and wishing you prosperity, I remain
Yours very truly
B. D. Dunning.

FOR SALE.

A store 24 x 70 feet in Salem, Wis. on the C. & N. W. Railroad, a good trading point, with stock and fixtures complete, will be sold cheap as the owner wishes to retire from business on account of age. $1,000 cash, balance on time. CHINN & BURKE.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

Grover Cleveland and David B. Hill were present at a dinner given by Col. W. L. Brown to the governors of the Manhattan club in New York Saturday evening. They swapped compliments in a most amicable manner and shook hands when the company broke up.

Chaplin, the celebrated artist, is dead in Paris.

Mrs. Ball, wife of Thomas Ball, the American sculptor, died in Florence.

At Denison, Texas, eight persons were poisoned by eating bread made of cotton seed oil.

Gol. George S. Mann, a veteran of the Mexican war, died at San Francisco, aged 93 years.

A receiver has been appointed for the firm of Whitney & Tracy, lumber dealers at Toledo, Ohio.

A case of leprosy was reported to the Wisconsin Board of Health from Buffalo county. The patient is a Norwegian woman.

Dan Porter was found guilty of the murder of E. D. Smith, at Quincy, Ill. The crime, committed June 28 last, was without provocation.

Mrs. L. McDowell, daughter of the late Robert Middleton, of Nauvoo, Ill., was shot while sitting at a window, at Cottonwood, Cal.

John Aroken, a stockman who was a passenger on a train wrecked by an open switch near Kansas City.

The Great Northern railroad company has filed with the auditor of Kittitas county, Washington, a mortgage for $6,000,000.

Colonel C. G. Conn, proprietor of the horn factory at Elkhart, Ind., has appointed six of his employes a board of managers of his establishment and proposes to divide next year's profits with his hands.

Four of the imprisoned miners at the burning Chapin mine at Iron Mountain, Mich., escaped. Two others were suffocated and their bodies recovered.

Chief of Police Whalen of Chippewa Falls, Wis., arrested Frank Beaudin, alias Frank St. Clair, at Stillwater, Minn. The prisoner is wanted for stealing a gold watch and a buffalo coat.

The wife and daughter of Mr. Stallo, lately United States Minister to Italy, are suffering at Rome from typhoid fever. They have been in a critical condition but are recovering.

Owners of twenty-one furnaces and rolling mills in the Mahoning and Shenandoah Valley, representing a capital of over $6,000,000 and employing 20,000 men, formed a combination.

A resolution condemning Senator Cameron's course on the silver question, introduced in the lower House of the Pennsylvania Legislature, was defeated by a decided majority.

The Bellefonte (Pa.) Furnace company's furnace, ore banks, and quarries have shut down for an indefinite period owing to an increase in freight tariffs, throwing 660 men out of employment.

Members of the assigned banking company of Delamater & Co., and Victor M. Delamater, cashier, have been again arrested at Meadville, Pa. The charge is embezzlement. The defendants waived hearing and gave bond.

At Jefferson City, Mo., the Senate passed a resolution similar to that adopted by the House a week ago, pledging that branch not to appropriate any money for the World's Fair should the force bill become a law.

Sebastian Peters, a saloonist of Lima, Ohio, hacked his wife to death with a butcher knife. He had been on a several weeks' drunk, had become crazed from the effects of his spree, and is now a raving maniac.

The Nebraska House has indefinitely postponed the bill providing for a recount of the votes cast at the late election on the prohibitory amendment. The bill appropriating $100,000 for the relief of the drought sufferers in the western part of the State was passed by a unanimous vote.

John P. Jones was re-elected United States Senator from Nevada for the fourth time, receiving 54 votes out of 60.

The Chicago & Alton railroad has made a reduction in passenger rates from St. Louis to Jacksonville, Ill., to 2 cents a mile.

Advices from Tahiti report the discovery of wreckage believed to be that of the missing schooner Phœbe Chapman.

William K. Collins, editor of the Washington Evening Star, died at his home in Georgetown, D. C., aged 63 years.

Three counterfeiters have been arrested at Kalkaska, Mich. A quantity of dies, casts, and spurious nickels were found in their possession.

It is reported that the wheat crop of Nebraska is 10,000,000 bushels short of the amount reported by the Governor, and that the growing crop was in bad condition.

Wheat has touched the dollar point at St. Louis, causing much excitement among the bear element and heavy losses. No failures are reported, but wild rumors are in circulation.

John H. Powers of Nebraska, was re-elected president of the National Farmers' Alliance at Omaha. Chicago was selected as the place for the next meeting.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania has adopted a resolution calling on the United States Senators from Pennsylvania to support the Federal elections bill by all fair and honorable means.

At Bellaire, Ohio, the principal of a ward school chastised a 14-year-old girl pupil for chewing gum. She went home crying, but later returned, accompanied by her mother, when both attacked the teacher, gouging his eyes so that it is thought he will lose his sight.

George E. Crawford, ex-Governor of Kansas, died at Grand Junction, Colo.

Four men were killed by the explosion of a bleacher in a paper mill at Rock Falls, Ill.

Judge Thayer at St. Louis dismissed a suit against Selwyn Edgar for violating the alien contract labor law on the ground that there was no contract, as Edgar in a letter asking two men in England to come over to work for him and inclosing tickets to St. Louis had said he could give them steady work, not that he would.

At Grand Rapids, John Q. Look was elected Grand Master of the Michigan Grand Lodge of Masons.

Reports received by the Live Stock Indicator, of Kansas City, Mo., from the cattle feeding districts of Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado indicate that few cattle are being fed as compared with last year.

The remains of sixty-three of the victims of the Mammoth Mine horror in Pennsylvania were buried yesterday.

A bill providing for the Australian ballot system only needs the signature of the Governor to become a law in Oregon.

Low water in a saw mill boiler at Meredith, Mich., caused an explosion which killed two men and injured many others.

The State National Bank of Kansas City went into voluntary liquidation Wednesday. It was organized in January, 1887, with a capital of $250,000.

It is reported that the Northern Pacific railroad has secured the contract for carrying the fast mail between Chicago and San Francisco, beginning March 12.

At Saginaw, Mich., a successful skin-grafting operation was performed on Miss Sarah Little, who was badly burned recently while dressing for a party. Her sister, Miss Louise, furnished the necessary cuticle, and withstood the trying ordeal heroically, eleven pieces being taken from her.

J. B. Blaige has been indicted at Fort Dodge, Iowa, for obtaining money under false pretenses. Blaige has victimized the farmers of that vicinity to the extent of thousands of dollars by inducing them to pay him for securing worthless Government patents for their lands.

In a fit of drunken bravado George Schneider, of Erie, Pa., placed the muzzle of a pistol in his mouth. He pulled the trigger too hard and will die.

The result of the canvass conducted by two farmers' papers shows that Cleveland is the choice of Democratic farmers by a vote of 71,787 to 17,118 for Hill. Republicans are for Blaine by 39,209 to 31,013 for Harrison.

A five-foot vein of bituminous coal of good quality was struck 200 feet below the surface eight miles northwest of Le Mars, Iowa.

The Supreme Court of Missouri has fixed March 6 as the date for the execution of John Oscar Turlington, the murderer of Sheriff Cramer at Booneville, Mo.

The eleventh annual meeting of the National Farmers' Alliance has convened at Omaha, Neb. Representatives of the press were refused all information.

In the Wisconsin House the Bennett law was repealed, the vote being taken under suspension of the rules.

Citizens of Woodville, Miss., in mass-meeting adopted a resolution warning S. A. Bradford, who wrecked a pay train on the L. N. O. & T. Road recently, and escaped punishment through a technicality, to leave the county immediately and never to return, on pain of death.

The Michigan Masonic home at Grand Rapids was dedicated by the grand lodge of the State in the presence of 25,000 people.

The renowned temperance evangelist, Francis Murphy, is suffering from nervous prostration as a result of overwork. He is at the home of friends in Morristown, Indiana and is quite ill.

Sarah, the 11-year-old daughter of Allen Trusty, who lives near Staunton, Mass., has been mysteriously missing for a week.

At Westport, Minn., Mamie Ronnigan refused to wed Chris Abramson, who then shot the girl dead and committed suicide.

In Mercer county, Ky., a mad stallion attacked a jack. After a long struggle the jack killed the stallion, but was himself so badly hurt that he had to be shot.

In the lower branches of the legislatures of New York, Indiana, and West Virginia resolutions were adopted against making appropriation for the World's Columbian Exposition should Congress pass the election bill.

Several car-loads of food and clothing have been sent to the destitute and suffering people of Kansas and Nebraska from Carthage, Ill., and vicinity.

The cases of the twenty-five Camargo, Ill., citizens who were indicted for gambling were disposed of at Tuscola. Six were fined $20 each and the balance were discharged.

At Irving, Kan., a passenger train, carrying, among others, the Seventh cavalry returning from Pine Ridge, was in collision with a freight train. The engineer and firemen are reported killed, but it is not known whether any of the cavalry were hurt.

The Supreme Court of Iowa has affirmed the decision of the lower court giving $10,000 damages to the heirs of J. McDermott of Waterloo, who was killed while employed as a brakeman on the Illinois Central. The judgment and interest amount to about $12,000.

Reports from Grand Rapids, Mich., say the annual sales of furniture have practically closed, with the largest business in the history of the trade.

Rufus Robinson, a well-known colored man of Lyons, Kas., dropped dead in church Sunday afternoon. When the congregation rose to sing he stood up but suddenly fell heavily to the floor and expired almost instantly. Heart disease was the trouble.

At Grand Rapids, Receiver Withey of the R. G. Peters Salt and Lumber company negotiated $200,000 worth of receiver's certificates, which will be used in the release of 40,000,000 feet of pine, and will permit the receiver to go on with the business.

The New Denison hotel at Indianapolis, famous as Republican headquarters during the last Presidential campaign, was sold by Judge E. B. Martindale, the Indiana commissioner to the world's fair, to D. P. Erwin for $225,000.

At New York a carriage in which Senator Stanford was riding came in collision with a street car. The Senator was thrown out, and received a cut on the left temple, and bruises on his arm and shoulder.

A half interest in Baier & Seyfarth's brewery at Freeport, Ill., one of the largest in the West, was sold to William Ohlendorf of Freeport for $50,000.

The mystery surrounding the death of Harry Adea of Keeler township, near Decatur, Mich., may be cleared up soon. Adea was found lying by the roadside with a gunshot wound in his head. It has been learned that a couple of drunken rowdies were out hunting on the day of the murder near where the body was found and steps have been taken for their apprehension.

The Savings Bank of Wichita, at Wichita, Kan., has failed, with liabilities of $81,000 and assets of $75,000.

After the Michigan Central.

A dispatch from Lansing says the railroads were given another whirl in the House Representative Jackson introduced a bill providing that under the terms of the charter granted the company in 1846 the State has decided to purchase the Michigan Central railroad and all its property and stocks. The governor is authorized to act for the State in concluding the purchase. In case the State and the company cannot agree upon the market value of the stocks the Supreme court is authorized to fix a price.

Awful Holocaust.

OVER A HUNDRED KILLED

TERRIBLE RESULT OF A MINE EXPLOSION.

There Is Not a Soul Left to Tell the Story—Caused by the Ignition of a Miner's Oil Lamp.

At Scottsdale, Pennsylvania, by an explosion of fire-damp in the Mammoth shaft of the H. C. Fricke Coke company 112 sturdy miners were ushered into eternity and a number seriously injured. The explosion occurred shortly after 9 o'clock, and it is supposed was the result of the ignition of a miner's oil lamp. The after-damp, which followed the fire-damp explosion, suffocated nearly every workman. A few men realizing the fearful situation, fell to the ground, thereby preventing the gas striking them. There is not a soul left to tell the story. The persons not killed are in such a critical condition that their deaths are momentarily expected. Up to this writing seventy bodies have been recovered, all without a sign of life. The fire which broke out after the explosion was soon extinguished by the immense fans, which were put in operation. The gas has at out all been driven from the pit and the work of rescuing the entombed miners has been commenced.

General Manager Lynch of the H. C. Fricke Coke company is on the scene helping to devise means to rescue the perished workmen. His assistance is invaluable, as he has many years' experience in mining operations. The mammoth plant embraces 500 ovens, one of the largest plants in the coke region, but it is hard of access. It is situated near the United Works, where an explosion recently destroyed the entire shaft

The affair has cast a gloom over the entire coke region, and hundreds of miners are flocking to the scene of the disaster offering assistance. The appalling loss of life in the Dunbar disaster is more than overshadowed by the destruction of life in this Mammoth calamity. Language is too weak to describe the scenes at the mines. Horror is piled on horror. The news spread throughout the entire coke region with great rapidity and everybody was awestricken. The coffins have already been ordered from Mount Pleasant undertakers, and it is understood that the Fricke company, the owners of the plant, will bear the expenses of the same. The only man who escaped from the fatal mine was Mine Boss Eaton.

THE WRIT OF PROHIBITION.

Attorney-General Miller's Reply to the Canadian Government.

At Washington, D. C., the brief of Attorney-General Miller in reply to the application of the Canadian government for a writ of prohibition in the case of the W. P. Sayward, libelled for catching seal in Behring Sea forty-nine miles from shore was filed with the Supreme court. The position of the United States government is thus stated briefly: The government of the United States opposes the filing of the petition for a writ of prohibition to the District court of Alaska in this case for the following reasons:

That the Supreme Court has no power in any case to issue a writ of prohibition to the Sitka court, because it is not a District Court of the United States, being merely a territorial court. He argued further that the question of jurisdiction of the Alaska court, which the petitioners seek to present, cannot be raised on the record of the admiralty proceedings on file with the Supreme Court; because the face of these proceedings shows jurisdiction in the Alaska court, and after sentence in such causes, prohibition "will not issue."

COSTLY PICTURES DESTROYED.

Collapse of Omaha's Art Association Building—Ruined Masterpieces.

The building occupied by the Western Art association in Omaha, Nebraska, as a temporary exhibition hall was wrecked by the walls giving way. It was a three-story brick, and the many costly pictures of the association, numbering some of the most noted works of art in the world, were mixed with the debris. The damage cannot be estimated, but will amount to many thousands on pictures alone.

THE MAFIA AT BUFFALO.

Several Mysterious Murders are Attributed to the Italian Society.

Some teamsters tore up a part of the floor of an old unoccupied cabin at Hornellsville, N. Y., and found there the body of an Italian There were four bullet-holes through the head and a gash in the forehead, cut as by a hatchet. This is the sixth man that has been murdered in this vicinity within ten months, and no clew to the murderers has been found. It is believed to be the work of the Mafia.

The Des Moines, Iowa, Counterfeiters.

Two more men were arrested charged with being members of the gang of counterfeiters unearthed in Des Moine., Ia. When the police at that time arrested Matt Merritt, his wife and William Frow, having found at their residence all of a counterfeiter's paraphernalia, together with a considerable sum of counterfeit money, it was supposed they had all who were implicated, but later developments show that they were only the ring leaders of an organized band who have been working all over Iowa. The arrested parties were given hearings before United States Commissioner Jordan.

A Blacksmith's Fatal Blow.

At Williamsburg, Ia., James Kelly, a blacksmith, and a man named Bullck, engaged in a quarrel, during which Kelly struck him with a blacksmith hammer, fracturing his skull and fatally injuring him. Kelly surrendered himself and is under bonds.

Will Discuss Anarchism.

From Berne it is reported that the bundesrath, or federal council, has been officially notified of the intention of the powers to hold an international congress here during the present year, when the subject of anarchism will be fully discussed.

Fatal Blaze at San Jose, Cal.

The Central Lodging house at San Jose, California, burned. There were sixteen people in the house. John Foley and Charles Nord were burned to death, and one other person was injured. Several shops in front of the house were destroyed.

WHAT MR. BLAINE WANTS.

The Toronto "Globe" Says He Favors Unrestricted Trade With Canada.

The Toronto Globe publishes the correspondence on the reciprocity question between Secretary Blaine and Mr. Baker, and in an article on the subject says:

"Reports set afloat from Ottawa to the effect that the United States government had made a trade proposal and that the alleged proposal was only confined to reciprocity in natural products have received an effectual quietus. Our Washington correspondent, speaking on good authority, that, a short time ago, Sir Julian Pauncefote, acting, as was believed, at the instance of Sir John Macdonald, began to throw out feelers to the State department at Washington for a reciprocity treaty of some sort. In a purely informal manner Mr. Blaine stated that the United States government was prepared to treat with Great Britain for a treaty with Canada on the basis of unrestricted trade, but that it was not ready to discuss any proposition which fell short of that.

"This is the whole story of the trade proposal said to have been made by the United States government and which the Canadian ministeral journals announced had been referred to by England. Mr. Blaine's letter to Mr. Baker emphasizes the fact that nothing whatever, formal or otherwise, is now in progress between the two governments relating to any trade relations with the United States, and none will be entertained by the authorities at Washington unless it goes beyond natural products."

A MAN-OF-WAR FOR CHILI.

The Navy Department Orders the Charleston to Go There.

The continual alarming condition of affairs in Chili has forced our State department authorities to the conclusion that an American man-of-war must be sent at once to those waters for the protection of our interests. The matter has been allowed to drag along for several days in the belief that the troubles would calm down, but the reports yesterday, showing that fighting is now going on, put a more serious aspect on the case. It is now high time that a vessel was en route there, and, as it is evident that the San Francisco cannot get away from the Pacific coast for at least another month, chiefly because her ammunition cannot be procured, the officials have reached the conclusion that the Charleston is the only vessel available for this purpose, and the probabilities are that she will proceed direct to Chili after landing the remains of King Kalakaua. There is also some talk of sending the Mohican, now at Honolulu, with her, but this could not well be done until the Iroquois had returned there from Samoa.

AGITATED FINANCIAL CIRCLES.

National Farmers' Alliance Statistics on the Growing Wheat Crop.

Financial circles are agitated over a report made by a committee of the National Farmers' Alliance to the annual convention of that order now in session concerning the consideration of the wheat crop for '91. The committee was secretly appointed two months since and instructed to secure accurate information concerning the growing crop and the features of importance thereof. The statistics collected comprise the wheat crop of California, Colorado, Washington, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Montana, Kansas, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin. The report estimates the growing crop at 10,000,000 bushels less than the government figures, and asserts it to be in a much less promising condition than represented by government officials. The information was obtained at great expense to the National Farmers' Alliance for the use of the organization and is positively accurate.

ALL LOST AT SEA.

News Just Received Announcing the Fate of Elder Cudeny of Omaha.

According to a report the missionary schooner which left Honolulu a year ago in charge of Elder Cudeny of Omaha has been lost with all on board. He was sent out by the Omaha Seventh Day Adventists and was never heard of after leaving Tahiti. Nine months later a cablegram to the church in Omaha announces the matter.

MEISSONIER IS DEAD.

One of the World's Greatest Painters Passes Away.

Meissonier, the famous artist, died in Paris, France. He had been ill for some time and his death was momentarily expected.

Prominent Stock-Shippers Fined.

Kansas City, Mo., telegram: Within the last ten days more than a dozen stock-shippers have been brought to this city under arrest and fined for sending in cars of mixed hogs and cattle. Some of the men fined were among the most prominent stock raisers and shippers in Kansas.

Hardly a day passes that cars of stock do not enter the yards with a number of animals killed or maimed. The matter was of such a serious aspect that a humane bureau has been established.

Engine and Caboose Smashed.

While an engine on the C., B. & Q. railway was returning from Maxon to Albia with five laborers on board it collided with the rear end of a freight train standing at the Albia depot. All the men on the engine jumped, and the engine, having been reversed, started back, drawing the crushed caboose with it. The wild engine ran to Dudley before the steam gave out, but fortunately the track was clear.

Victims of an Explosion.

The saw and shingle mill of R. C. Herbison, located at Meredith, Clare County, Michigan, was completely wrecked by an explosion of the boiler. George Badder, a sawyer, and Albert Fitch, the fireman, were torn to pieces, and Mr. Herbison, George Stone, and Walter Bennet were seriously injured. Other employes were slightly hurt. Both victims leave families.

Postmasters' Appointments Confirmed.

The United States Senate has confirmed the following appointments of postmasters: Illinois—Milton D. Worrell, Gibson City; Robert F. Shipley, Mendota; Albert Miller, Dundee. Nebraska—William H. Smith, Indianola; Frank W. Mattoon, Blue Springs. Michigan—Volney A. Chapin, St. Johns; Joshua C. Gray, Kalkasia, Garret J. Van Buren, Holland.

Vilas Is Elected Senator.

At Madison, Wisconsin, both Houses of the Legislature elected William F. Vilas to succeed John C. Spooner as United States Senator by a strict party vote. The Republicans voted for Senator Spooner.

Windom Is Dead.

EXPIRES AT A BANQUET.

AT THE END OF HIS SPEECH THE SECRETARY DROPS DEAD.

Mr. Windom's Services in the House, Senate and Cabinets of Presidents Garfield and Harrison.

New York special: Secretary Windom died suddenly Thursday night. Just as the Secretary concluded his speech at the Board of Trade dinner he grew deathly pale, his eyes shut and opened spasmodically, and he fell inert on his chair. Thence he slipped to the floor, where he lay unconscious. The most intense excitement immediately ensued. Judge Arnoux, ex-Secretary Bayard, and Capt. Snow were the first of several who ran to Mr. Windom's aid. They found him apparently unconscious. They lifted him gently and carried him into an ante-room, where several physicians proceeded at once to his assistance, but it was found that he was dead.



SECRETARY WINDOM.

The great assemblage at once dissolved. Mr. Windom had been the only speaker, and the sentiment to which he responded was: "Our Country's Prosperity Dependent Upon Its Instruments of Commerce."

TWICE IN THE CABINET.

His Services in the Administrations of Presidents Garfield and Harrison.

Wm. Windom was born in Belmont Co., O., May 10, 1827. He received an academic education and studied law at Mount Vernon, Ohio, and was admitted to the bar in 1850. In 1853 he became prosecuting attorney for Knox county, but in 1855 he removed to Minnesota, and soon after he was chosen to Congress from that State as a Republican, serving from 1859 till 869. In that body he served two terms as chairman of the committee on Indian Affairs, and also was at the head of the special committee to visit the Western tribes in 1865, and that on the conduct of the commissioner of Indian affairs in 1867. In 1870 he was appointed to the United States Senate to fill the unexpired term of Daniel S. Norton, deceased, and he was subsequently chosen for the term that ended in 1877. He was re-elected for the one that closed in 1883 and resigned in 1881 to enter the Cabinet of President Garfield as Secretary of the Treasury, but retired on the accession of President Arthur in the same year and was elected by the Minnesota Legislature to serve the remainder of his term in the Senate. In that body Mr. Windom acted as chairman of the committee on appropriations, foreign affairs, and transportation. He was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by President Harrison and has since served in that capacity.

When news of Secretary Windom's death was communicated to the President he was so shocked and overcome by the sudden announcement that he was unable to say anything with respect to the loss he has suffered.

AT WINDOM'S HOME.

The Wife of the Dead Secretary Prostrated by Grief.

Flags float at half-mast on the White House and the departments this morning, and there is an unusual expression of grief in official as well as in private circles over the death of Secretary Windom. The President and members of the cabinet are here in consultation and the official announcement of his death will be issued shortly.

Owing to Mrs. Windom's condition due to the shock the President and the members of the cabinet present concluded that it would be best to have the remains of the dead Secretary sent to Washington as soon as possible, in order to obviate the necessity of Mrs. Windom going to New York.

The news of Mr. Windom's death was the subject of general conversation as the House and Senate assembled.

NOT AFTER RECIPROCITY.

Secretary Blaine Denies Rumors of Deals With Canada.

Representative Baker of New York addressed the following letter to Secretary Blaine:

It is reported in the newspapers in Canada and along the northern border of my State, where my constituents are deeply interested in the subject, that negotiations are going on between this country and Great Britain with a view to partial reciprocity with Canada, including natural products only and not manufactured; and it is stated that Sir Charles Tupper is on his way here as a Commissioner to negotiate for such modification to our tariff. I would be glad if you would enable me to answer my constituents.

Secretary Blaine made the following reply:

"Dear Mr. Baker: I authorize you to contradict the rumors you refer to. There are no negotiations whatever on foot for reciprocity with Canada, and you may be assured that no scheme for reciprocity with the Dominion confined to natural products will be entertained by this government. We know nothing of Sir Charles Tupper's coming to Washington. Very truly yours,

JAMES G. BLAINE."

Illinois Central Dividend.

New York dispatch: The Illinois Central has declared its fifty-seventh semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent cash from the net earnings for the six months ending Dec. 31, 1890. The dividend is payable March 2.

Came Down With the Snow.

Nashville, Tenn., telegram: During the snow-storm here Tuesday morning countless small fish were seen to fall. They were about an inch long, and resembled the carp or mullet. The greatest number fell on Broad street. Some were found on Union street several blocks away.

Libeled the Emperor.

Berlin cablegram: The writer Maximilian Harden, against whom a criminal suit was brought, is charged with having libeled Emperor William. It was erroneously reported that the offense was the libeling of the Saalle Zeitung.

WIPED OUT BY FLAMES.

THE TOWN OF CYGNET, OHIO, DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Many of the Inhabitants Thought to Have Perished—Driven, Half-Dressed, Out of Doors.

An uncontrollable fire started from some unknown cause in the little oil town of Cygnet, fifteen miles north of Findlay, Ohio, and before it could be subdued six blocks were burned away and three persons are positively known to have perished in the flames, as their bodies have been recovered. These were:

R. MALONEY.
FRANK SATTERLY.
GERTRUDE SATTERLY.

Others are reported missing and several more will probably be found to have lost their lives. The loss will not be less than $100,000, with little or no insurance.

ASLEEP FOR MANY WEEKS.

Remarkable Trance State of a 12-Year-Old Indiana Boy.

At Columbus, Indiana, last March Jesse Street, aged 12 years, fell from a building, receiving spinal injuries which confined him to his room for several weeks. Eventually he recovered his usual health. Last May his father left for Illinois to engage in work and the lad was much distressed over his departure. The night of the 28th of that month he would not go to sleep until his mother promised to wake him up when his father came. From that hour until late in June he continued to sleep and during the interim he swallowed but a few spoonfuls of food. Several times during this period he was supposed to be dead, but when placed in a coffin he would move and attract the attention of the family. After recovering consciousness he told his people that he had been to Heaven and that he had looked upon his father at work in Illinois. He described exactly what his father did there and in many other ways surprised his attendants by the accuracy of his information. After this he continued in fairly good health until one week ago, when he went into a heavy and almost lifeless slumber. Frequently his breath is hardly observable and there are indications of death. The case is attracting a great deal of attention from the medical fraternity.

Operated at a Loss.

A Columbus, O., secpial says an investigation into the cause of the shutdown of the supply of natural gas in this city being conducted by the Board of Public Works shows that the Central Ohio Natural Gas company, owning the franchise, lost $16,000 the year the lines were in operation, and that an investment representing over $1,000,000 in the shape of pipes, dry wells, etc., was a dead loss on account of the loss of supply. The testimony shows that there was no scheme behind the advertised failure of the gas, and further investigation will be dropped.

Would Not Dine With a Negro.

The colored man who was installed as a member of the Federal grand jury was seated in the dining-room of the Howard House at Fordsville, Ky. The white guests were very indignant and with one accord arose and left the dining-hall. Several of the regular boarders also declared their intention to quit the hotel forever.

The New Apportionment Bill.

The new apportionment bill, as it has passed Congress, provides for a membership of the Lower House of 356. In 1880 the number was fixed at 325, but since then the admission of new States has added six members, making the total number in the present Congress 332.

Hog Cholera in Kansas.

Recent reports from McPherson, Marion and Saline Counties Kas., say that hog cholera is spreading with the most severity known in years. Hundreds of animals are dying daily on account of the warm, damp weather aggravating the disease.

MARKET REPORT.

Chicago.

Beeves—Extra 1,500@1,800 lbs	$ 5.30@ 5.50
Good to fancy steers	4.40@ 5.25
Poor to medium "	2.90@ 4.35
Cows	1.25@ 2.50
Veal calves	2.50@ 5.25
Milch Cows—per head	20.00@40.00
Hogs—Mixed	3.25@ 3.75
Sheep—Native	3.50@ 5.00
Wheat—No. 2 Spring	.93@ .94
Corn—No. 2	.50@ .51
Oats—No. 2	.44@ .45
Potatoes—per bushel	.80@ .95
Poultry—Chickens, dressed per lb	.08@ .09
Ducks, dressed, per lb	.10@ .11
Turkeys, dressed, per lb	.12@ .13
Butter—Choice creamery	.25@ .27
Low grades	.06@ .09
Cheese—Full cream	.09@ .10
Off grades	.01@ .06
Eggs—Fresh, per dozen	.22@ .23

St. Louis.

Beeves—Choice natives	$ 4.60@5.00
Hogs—Choice	3.30@ 3.70
Sheep	4.00@ 5.25
Wheat—No. 2 Red	.97@ .98
Corn—No. 2	.48@ .49
Oats	.43@ .44

Milwaukee.

Wheat—No. 2 Red	$.93@$.94
Corn	.49@ .50
Oats	.42@ .43

Detroit.

Wheat, No. 2 Red	$.97@$.98
Corn	.52@ .53
Oats	.44@ .45

Kansas City.

Beeves—Grain and corn-fed	$ 3.75@ 5.25
Steers—Grass range	1.25@ 2.75
Hogs	3.25@ 3.60
Wheat—No. 2	.93@ .96
Corn—No. 2	.47@ .48
Oats—No. 2	.41@ .42

Farmers and Laborers to Unite.

The F. M. B. A. of Madison county Illinois, held another secret session at Alton, followed by a similar meeting of the Labor Federation and Workingmen's unions. They propose to take a forcible part in future political movements, but refuse to give any positive information as to contemplated action. The complete affiliation of the farmers' and workingmen's organizations in this vicinity is still a matter of doubt. The former are confident and outspoken, the latter very reticent but seemingly assured of their position and prospects.

FOR THE LADIES.

READING MATTER FOR MARRIED AND SINGLE FEMININITY.

Hints for Parlor Elocution—Economy in the Family—Newsy Notes and Pithy Points.

A glance, a smile,
A tender tone;
A strange desire
To be alone;
A passing blush,
Perchance a sigh,
A soft hand-clasp
When none are by;
A dreamy waltz,
No thought of wrong;
A whisper low
Amidst the throng;
A white, white rose
With crimson heart—
That night 'tis laid
Softly apart;
A scented note,
Kissed there and here—
On that page "love,"
On this "my dear;"
A moonlight walk,
Too glad for speech;
Two scarlet lips—
Tempting—in reach;
Boldly his arm
Circles her waist
(Behind the clouds
Flee stars in haste);
Closer and closer—
Where is the wrong?
One tender kiss,
Passionate, long.
* * * *
In after years,
Never—ah, me!—
Pure as this kiss
Can kisses be.

—West Shore.

Hints for Parlor Elocution.

Commence by reading aloud. To do this well is in itself worth a good deal of effort, and you need never be without an audience. Read the paper to father in that half hour just before tea, when he has come home "all tired out." Read to mother while she sews; she will be glad to hear anything good, and you will perhaps find in her what every young elocutionist needs—a just but kindly critic. And while you read, *think*. Be sure you are bringing out the author's thoughts correctly. If not quite satisfied with the way you have read a passage, put a mark on the margin, and when you reach the end go back and try it again till you are sure of it. In reading the voice should be pitched moderately low, but every word must be enunciated distinctly. Unless you are on your feet while reading sit well back in your chair, and keep the back straight, which will enable you to breathe slowly and deeply. In reading and elocution, as in singing, it is important to take breath in such places and in such quantities that the voice will remain full and round until the sense is complete. No gasps must occur in the middle of a sentence, and there should be no hurrying toward the end because the breath is nearly out. As to where one should take breaths while reading there is no rule but the infallible rule of common sense; your hearers should never know just when you do it. Choose for public reading or speaking pieces suited to your voice and ability. Many a young elocutionist has come to grief and failure merely on account of a mistaken ambition. It may be in your power to keep an audience rippling with laughter, when you would be a dismal failure as a portrayer of deep passion and high tragedy. It is far better to do simple things well than to cause disappointment for yourself by attempting selections to which you cannot do justice.—Edna Warwick, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Killed by a Vampire.

Mrs. Cornelius Rainwater, of Savannah, Ga., received recently a letter from her brother, James Uhl, who is engaged in the wholesale coffee business in Caluboso, Venezuela, in which letter he gave an account of the singular death of his daughter last September. The young lady, who had just completed her seventeenth year, had been a somnambulist from childhood, and it was supposed that it was while in one of her frequent trances that she left the house and wandered several miles out into the country. She was missed, and, on being searched for, was at last found near the roadside dead, with a large vampire clinging to her throat.

The bat, at the appearance of the searchers, rose from the body of its victim and attempted to fly off, but was so gorged with blood as to be unable to make its escape, and was shot by one of the party. The placidity of the young lady's countenance showed that her death had been a painless one, and it is probable that it was not until she sank down, still fast asleep, that the vampire fastened upon her. A small wound, resembling the puncture of a large needle, just over the jugular vein, marked where the small white teeth had liberated the blood which it had then sucked, all the while soothing its victim to deeper sleep by a gentle, lulling movement of its outspread wings, which is the habit of these creatures.

The one which killed Miss Uhl was unusually large, measuring three feet and some inches from the tip of one wing to that of the other, and, while its weight would have naturally been ten or twelve pounds, it was so engorged that it was found to weigh something over twenty.—Ex.

Reading.

It is books, according to Leigh Hunt, that teach us to refine our pleasures when young, and which, having so taught us, enable us to recall them with satisfaction when old.

A Two-Sided Matter.

The "right kind of a wife" is said to be necessary to a man's success; yes, and the right kind of a husband is necessary to a married woman's happiness.—Farm, Stock and Home.

A Question of Age.

Emma Abbott was very sensitive on the point of her age, and her friends never alluded to the subject in her presence. Her husband, when he was alive, used laughingly to say, that it was the only thing that would make her lose her temper. We see that on the coffin plate her age was put at 36 years. We first knew her in 1862. She came to the city of Chillicothe with her father to give a concert. The old gentleman had collected money for a singing school which he had not given, and all of his pupils assembled at the concert with squawker horns, and when the concert was about half over everyone of them drew his horn from under his coat and set up a noise. The room was small and the din was furious, so much so that Emma's attempted song, "Johnny Schmoker," was cut short in the middle and the concert broke up in something like a row. Emma was then a girl about 12 years old, certainly not younger than that, and this would make her a little over 40 at the time of her death. The next year she attended what is now the Franklin school, at the age of 13 or 14. It is a matter of no particular consequence and in fact she crowded as much into the last twenty-five years as most persons do into a whole lifetime.—Peoria Journal.

Woman's Dangerous Age.

Balzac has said that a woman of 30 is at her most fascinating and dangerous age, and it is indeed true that all the women famous for power over the hearts of men, from Cleopatra to Helen down, were nearer 40 than 20 when in the zenith of their power.

Perhaps the secret lies in the simple fact that the woman of 20 must be pleased, while the woman of 40 tries to please; and the older woman's power consists not, as has been so often said, in understanding and making the most of her own charms, but in comprehending and with happy tact calling out and making the most of the good qualities of the man whose favor she seeks.

A man admires a clever woman, but he enjoys himself better with a woman who makes him feel that he is clever. He likes being entertained for a little while by a well-informed woman, but he enjoys much better the happy tact which makes him believe that he is entertaining the well-informed woman and telling her a great many things she never dreamed of. And the woman a man likes best is not always the one who is most brilliant, but the one who has the happy knack of discovering the subject he talks best on, and is well enough informed to listen intelligently and draw him out with happy queries until he is astonished at his own brilliancy.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Economy in a Family.

There is nothing which goes so far toward placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It matters not whether a man furnish little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in the kitchen or in the parlor. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongfully out of it—not the least article, however unimportant in itself, for it establishes a precedent—nor under any pretense, for it opens the door for Ruin to stalk in, and he seldom leaves an opportunity unimproved. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition should carry her no farther than his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much toward making a fortune, as she can in the counting-room or in the workshop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. A good and prudent husband makes a deposit of the fruits of his labor with his best friend, and if that friend be not true to him, what has he to hope? If he dare not place confidence in the companion of his bosom, where is he to place it?—N. Y. Ledger.

Scrapple.

Scrapple is a delicious dish that deserves to be more widely known, for while head-cheese is to be found in any pork market, scrapple is seldom seen outside of Philadelphia and South Jersey.

Procure a medium-sized, fresh pig's-head; remove and set aside the brains, which make an excellent entree, soak the head over night in tepid water, the next morning wash thoroughly in two or more waters and set to boil in sufficient hot water to cover. When the meat separates from the bones and is quite tender, remove it from the pot, leaving the liquor to boil; chop the meat fine; strain the liquor and set it back upon the fire, where it should be reduced to about a gallon; salt it, sprinkle into it sufficient yellow meal to make a consistent mush, say about three cupfuls to four quarts; stir, and cook for twenty minutes; pour the mush in the pan with the chopped meat, mixing thoroughly; season with salt, red and black pepper, powdered thyme, and sage; remembering that all preparations of fresh pork require to be well seasoned. When cold, this mixture will form a solid cake. Cut in slices about half an inch thick, and fry brown. No fat is required, there being sufficient in the scrapple. This is a winter dish, and especially good with buckwheat cakes.—Good Housekeeping.

Misunderstood.

"Clara," said Nellie, dropping the fashion paper she was reading, "what would you do if you had a mustache on your lip?" "After he took it away I should tell him that I preferred to be married in June."—Boston Herald.

THE CAMP FIRE.

EXPERIENCES OF OUR VETERANS DURING THE REBELLION.

War's Awful Carnage—Was It Cowardice?—Reminiscences, Episodes, and Interesting Items.

General Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, when in Washington a short while ago, told quite an interesting story about the greatest fatality of the war in proportion to the number of troops engaged.

"When Sedgwick's corps," he said, "surprised our troops by crossing the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, and captured a regiment and a half of General Barksdale's Mississippi brigade and a portion of the Washington artillery on Maryland Heights, that cut off from our main line that small portion of our troops stationed between Fredericksburg and Hamilton's crossing, on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad. Among these troops so cut off was a battery of artillery in position just opposite Deep Bottom Run, on the Rappahannock River, and far in advance of that portion of our line.

"A brigade of Sedgwick's corps, which had crossed the river at Deep Bottom Run, discovering the position of this battery and seeing that it was unsupported by and cut off from the main line of our troops, marched upon it preparatory to charging and capturing it.

"The captain commanding this battery, Carlton, of Georgia, discovering the movement of the enemy, at once realized the situation, and knowing full well that to attempt to retreat in face of the enemy would result in the capture and loss of his battery, promptly, although entirely unsupported, moved his guns forward, meeting the advancing brigade, and when in easy canister range poured a volley into the enemy's ranks, which staggered and drove them back.

"Re-forming, they advanced again, when Carlton repeated the dose with the same success.

"Attempting a third time to charge the battery, and seeing the resolute determination of Carlton and his men not to yield the field, they rushed pell mell into an adjoining ravine, when the artillerist turned his guns upon them in their hiding place, and scarcely a man was left to tell the tale.

"The official report made a few days afterward by the Federal officer in command of the brigade, as to the loss in the engagement, was about 1,000 killed and wounded. The loss sustained by Carlton's battery was remarkably slight."—National Tribune.

Length of a Naval Cruise.

Judge Benedict of the United States District Court, Brooklyn, has handed down a decision in the case of Charles Bernhardt, a musician, who deserted from the navy and was arrested last November while employed in Zipp's Casino. Bernhardt claimed that he had enlisted for a cruise on the Chicago, and had gone on the Mediterranean on the ship. He demanded his discharge on his return to Brooklyn, and it was refused him. Then he deserted. On the trial United States District Attorney Oakley held that in naval circles a cruise meant the period between the day on which a vessel was put to sea and the time she was ordered out of commission, and that the Chicago had not been ordered out of commission. Judge Benedict, in his decision, supports Mr. Oakey's view of the case, and states that as the cruise of the Chicago has not yet expired, the custody of the petitioner set forth in the return to the writ of habeas corpus is a lawful custody from which the petitioner is not entitled to be released. The writ of habeas corpus is discharged and Bernhardt is remanded to the custody of the naval authorities. The Musical Union, of which Bernhardt is a member, will appeal the case to the United States circuit court.—Army and Navy Register.

"Rattlesnake for One."

The widow of General Custer says that he was the first of American army officers to experiment on the rattlesnake as an entree. His cook prepared the dish under protest, and as the General was eating the dainty he saw the alarmed negro cautiously peering in through a crack in the tent, doubtless expecting to see his master drop down in a fit.

Camps "Caterpillar" and "Potato."

C. H. Western, of the 74th Ind., in the Toledo Blade, says: On our arrival at Green River bridge we found there Co. K and Co. G, of the 74th Ind. Among the former were several of my acquaintances who warmly urged me to remain with them until they joined the regiment, and I would have accepted their invitation but for the fact that my gun and accoutrements had gone on in the train to Louisville. If I had remained I would have been captured with the garrison, which occurred in less than one week. On arrival of the afternoon passenger train we started for Louisville, and caught up with our train at Shepardsville. The bridge having been burned, it became necessary to portage the camp equipage across Salt river at that place, which the boys had accomplished and were ready to start when we arrived. We reached Louisville without any further mishap, and found the regiment all O. K. It was encamped in a piece of woods near the city, and of all the places for a regimental camp, that took the lead. The trees were infested with millions of caterpillars, and it was impossible to cook a meal without having the cooking vessels tightly covered. Next to the above nuisance was the pic, cake and fruit vendors. I do not think I ever came across a more shameless gang of women than those who infested our camp. We moved from "Camp Caterpillar," as the boys christened it, to "Camp Potato," about the time that Jeff C. Davis shot Gen. Nelson. There were two kinds of potatoes there, Irish and sweet potatoes. Our guard line surrounded the field. We first commenced to dig the potatoes inside of our tents and afterwards in the streets of our camp. We could change the bill-of-fare at will from Irish to sweet potatoes. We remained in this camp until the army took up the line of march in pursuit of Bragg's army of adventurers, who made their stand at Perryville, Ky., where they were well cleaned out by our Yankee boys. The next morning after we left Louisville, October 3, 1862, the surgeon sent me to the hospital at Louisville, in charge of Assistant Surgeon Bassett, of the 74th. I did not see the regiment again until September 21, 1863.

A Fortunate Accident.

When the Army of the Potomac occupied the lines of investment on the Chickahominy, Sykes' regular division was stationed on the left of the pond of Ellison's mills. There was little to do except picket duty. Time were heavily on our hands with only the compliment of an occasional shell to break the monotony. After a little time, however, these visitors became more frequent, some men were killed while in their tents.

Our neighbors, the Fifth New York and First Connecticut, suffered in this way, and a battery was established on our front. This promised a little excitement. Some of the boys of the Sixth Infantry band thought they would enjoy the sight of the opening of our battery on the enemy, so three of us sallied out for the fun. We took our position on a little knoll beside the road. Scarcely had we established ourselves when an aged colored man passing along the road told us that we were in a very dangerous position; that the enemy had the range of the road and fired at every passing wagon.

By this time many others had congregated at the same spot, and sure enough along came a wagon with its white cover. Just then we noticed that an artilleryman going toward the new battery in our front stooped very low and looked upward, a movement that we all recognized as indicating the noise of a shell passing close to him.

The wagon was in front of us at this moment, and we all stooped low, for we heard the ominous scream, and as the wagon passed the shell grazed the feed box. Those behind, while stooping, pressed the men standing in front on the edge of the knoll, and about ten of us were thrown on top of the shell as it struck into the soft, sandy road. The shell did not explode, thank God, or likely I should not have written these few lines, for I was in front and the others fell on top of me. We all scrambled to our feet, and made tracks for our camps. Perhaps some of the comrades may meet this description of the incident and testify.—Potomac Vet., in Pennsylvania Grit.

Was It Cowardice?

* * * In the streets of Fredericksburg I saw Federal soldiers discharge their muskets into the air, when the enemy was within point-blank range. I saw plenty of them drop on their faces and tremble, groan and cry. This was the case where every man saw the hopelessness of attack. He felt that he was pushed forward to be shot down. There was no way for retreat until the lines should fall back. On the other hand, the Confederate troops posted behind the stone wall at the foot of Marye's Hill, joked and smoked and were in the highest spirits, feeling themselves secure from bullets, and knowing that they could beat back any force. One of them told me that after taking a dead aim on thirteen different men and dropping every one of them he refrained from firing the next quarter of an hour out of sheer pity for the human targets being shoved up to meet death.

At Malvern Hill my regiment lay in the dry bed of a creek at the foot of the elevation. As the confederates charged across the fields we poured in our volleys, and out of five Confederates who rushed into our lines in their bewilderment three were crying and sobbing. It wasn't cowardice but terror

At Cold Harbor, after beating off everything in our front, and while most of the men were cheering, some one started the report that the confederates had gained our rear. Two thousand men broke back like a lot of boys, some even throwing their guns away, and the jeers of other troops had no effect until the frenzy had had time to evaporate. * * * I have seen the best soldiers and the oldest fighters win their medals in one battle and show the white feather in the next. I saw a second lieutenant almost cry for the privilege of leading a charge at Antietam, and yet at Chantilly he fell into a ditch and pretended to be hit so as to drop behind in the charge. Cowards never go to war. If they get into the ranks through the draft they desert or commit suicide. It is only brave men who face the grim monster on a field of battle, and next to the foe his worst enemy is a terror which seizes him as a chill or fever might come on, and there is no remedy for it except to get away from the screaming missiles of death until one's nerve and sand return.—Vet., in Pennsylvania Grit.

Kept Busy.

Mrs. Garfield is said to be overwhelmed by her correspondence. Letters come to her from every part of the country and on every conceivable topic. Every communication she receives is given careful attention, and frequently a pleasant letter of some length is sent in answer.—Home and Country.

DOGMATISTS TO THE END.

Once a Katy-Did Always a Katy-Did, and Once a Didn't Always a Didn't.

There is one crop of early autumn that grows on trees which doesn't vary much, and that is the katydid. Climatic influences are favorable to the growth of this fruit. It is a singular thing that on the same trees where forty years ago, as little elms, these chanting insects lived, they now stay. They are never known to change from one tree to another. There may be several elms of equal size on one street, but two trees will most likely hold all the katydids and from the first chosen green they never budge.

The same way one yard will have its number, or one tree in a yard; the next person's grounds, although just as cool and shaded, will have none. Those in the same trees of yards have good manners, never interrupting each other, but listening intently for their turn to express their belief as to whether Katy did or didn't. The outside world, after listening for years to debate, is divided as to opinion. Just the same as on more important subjects, it judges in accordance with the sentiments of its own consciousness.

These little green chanters never change their opinion. They belong to the dids or didn'ts, and by no mistake alter their saying. One may tramp around the trees where they live, may sit beneath them, talk, laugh, or indulge in any noise, and Katy chants on in undisturbed monologue. But lay a hand, ever so lightly, against the bark of a tree, one says who has tried it, and their notes are instantly hushed, remaining quiet until the hand is removed. In darkness, when one creeps safely up to an elm tree where, above in the branches, is taking place a loquacious dialogue, and gently rest the palms of the hands against the bark, the silence is painfully sudden.

There was once a man visiting Rhode Island whose ambition was to possess some elm trees, and in them katydids. He had the elms for the katydids, but no katydids for the elms. So he came from his distant home and got possession of one, which he carried back and put well up in the greenery of the elm. Then he waited. The katy was as dumb as a sealed fruit jar, and wouldn't say a word. He wrote back to inquire why the thing wouldn't open its mouth and sing. He was informed, first, that the thing didn't speak the sentence with any mouth, but with its legs; second, that although the divorce laws of Rhode Island were often brittle enough to sever knots tied by ministers, still he need not expect any garrulous hilarity from one katydid separated from its mate and alone in a strange land. Then another was put in the tree, and in true marital style one said Katy did, and got contradicted in about a second. They've kept it up ever since.—Courier Journal.

Inexpensive Delights.

A middle-aged man with a satchel between his feet sat in front of a Canal street hotel the other evening, when a pedestrian accosted him: "Well, are you off?" "Beg pardon, sir, but you have the advantage of me," replied the first. "Well, well, but that's queer. We have been together four weeks." "You—are—not—" "I am Ka-bush-ky, the Zulu, who can't speak a word of English and prefers raw meat to cooked. You are Tornado Tom, the celebrated scout and Indian slayer and are modestly credited with having killed thirty-seven Indians. We both exhibited from the same platform in the museum." "Thunder! but so we did! Well, what's now?" "Going home to Indiana to-morrow. The old man wants me to help him run the grocery, and I am tired of the Zulu business; too much sameness about it; have to hold a peach-stone in my mouth to produce the gutteral, and it wears on my teeth. Which way are you going?" "Back to Toronto. I'm tired of this cowboy business; public ask too many questions; fellers come in every day and want to see my scars. I've got Dakota, Kansas and Nebraska all mixed up in my geography, and somebody gets onto me every day for a deceiver. If I start out again, it will be William Belding, the Australian murderer who was sentenced to be hanged seven different times, but who finally proved his innocence." "Well Tornado, so long." "Ka-bush-ky, good-bye, and may luck go with you."—New York Sun.

A Tip For Indian Fighters.

Among the Indians it pays for a white man to appear to be an idiot if he thinks his life is in danger. No Indian will harm a lunatic, because the savages think fools are under the especial care of God. Among the Blackfeet in Canada an eccentric white man has lived twenty-five years. He speaks Blackfoot as well as they, and he can do anything he wants to with the most lawless and savage men in the tribe. He is said to have stolen a lot of finery from a Roman Catholic Bishop on one occasion; at all events he distributed the Bishop's property among the Indians. When it was called for every Indian gave up what he had. "We give up the things," said a chief, "because we never take seriously anything that man does. We would have killed him twenty years ago, but what is the use—he is not responsible."—N. Y. Sun.

WISCONSIN NEWS.

—Richard Bailey, a veteran, died at Onalaska.

—Silas S. Johnson, an old settler of Portage, is dead.

—The Union hotel at Ashland was burned. Loss $3,000.

—Ex-Assemblyman Cairncross, of Pewaukee, has died.

—Milwaukee curlers won the Raffin medal at Chicago.

—Manilla tissue paper is to be manufactured at Kaukauna.

—Christian Rohrbeck was killed by the cars in Milwaukee.

—Peter Flannigan was killed at the Milwaukee flushing tunnel.

—Marinett is to have a $200,000 paper mill, employing 150 hands.

—Alfred H. White, of Stevens Point, attempted suicide in Milwaukee.

—Sheboygan is now agitating the establishment of a beat sugar factory.

—Wm. Vielbaum, a car inspector, was killed by the cars in Milwaukee.

—The Buckstaff-Edwards company, at Oshkosh, sustained a $28,000 loss by fire.

—Ferdinand Rohn, a resident of Milwaukee since 1847, died at the age of 65 years.

—The receipts and disbursement of the De Pere postoffice during 1890 aggregated $23,-354.72.

—The Blanket company at Burlington, Racine county, started with a capital of $15,000.

—Ecke Bros.' general store at Hilbert was robbed of razors, knives, silverware and revolvers.

—LaCrosse ice-packers are busily engaged cutting ice. The field there is twelve inches thick.

—Everett Choaks, 21 years of age, shot himself at Racine. No cause can be assigned for the deed.

—Poet Eben E. Rexford, of Shiocton, whose house recently burned, will remove to Appleton.

—Knapstein & Co. are storing 8,000 tons of ice at New London. About forty men are employed.

—The site for the new $100,000 public building at Ashland has been chosen on the court-house square.

—Frank Gordon, of Lake Geneva, was killed by being caught in the belt of an ice-hoisting apparatus.

—Oshkosh highwaymen held up William Hoenig on one of the main streets, and took what he had—$26.

—Paul Kulow, a well-known member of the Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce, died after a protracted illness.

—Fred Mayer and Frank Clark, burglars, were sent up from Oshkosh for two years and one respectively.

—Grand Rapids and Centralia are trying to raise a bonus of $10,000 for the establishment of a chair factory.

—Sam B. Tripp, an alleged horse thief has been taken to Hudson for trial. He was captured in Minnesota.

—Samuel B. Dixon, of Muscoda, has been adjudged to be insane at 10 years of age. He has been taken to an asylum.

—Leroy Graves, founder of Gravesville, in Calumet county, died at Fond du Lac. He came to Wisconsin in 1857.

—Mrs. Dr. Kempster has suddenly disappeared from Oshkosh, probably going to her old home at Baltimore, Md.

—The old scheme to take land from Wood, Clark and Marathon counties and form a new county is being agitated.

—The body of a man, evidently a tramp about 61 years of age, was found hanging by the neck to a tree near Waterford.

—Slader, the negro convict who escaped from an Oshkosh deputy sheriff while being taken to state prison, was recaptured.

—Dozens of persons suffering from tuberculous diseases have besieged the Milwaukee Hospital since the lymph treatment began.

—Starks, of Plainfield, will build six large potato-storing houses—two at Plainfield, two at Hancock and two at Bancroft.

—Three buildings, with contents, were burned at Black Earth recently. The loss was $1,500 on buildings and $1,800 on contents.

—Wilmer G. Henson, who eloped with a pretty Chicago girl, was married to her at Janesville, and the pair still are at Janesville.

—People at Fort Atkinson are subscribing toward the erection of a new Methodist church. Over $3,000 of the $10,000 is already pledged.

—Dora Boynson, a pretty girl of 16 living west of Durand, shot herself in consequence of intimacy with a young man. The case is being investigated.

—The body of May Cary, who was drowned at the coasting accident at Appleton, was found about half a mile below the scene of the accident.

—Deputy Marshal Marshall, of Milwaukee, took the Rev. Deford to the State prison at Waupun to serve a five years' sentence for passing a raised bill.

—An organization known as the Oshkosh Business Association was organized at Oshkosh. The object is to encourage industries and build up the city.

—Contractors have been asked to submit estimates for building an extension of the Illinois Central Railroad from Madison to Portage, a distance of forty miles.

—Senator Sawyer and Congressman Clark waived their congressional rights in any suit against ex-Treasurer Hershaw for the recovery of interest by the State.

—The lake reservoir at Prairie du Chien is now an immense skating rink over a mile in extent. Over four hundred persons were counted upon the ice at one time.

—W. W. Lovell, who escaped from the train at Clybourn, while on his way to an insane asylum at Wauwatosa, was found at the home of his father-in-law in Racine.

—The warehouse of the Wisconsin Lumber and Manufacturing Company, at La Crosse, was entirely consumed by fire, with contents. The loss is $15,000; insurance, $10,500.

—Jacob Emerson, a lumberman who disappeared from Iola four years ago, and was mourned as dead, has just written from California for money. He wandered west while insane.

—The stockholders of the Oshkosh and Mississippi railroad held a meeting. The Board of Directors was directed to sell the road to the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul company.

—Over 1,300,000 pounds of butter and cheese was shipped from Elkhorn during the year 1890. The amount of butter shipped was greater than in 1889, and cheese a trifle less.

—A friend of Beloit College at Beloit, has given $25,000 to that institution for the erection of a new dormitory. The building will be of brick, four stories high. The giver's name is withheld.

—Fritz Schulz, who resided on the Cedarburg road in the Town of Milwaukee, left home Jan. 16, after having a few words with his wife. He is supposed to have committed suicide.

—Frank Hall was overhauled at Boscobel for stealing twelve sacks of clover seed and three or four sacks of timothy seed from the Hawley warehouse at Fennimore. He had sold the clover seed for $100.

—Col. C. H. Saunders, of Chicago, is at Waukesha making preparations to start a large ice factory. The cost of the machinery and buildings will be $200,000, and the institution will employ twenty-five men.

—Justice William E. Caldwell, of Wauwatosa, died of peritonitis. He had been a resident of Wauwatosa for twenty-five years, and leaves a widow and four children, the eldest son residing in Chicago.

WONDERS OF PARIS.

NEW EYES STILL SEE NEW WONDERS IN ITS BEAUTIFUL STREETS.

Arlo Bates Tells an Interesting Story of His Visit to the Capital of the Gay World.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, in a recent letter says:

The Parisians are a people who eminently enjoy their city. They are not alone proud of it in an abstract way. They live out of doors and make the most of it. They go to the parks and into the museums, and above all they sit upon the sidewalks in front of the cafes watching life. Paris is a town where it should never rain, so greatly addicted are its folks to open air. The doctor, descendin, a pun, thinks this may be the reason the French have done away with the reign of Kings; but in the next breath he laments that Paris is no longer Paris since the fall of the Empire.

Its streets are still lively enough, despite the lamented absence of royal equipages, to cause the doctor to skip about in a very lively manner in crossing. In the midst of the principal streets in Paris, as in London—in neither of which benighted towns do foot passengers have the right of way—are islands raised some six inches above the line of the street and surrounding the lamp-posts. To cross the street is, with the doctor, a matter of time and deliberation. He pauses on the edge of the curb like Cæsar by the Rubicon; then, when there is a lull in the flood of carriages, he darts across to the island upon which he from the first has had his eye, his calves, like those of Dickens' immortal dancer, fairly twinkling with the swiftness of his motion. The island reached, the whole process is repeated, and thus in time the adventurous traveler gets himself entirely across the street.

The sidewalks are made largely as an adjunct to the cafes, and in the evening those along the central boulevards are covered for three-quarters of their depth with sitters who drink coffee by the cup or by the glass, or imbibe some liquor yet more potent. The amount of coffee consumed by the Parisians is something so prodigious that all Christendom might well turn bilious with astonishment thereat. Indeed, it seems rather doubtful if Paris could exist without coffee. One understands after seeing the astonishing coffee drinking which goes on constantly why it is that French poets and painters have united in apostrophies to that narcotic. The coffee rather than the lily should be the flower of France.

"A man enjoys himself in Paris," it hath been said by a cynic, "in direct proportion to his wickedness"; by which token, if it be indeed a true saying, an abandoned wretch indeed is he who writes these lines. In the first place—the first place because "man is after all only a highly organized stomach,"—there are so many good things to eat in Paris! There comes a certain lickerous watering of the chops at the remembrance of the fleshpots of Paris, no matter in what corner of the earth a man may be. With a bone, a vegetable or two, a few herbs, and a fire, which is nothing but a handful of charcoal ignited, a French cook will concoct a dinner fit for the gods, or indeed far too good for the gods if the tales told of them in classic chronicles of Olympian scandals be only half true. A man is ready to ruin his digestion and imperil all his standards of ethics for the sake of the feasts of this land of culinary delights. To begin with, they have things to cook. The doctor kindly allowed me to go to the central market, having first been alone to assure himself that it was a strictly moral place. The piles of prawns, of snails, of mushrooms, of shrimps, of froglegs made one groan in despair at the physical impossibility of eating even a hundreth part of them. One longed for as many mouths as hath the Ganges. The fruits, too, were delicious to sight and to smell and to taste. Grapes, fresh figs, melons, plums, apples, pears, and—in October—wild strawberries which were in appearance and flavor exactly like the late fruit which grew in our youth upon the mossy rocks on the shady side of New England farm-houses.





We had much innocent enjoyment in going about, buying things, eating what we wanted, and giving what was left to some dealer from whom we purchased other viands or to some forlorn-looking passer. The doctor addressed the market women in every known modern language except French, and achieved an immense success by the way in which he devoured cheese in the market-place. As there seemed to be about as many sorts of cheese as there are saints in the calendar—about twice as many, that is, as there are sands on the sea-shore—it was difficult to resist them, and it is something to have contributed to the innocent amusement of one's fellow-mortals, I must remark, parenthetically, that the doctor has been popular in Europe. His motto, in his own phrase of Shakspearean perversion, has been: "Still in thy right hand carry gentle fees"; while the smile with which he has eked out any deficiencies of language has been calculated to soften a heart of stone. To see him at the market allowing a fishwoman to peel for him a prawn and put it into his mouth with fingers which evidently had not used soap that morning was a spectacle worthy of the days of Moliere.

The chief temptation to the stranger in Paris—despite whatever snares may have been more insisted upon by the moralists—is to buy things. The shop



windows are a constant inducement to him to plunge into a reckless course of extravagance and to shut his eyes to all consequences. In the window of a prominent jeweler was displayed a brooch some two and a half inches long, whereof the device was a cat formed of diamonds playing with a ball, which was a single beautiful round pearl. The price was 11,000 francs. From another place he who chose to pay 7,000 francs for the privilege might carry home to his wife or his sweetheart a frog of gems which was as large as a baby's hand. Animals of jewels seem to be something of a fashion if one is to judge from the windows of Paris.

The eccentricities in mourning are also amazing. Imagine handkerchiefs of point lace, sold at 200 francs each, wherein are butterflies of black thread in the design. Or, again, a mourning cloak for an infant with weeping-willow garlands wrought in black silk upon the blue-white cashmere. Only a people who find a mournful pleasure in decorating the graves of friends with hideous wreaths of beads and tin flowers would be capable of things of this sort.

A Royal Wandering Minstrel.

The Archduke Maximilian, shot in Mexico by the Juarez Government about the end of our civil war, was in his younger days famous as a singer and player on the guitar. While traveling around on foot, a pastime which was a passion with him, he would occasionally stop along the lonely road and sing a song or two or play some charming air.

Once while thus engaged he was heard by a number of peasants, who, quite ignorant of his identity, listened to him with rapture and applauded him with vigor. "If you come to the inn," said one of them, "with that voice and that touch I can promise you a good glass of wine, if not a little more."

Falling in with their humor, Maximilian accompanied them to the village tavern.

Here he rendered several choice melodies with such skill and taste that he had, so to speak, his audience at his feet, and, though the tavern vintage was not the best, he drained glass after glass with his new found friends.

Finally he announced that he must go, and when the jolly Boniface found him determined to do so he took his hat and went round among the auditors, collecting a fair sum, to which he added something himself, and offered it to the Archduke.

Seeing the honesty of the motive, he took the coins and put them in his pocket, thanking them for their appreciation and kindness. At that moment the village 'Squire, who knew Maximilian, happened to enter. Seeing the crowd around him, and not knowing the cause, he called out:

"Stand back, you clowns! Don't you know it's the Archduke Maximilian, your Prince?"

The tavern keeper fell on his knees in his fright and thinking his money generosity was the crowning infamy of which he had been guilty he asked that it be given back.

"Not a bit of it," said Maximilian heartily. "It's the first money that has been honestly earned by any of our family for a thousand years and I'm going to keep it as an heirloom."
—*Philadelphia Times.*

Securing "A Pleasant Expression."

It is an easy thing to laugh when there is something to laugh at. But when nothing funny has happened, laughing to order is a very different matter. The other day a certain German gentleman urged an amateur to photograph his two children when they were laughing. On a certain afternoon the amateur came with his camera, but on hunting up the children it was discovered that while the little girl was quite willing to smile, the boy was in a very bad humor. In fact the boy had just been punished by his father, and when he was asked to laugh never felt less humorous in his life. But the camera was there and the father was set upon having the performance proceed. He repeatedly urged the boy, whose mouth did not get beyond a slight twitching at the corners. Then, becoming exasperated, the father shook his finger and exclaimed, "You laugh now, or I vip you again!" And under this awful persuasion the boy made a heroic effort.—*Alexander Black, in St. Nicholas.*

Maine's hay crop is estimated at 1,500,000 tons, worth at least $15,000,000. The ice crop brings in, perhaps, as much more, and the summer visitor crop over $6,000,000.

BASE INGRATITUDE.

THE WIDOW'S RAM BUNTED JEEMS AND DIED FOR IT.

The Prisoner Turns on His Accusers and Tells a Harrowing Tale That Mollifies the Judge.

I was travelling among the mountains of East Tennessee and one day about noon was casting about for a place where I might get something to eat, when my eye was attracted by a number of horses that were tied near a ruinous old log house.

Curiosity and a hope that I might be on the trail of something to eat drew me to the house says Opie P. Read. Upon entering the doorway I found a justice of the peace holding court. It was a criminal case, and I discovered the prisoner to be a long, lank fellow, with a bony face and a complexion that proclaimed the clay-eater. I fancied that having killed some one he was now on trial to determine whether or not he should be sent before the Grand Jury as a sort of sarcastic preliminary to being hanged, and had begun to pity his probable wife and presumable children when the Judge said:



"JEST LET ME HAVE A MINIT."

"This here court, bein' sorter tired, will now take a recess fur half'er hour. The Court has sot here an' chewed new tobacker till the hide is about all took offen the inside of his mouth, an' I wanter say that if anybody has got any tobacker that is a leetle milder in its parts, pass a chew of it right up to the Court."

The prisoner took out a twist of tobacco and handed it to the Judge, whereupon the jurist remarked: "This Court thanks you, Jeems, but at the same time reminds you that the law of this great land ain't to be bought for a mess of pottage nor a chaw of tobacker. How's yo' crap, Jeems?"

"Sorter wallerin' with the crab grass an' rasslin' with the rag weed. I wouldn't had it all right but this here trouble come on me. When a man is bowed down in the speret he ain't thinkin' of craps. He is athinkin' of the shame that mout fall on him an' take all the color out of his repurtation."

"Yes, that's a fact, Jeems."

"What is all this about?" I asked, turning to a long-haired fellow that sat near where I stood.

"Wall," he answered, leaning over and turning loose a squirt of tobacco extract that might have singed a cat. "Jeems Pimberly he shot a sheep an' I reckon he's in fur it."

"They don't intend to hang him, do they?"

"No, wus'n that. They'll hit him about fifty lashes with a hickory an' then make him work a couptry road some day when thar's a hossshow in the neighborhood."

At this juncture the Judge pounded on the table. "Come to order now. The Court is about to put on the solemn garment of the law of this here free an' mighty land, an' if any man so fur forgits himself as to interrupt the proceedin's, he'll fall under the witherin' displeasure of yourn truly. Now, let's git at this business, fur this Court has other affairs on hand. This Court must go some time this evenin' an' reprimand a man that pizened his dog. Jeems, as I said at the outset of this trial, I never was more shocked in my life. Fur many years we have know'd you to be reasonably honest, with generally a putty good dab of meat in yo' smokehouse, an' we kain't see why you should have killed the Widder Dalton's sheep."



"HE SENT ME SPRAWLING ON THE GROUND."

"Yes," spoke up the widow, who, for the first time, I noticed was present, sitting in a corner, "an' a finer ram never blew his breath on a bunch of pennyrile. But here comes Jeems an' shoots him, an' that too when he's got more meat than I have an' he knows that I've got three sons-in-law to feed."

"Jedge," said Jeems, "if you will jest let me have a minit, I will fling a good deal of light on this here subject. I don't deny a killin' of the sheep"—

"Well, then, Jeems, you neenter say no more. You've stated the very fact that we air tryin' to git at, 'an' thar ain't no use in foolin' along here no longer. The court 'lows that it will hafter sentence you, Jeems."

"Not without givin' me a hearin', I hope!"

"I don't see what good a hearin' will do you when you have made that confession."

"Wall, jest listen to my talk an' then mebby you'll see. I don't want to take up yo' time so that you kain't meet the feller that pizened yo' dog, but I do insist on havin' a hearing."

"Wall, then, go ahead, but cut her short."

"Jeems" got up, roached back his long hair and thus addressed the assembly: "One cold Winter night, when the snow come down faster than you ever seen chaff come outen a wheat fan, I heard a bleatin' noise, an', goin' to the door, I thought the sound come from the valley not fur from the house. I told my wife that I had to go down in the valley because I heard a lamb callin' for help, and let me say right here that I may be bad in a good many things, but no lamb ever called to me in vain. I thought of Simon Peter that was told to feed the Lord's sheep—thought of it as I stood thar in the door with the snow a-drivin' past me into the house. My wife said that I better not go out in sich a night, 'specially as I wa'n't feelin' very well; but I 'lowed that I couldn't sleep with the pitiful cry of that lamb a-ringin' in my ears, so I took my lantern an' went down into the valley. The snow was whirlin' so fast that I could hardly see whar I was goin', but at last, comin' nearer an' nearer to the bleatin', I at last found a little lamb with his head stickin' out of a snow-drift.

"I took him out; his legs were frozen stiff as sticks. I took him to the house an' warmed him by the fire—got a bottle of milk and fixed it so he could suck. I built up a good fire so he wouldn't get cold durin' the night, an' every time he would bleat I would git up an' fix his bottle. The weather stayed cold for a long time, an' once when the old cow got out of the lot an' wandered off an' didn't come up in time to give milk for the lamb I searched for her on the mountain side an' way down in the valley. It was late when I got back home, an' long before I reached the house I heard the lamb a-bleatin'. He seemed to be powerful glad when I came in with the milk, an' the thought I read in his eyes was: 'I never will forgit you.' Wal, to make a long story short, I brought up that lamb till he was as fine a sheep as you ever saw, an' in every look out his eyes he said that he never would forgit me. We called him Bob an' he 'peared to like the name. One day the next Fall, Nat Sarschet, that I owed $5, come over to my house an' 'lowed that he must have the money. I didn't have it an' told him so. Just then Bob he come up. 'I'll take this sheep,' says Nat,' an' he done it in spite of all my beggin' an' promisin' that I would pay him as soon as I could get the money. Last Spring I heard that Nat had sold Bob to the Widder Dalton. So much for the first part, an' now for the second: A day or two ago I was goin' through the woods, carryin' a bag of corn on my back, an' all at once ker-bhipl something took me an' almost knocked me lifeless.



WAITED FOR HIM.

"As soon as I could git up I looked round an' thar, not more than ten feet away, stood Bob, a-shakin' of his head. 'Gracious alive, Bob,' said I, 'don't you know me?' He backed a little, an' jest as I expected to see the look that said he was never goin' to forgit me, he shot at me an' gave me a biff that sent me sprawlin' on the ground. I think he hit me three times before I could git up, an' then he followed me to the fence, a-churnin' me every jump of the way—an' tickled! W'y, I never saw a ram enjoy himself so in my life. Well, when I got home I sot down an' thought a long time about the ingratitude of this life, an' then I thought I would teach that rascal a lesson; so I got my gun and went back down into the woods. I held the gun behind me an' poked about. Putty soon I saw Bob, an' he saw me about the same time. Here he come. I didn't say a word. He was so tickled that he thought he'd stop an' laugh a little before biffin' me, an' he stopped an' snorted with delight, an' jest then I ups with my gun. I never saw such a surprised sheep. When he saw that I was fixed for him he tried to look lovin', but I let him have it right between the eyes. That's my statement, Jedge, an' it shows that I wa'n't out after meat, but revenge, fur I didn't even skin the rascal; an' now, if you want to whip me an' make me work on the county road, all right."

"Jeems," said the Judge, "any court that could have the heart to convict you oughter be hung. Widder Dalton, what have you did with that sheep's meat?"

"I've got it at home."

"Wal, you go home an' roast a hin' quarter of it. This court an' Jeems air goin' to take dinner with you to-morrer."

The Place to Learn German.

I heard an odd bit of repartee in a barber shop on Eighth avenue a few days ago. The boss barber was conversing in English with a customer when he broke off suddenly and began talking in German. A third gentleman as a sort of playful rebuke remarked: "Don't you know that it is impolite to converse in a language that is not understood by all present?" "What!" said the barber, "don't you understand German?" "No," said the other. "Well," was the response, "you ought to; you've been in this country long enough!"—*N. Y. Star.*

"Fin de Siecle."

A new slang phrase has appeared in Paris. Everything that is new and nice nowadays is "fin de Siecle," which means "end of the century," or what hunkidori used to mean in America, with an addition which brings it closer to the cockney phrase, "down to date."

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Lighting the Fire in Winter.

An' then the room gets good an' warm; the kettle starts to bile,
An' mother potters down the stairs an' stan's an' yawn's a while,
And sez: "Now, pap, you go an' rouse them sleepy boys o' yours,
For it's snowin' and they's lots to do besides the morning chores."
An' then she brushes up the hearth with that old turkey wing,
An' stoops an' pulls her stockin's up an' ties 'em with a string.
An' Towser yawns and stretches out an' acts a little shyer
When I git up o' mornin's fer to light the kitchen fire.

An' when the boys come trompin' in, an' scrouge around an' spat
An' kick the dog an' poke the fire an' set down on the cat,
The coffee-pot's biled over an' the biscuit's steaming hot,
The sassidges jest brown enough, the breakfast table set,
An' mother says "Fetch up the cheers," an' pours the coffee out—
My cup runs over with a joy the rest don't know about;
Fer the blessin's of the Lord to me's a daily drawin' nigher
When I git up o' mornin's fer to light the kitchen fire.

—Edwin S. Hopkins.

LOTTIE DEANE'S MISTAKE.

Mr. Ross Deane was a thriving young surveyor and auctioneer in a large country town.

One day Mrs. Ross Deane was mending her husband's office coat and singing cheerily over her task. She was a pretty little woman, with pink cheeks and wavy fair hair and great blue eyes, sunny and innocent in expression as a little child's. If her mouth was a trifle large, nobody ever noticed it for admiring the scarlet lips and white teeth that gleamed out when she smiled, which was not seldom, for she was a merry little body, as sparkling and sunshiny as if she'd never a care in the world.

And really, when you come to think about it, her cares were very few, and her pleasures many. Hadn't she the handsomest and dearest husband in the world, who petted and humored her to her heart's content? It is very queer the fondness some women have for being petted. It's rather a cat-like trait, this liking to be purred and coddled so much. Then she had the sweetest love of a baby; but that was rather a partnership concern—there were grandparents and aunts innumerable, who put in a claim to baby, to say nothing of the little one's father; while her handsome Ross was all her own individual property.

At least she thought he was, till she very unwisely undertook to mend that office coat of his. She had pounced upon it that morning, when previous to a shopping expedition, she had penetrated to his office at the back of the house—being in want of more money—and had confiscated it directly, declaring that it was a shame for anybody to wear such a dilapidated arrangement, and her husband shouldn't do it another day, so there!

There was only one more pocket to look after now, and then the tiresome job would be done. Carolling a merry little roundelay, she turned it inside out. The song died on her lips as a tiny scented envelope dropped out and fluttered to the floor. She stooped to pick it up, and, noticing the feminine handwriting on the outside, opened it, of course, but with an odd misgiving at her heart regarding the act, nevertheless.

Perhaps she had better not have opened it. I won't undertake to say whether it was best or not; but I always believed that "where ignorance was bliss" it was exceedingly foolish to become enlightened of your own free will, as this child was doing, for this was what she read:

DEAR MR. DEANE: Of course you will be at the masquerade to-morrow evening. I won't tell you what character I shall assume, but if you were to wear a pink domino with a white rose in your button-hole, and you were to meet another pink domino with a red rose in its hand—how can I tell who it would be?

BELLE.

Bad enough—or not—just as one chose to take it. Mrs. Deane knew well enough who wrote it—knew that the letter wasn't really half so bad as it sounded. Still it was proof that the flirtation—which Mrs. Deane had heretofore believed to be carried on chiefly by Miss Belle—was going altogether too far to be pleasant to the looker-on—when the looker-on happened to be the wife of one of the parties.

As long as Miss Belle Preston made eyes at handsome Ross Deane, only to be carelessly flattered in return by him, and afterwards laughed at alike by both Mr. and Mrs. Deane, it was very little the latter cared about it. She called the girl a goose to herself, was politely cordial to her before folks, and never gave the matter another thought.

Miss Preston was a goose, of course, but quite a pretty, winning little goose after all. She was rather dashing in her ways—smoked cigarettes, talked slang—both of which Mrs. Preston particularly detested—and tried to ape the manners generally of the masculine half of creation. Of course she made a failure of it, but men are remarkably tolerant of bright, saucy, black-eyed failures of the Belle Preston kind; and so they laughed at her a little, but flatter her a great deal more, and not a few fell in love with her continually.

But Mrs. Deane did not choose that her husband should be caught in the toils of a siren like this; and she was properly indignant at finding that the two were on familiar terms enough for notes to pass between them—and such notes, too.

"The bold thing—to ask another woman's husband to come to the masquerade to meet her—she ought to be ashamed of herself!" muttered Mrs. Ross Deane angrily. "And he, too, after pretending to me that he thought she was horrid—I hate him!" and she stamped her little foot, and subsided into a fit of the sulks.

But her nature was too healthy to permit a long indulgence in feelings of that kind; so, before long, she found herself wondering what she would do about it. Was she going to sit still and let this woman win away her husband without an effort on her part to prevent it? Not she. She would go to this masquerade herself. What she would do there she hadn't fully determined upon. She would wear a pink domino and carry a red rose in her hand; and if Ross Deane should happen to mistake her for the fascinating Miss Preston—why, how could she help it? Any way, she knew she wouldn't try to help it. Let him blunder if he liked; she didn't care.

Her mind once made up, she looked to see where the note was dated. It was written the day before she found it, so that the masquerade was to be that very evening. No time was to be lost, evidently, if she wanted to attend. They had received cards several days before, but Ross had declared himself averse to going, and so Mrs. Deane had thought no more about it. Now she saw his decision in a different light.

"He didn't want me to go," she murmured to herself, "and he thought he could make some excuse to be away this evening, so that I needn't know he went. But we'll see how his plans turn out. I'm very much afraid he'll be disappointed. We'll see," and the red lips were compressed firmly, and the little hands were tightly clenched.

When everything was finished she sat down on the sofa in the pretty parlor. There Ross found here, sitting soberly, bending forward a little, with her white hands clasped in her lap. She did not look up to greet him when he entered. She was too angry, and she waved him back haughtily when he stooped to kiss her.

"Why, pet, what's the matter?" he said, amazedly, as he stepped back, his hand on the table beside him.

She sat still, with drooping eyes and averted face. "I do not wish to talk to you," was all she said.

He stared, bewildered.

"But, Lottie, darling, I don't understand—what has come over you so suddenly? What have I done?"

And he could stand there and ask her that so coolly! Lottie was almost frantic. And then the dinner-bell rang and saved them from a scene for that time.

Ross Deane followed his wife to the dining-room, feeling very much as if he was dreaming. When the meal was over he retired to the office to take a smoke and to think it over. Lottie went upstairs to wait for him to leave the house before she began to dress.

She sat where she could watch the garden gate, and there she waited with nervous impatience for him to go out that she might follow and the first act of the tragi-comedy be ready for performance.

Eight o'clock struck, and in a few minutes after she heard him moving about down stairs. Then he came to the foot of the stairs and called: "Lottie, dear, won't you come down stairs?"

But Lottie would not answer. She had no desire to receive his good-bye kiss when she knew he was hurrying away from her impatient to meet that "bold girl" who was trying to win him away from his wife. He called once more and then she heard him pass into the parlor. After that there was a long silence, and still she sat there and wondered what delayed him so.

Nine o'clock struck; then 10, and nobody had passed out at the front gate she watched so jealously. What could it mean? Had he been so cowardly as to slip out by the back way for fear she might see him? She couldn't believe that of him; but she didn't understand why he waited till so late before going away.

Half past ten; a quarter of eleven. She couldn't bear this any longer; but would just find out what it meant. Just as the clock struck 11, she came down into the parlor. There lay Ross, sound asleep on the sofa, the evening paper tossed carelessly on the floor beside him.

"Ross! Ross! Wake up! Don't you know that it's 11 o'clock and you are not dressed for the masquerade."

"Who — what?" muttered Ross, stretching lazily. "Eleven o'clock! Well, what of it, dearie?"

"The masquerade, Ross; don't you remember it is this evening and you are not dressed?"

"The masquerade, Lottie? Why, I thought we had decided not to go."

"So we did," she answered, bitterly; "but I supposed Miss Preston had persuaded you to change your mind."

"Miss Preston? What has she to do with our going, one way or the other? Oh, I begin to smell a rat," he cried exultantly, now fully wide awake. "See here, puss; what did you mean by having the sulks to-night, and refusing to kiss your liege lord, or even be civil to him, eh?"

"Oh, Ross, I thought—"

"Yes I know what you thought." He had her in his arms now. "You saw that note Miss Belle saw fit to send me the other day, and you thought your husband could care enough for a girl, who threw herself at his head in that bold way, to deceive his wife—his own wife, whom he loves better than all the world beside," he added lower and more earnestly. "I don't think you have a very high opinion of your husband, pet."

"I did find the note, Ross," she sobbed, "in the pocket of your office coat, and I—I— Please forgive me, dear;" and she clung to him closer while he soothed and petted her.

"Never mind, little girlie; I don't wonder you doubted me for a minute. I ought to have burned that note, and then you'd not have been so troubled. But perhaps it's just as well. You know 'for certain, true,' now, how much influence Miss Belle has over me, don't you?" And he patted her cheek and laughed a little.

I think Mrs. Deane managed—women know how to do these things—in some perfectly polite and pleasant way to let Miss Preston know why Mr. Deane did not attend the masquerade, and also the fate that notes addressed to him were likely to meet. At any rate, the young lady wastes no more of her time on other women's husbands but is devoting all her energies to procuring one of her own.—*Evening World.*

A Narrow Escape.

For eight hours an infant of Stephen Burleen of Bridegport, Conn., lay in a trance, and an undertaker came and put the babe in a casket. Everything was ready for the burial when the child suddenly woke up and sang out lustily "Ma!" It is all right now.

"You are not like my good friend Shakspeare," said Raleigh to his executioner after he had inspected the instrument of death. "Why?" asked the headsman gruffly. "You provide for no intermissions between the ax."—*N. Y. Herald.*

CHINESE GIRLS NEGLECTED.

Education Denied Them Because They will Get Married.

A writer in the *North China Herald*, in an essay on "The National History of the Chinese Girl," has some interesting remarks on the lack of education of Chinese women. When the child grows up to what we should call a young school girl her friends begin to be very uneasy about her. This has not the smallest connection with her intellectual nature, which, so far as any culture which it receives is concerned, might as well be non-existent. Unless her father happens to be a schoolmaster and at home with nothing to do he never thinks of teaching his daughter to read; it would be preposterous. It is like weeding the field for some other man, or putting a gold chain around the neck of some one else's puppy, which may at any moment be whistled off, and then what becomes of the chain? One of the underlying assumptions of Chinese society is that it is the body of the girl for which the parents are responsible, and not the mind. To almost any Chinese it would probably appear a self-evident proposition that to spend time, strength, and, much more, money in educating the daughter-in-law of some one else is a sheer waste. "But," you say to him, "she is your daughter." "Not after she is married," he replies; "she is theirs; let them educate her themselves if they want her educated. Why should I teach her how to read, write and reckon when it will never do me any good?" With which utilitarian inquiry the education of most Chinese girls has been banished from human thought for the space of some milleniums.

The anxiety which all her friends begin to feel about a Chinese girl as soon as she attains any considerable size is exhibited in the inquiries which are made about her whenever she happens to be spoken of. These inquiries do not concern her character or her domestic accomplishments, much less her intellectual capacity, of which she has, theoretically, none to speak of; but they may all be summed up in the single phrase: "Is she said?" meaning by the term "said" betrothed. If the reply should be in the negative the intelligence is received in much the same way as we should receive the information that a European child had by some strange neglect been allowed to grow to the age of 16 without having been taught anything whatever out of books. The instinctive feeling of a Chinese in regard to a girl is that she should be betrothed as soon as possible. This is one of the many points in regard to which it is almost impossible for the Chinese and the Anglo-Saxon to come to terms. As soon as a Chinese girl is once betrothed she is placed in different relations to the universe generally. She is no longer allowed such freedom as hitherto, although that may have been little enough. She can not go anywhere, because it would be "inconvenient." She might be seen by some member of the family into which she is to marry—than which it is hardly possible to think of anything more horrible. "Why?" the irrepressible occidental inquires, and is quenched by the information that "it would not be proper." Why it would not be proper no one can ever tell, except that it never was proper, and therefore it is not so now, and therefore never will be. The imminent risk that the girl might at some unguarded moment be actually seen by the family of the future mother-in-law is a reason why so few engagements for girls are made in the town in which the girl lives—an arrangement which would seem to be for the convenience of all parties in a great variety of ways.

At a Chilian Hotel.

The favorable impression of Chili which I had received in descending the western slopes of the Cordillera was augmented when I reached the village, or perhaps I should say town, of Santa Rosa de los Andes. This was my first experience of a Chilian hotel. As we rode up through the clouds of dust the exterior of the one-story "adobe" building of the Hotel del Comercio did not seem inviting. Inside, however, I found a series of court-yards, or "patios," avenues of trellised vines, aviaries, canalized watercourses, and other pleasant features. I hired a room in the first "patio," with an outlook upon the flowering shrubs, the fountain, and the wonderful imitation marble statues which stood around it. Who would have expected to find specimens of Greek sculpture—of the period of decadence, it is true—at the foot of the Andes?

Dusty as I was, and having been wholly deprived of the use of soap and water during my six days' journey across the mountains, the old prejudices of the dweller in town asserted themselves, and I asked the landlady, in an off-hand and half-apologetic tone if it would be possible to have a bath. "*Como no?*" she replied, with the usual Chilian formula of ready affirmation, and added: "Would you like a swimming bath?" "Is there a swimming bath in the hotel?" I asked. "*Como no?*" The water is not crystalline, but it is clean and fresh, and brought from the Aconcagua River by an 'acequia.'" "*Bueno, vamos a ver,*" said I, and we went to see. And behold at the end of the garden was a tank some fifteen feet square, with water running through it, and overhead, as a protection against the sun, vines laden with pendent bunches of grapes, forming, as it were, a ceiling to the bath. This was delightful, and I bathed with joy. Now after a bath a man needs refreshments of some kind. "*Como no?*" was the invariable reply; and I was shown into a bar-room, where I found a greater variety of deleterious drinks than you would meet with in similar establishments in Europe or the United States, and yet Los Andes does not boast 3,5000 inhabitants. Thus fortified and rejuvenated, I was prepared to dine, and I succeeded in dining very fairly, drank good Chilian wine, had a pleasant talk with my friend Don Honorio and other gentlemen, and after dinner took a walk on the plaza, where there was a zealous but inferior orchestra playing for the distraction of "all Los Andes," represented by a few officers, employes, and shop-keepers, a dozen ladies wearing Parisian hats that were the fashion a year ago, and a few score modest natives, the women wearing black shawls drawn mantillawise over their heads, and the men draped in "ponchos," and sheltered from indiscreet eyes by broad-brimmed white straw hats with black strings tied under the chin.—*Theodore Child, in Harper's Magazine.*

THE NEWSPAPER OF TO-DAY.

The Helper of Religion, Science, Education, and all Good Works.

No publisher or editor pretends that he risks his capital, gives time, labor, thought, and care to the making of a newspaper, for charity's sake. He publishes his journal as the book publisher publishes his book—for profit as a means of living or making a fortune. Publishing a newspaper is strictly business, though there is no other business on the face of the earth of which philanthropy and patriotism are so large a part.

The newspaper is the helper of the church and the school, of religion, science, literature, art, industry agriculture—of everything which concerns the good of society and the State. It is the very prop and stay of charity and public spirit; the most potent enemy of public wrong or injustice; and it must be so necessarily, as it is public sentiment reflected in type. The newspaper depends for its success upon popular favor, and the aim of every one connected with it is that of winning popular favor by running upon parallel lines with public morality. To say that the newspaper is published for money is to say no harm of it. It has passed into a universal maxim that "the church lives by the altar"—by the contribution which the faithful lay upon the altar. And it is true, and it is not discreditable. The newspaper press is generally as high in morals and intelligence as the public conscience and mind; higher than that it can never be permanently, as it must be what society demands it shall be. As a matter of fact, it frequently runs ahead, temporarily, of public sentiment that destroys public wrongs; it often secures justice by proclaiming the injustice.

The press is not without its faults, but venality or untruth for money's sake is not one of them. Its worst fault is its partisan prejudice, its inability to perceive that the newspaper that serves its country best serves its party best. It does not lie for pelf, but it does, for political expediency's sake, too often fail to recognize the truth. It is not unclean for money's sake, nor sensational for profit's sake, though it may too often blunder into the mire or into sensationalism through want of good judgment. The press of the United States—and we speak, of course, of that great body of reputable newspapers which really constitute the press—is just what readers of high of average intelligence and morals make it, and it rises day by day to higher planes of intelligence and morality.

To make the best, the truthfullest, the cleanest newspaper, all other things being equal, is to make the most profitable one. That is the experience of every publisher and responsible editor of a great and pecuniarily successful public journal. The press will always have its adverse critics, who if run to the earth will be found to be some unworthy discarded members of it, or those with whom the press has had to deal more in justice than in mercy. As to its defense against mendacious criticism, it is making it daily; for it is compelling the testimony of scores of millions of readers to its usefulness, its public spirit, its intelligence, and its morality.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

War's Awful Carnage.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee of Virginia, when in Washington a short while ago, told quite an interesting story about the greatest fatality of the war in proportion to the number of troops engaged. He was telling about Congressman Carlton as an artillerist in the war.

"When Gen. Sedgwick's corps," he said, "surprised our troops by crossing the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, and capturing a regiment and a half of Gen. Barksdale's Mississippi brigade and a portion of the Washington artillery stationed on Marle's Heights, this cut off from our main line that small portion of our troops stationed between Fredericksburg and Hamilton's crossing, on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad. Among these troops so cut off was a battery of artillery in position just opposite Deep Bottom Run, on the Rappahannock River, and far in advance of that portion of our line.

"A brigade of Sedgwick's corps, which had crossed the river at Deep Bottom Run, discovering the position of this battery and seeing that it was unsupported by and cut off from the main line of our troops, marched upon it preparatory to charging and capturing it.

"The Captain commanding this battery, who is now Congressman Carlton of Georgia, discovering the movement of the enemy, at once realized the situation, and knew full well that to attempt to retreat in face of the enemy would result in the capture and loss of his battery, promptly, although entirely unsupported, moved his guns forward, meeting the advancing brigade, and when in easy canister range poured a volley into the enemy's ranks, which staggered and drove them back.

"Reforming, they advanced again, when Carlton repeated the dose with the same success.

"Attempting a third time to charge the battery, and seeing the resolute determination of Carlton and his men not to yield the field, they rushed pell mell into an adjoining ravine, when the artillerist turned his guns upon them in their hiding place, and scarcely a man was left to tell the tale.

"The official report made a few days afterward by the Federal officer in command of the brigade, as to the loss in this engagement, was about 1,000 killed and wounded. The loss sustained by Carlton's battery was remarkably slight."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Justin S. Morrill, the father of the senate, is now eighty years of age. Both in years and in consecutive service he is the oldest senator.

THE WILD HONEY BEE.

They Are Creatures of Civilization—Their Habits and Peculiarities.

That abrupt and positive insect know as the honey-bee is eminently a creature of civilization. It finds neither pleasure nor profit in savagery, and when you note one of these indefatigable individuals unloading some rich flower, you may be sure that church and the school-house are not far away. There are certain forms of animal and vegetable life which flourish only in concert with civilization. The bees have been mentioned, and, as sample of the latter, white clover, which may be termed the national food of the honey-bee, might be pointed to. The honey-bee has a requirement which confines its range to the timbered districts. It must have some hollow tree for residence purposes.

As long as civilization, literally speaking, was in the woods, the bee went with it. The earlier settlers and the bee were hand in hand, and the former plundered the latter and the latter stung the former with equal persistency through all the changing seasons of the year. The Indians realized in the advent of the bee the beginning of their end. They knew it was the forerunner of their fate; but nevertheless employed themselves in earnest quest of the honey it was known to represent, and for which dripping sweet commodity the aboriginal relish was great. Western Missouri was perhaps the greatest bee country that ever existed. It was here that the tree growth found its last expression in the sparse and scrubby oak openings which, in happy alteration of tree and grass and sunlight, afforded vast fields for bee ambition to unfold itself. It was here, too, the bee said good-bye to the white man as he was pushed out on the prairie. Here the trees ceased and here perforce the bees ceased also. They could go no further. So, as year followed year, with new communities of bees following hard the old, and all checked and held by the eastern boundary of the treeless plains, there came at last a day in these parts when a bee was swinging on every clover bloom and every hollow tree possessed its buzzing commonwealth.

Bee-hunting came into furious fashion. The method was simple and primitive. A bee working on some flower was captured. A little fluffy patch of cotton was fastened to its back with paste of honey. He was released and his flight narrowly watched. One of the most worthy characteristics of this admirable insect became the basis of overthrow. A honey bee means business. Nothing of the jocular, the loiterer or the gossip bides in its make-up. Whenever arrived the time for home, the bee proceeded thither in a straight line. There was no turning in at this place to see a man or stopping at that to get a drink. It took the shortest and directest route and made a bee-line of it. So was its strength its weakness. The bee-hunter got his direction from the flight of the bee and usually had but little difficulty in walking straight to the tree. It was then felled with an ax and its store of comb honey taken possession of. The bees of the tree attacked made little resistance. The catastrophe seemed to leave them in a state of bewilderment and daze, and they either buzzed aimlessly about or collected in a pendant huddle, clinging to some bough. The few who attempted to interfere with the spoiler at his work were easily disposed of with a little "smudge" of the leaves.

No sooner would a bee tree fall than bees from rival communities at once put in a cheerful appearance and worked away like so many enthusiastic wreckers on some Cornish coast to complete to their own profit the despoliation of their neighbors. As to whether the bees were taught this lesson by man, or the latter gained it from the bees there is some difference of learned opinion, and no attempt will be made to settle the question here, but sure it is there was something sadly human in the promptitude with which the disaster of the one was made the advantage of the other.

Pittsburg Smokers.

"Talking about that apology for a smoke, the Pittsburg stogie, reminds me of a peculiar experience I had with that article some years ago," said an old-time cigar drummer at the Continental Hotel to a Philadelphia *Inquirer* reporter. "I was traveling for a Philadelphia house that made a fine line of goods only and had met with only indifferent success. I was looking forward to Pittsburg as a kind of El Dorado and imagined sales of great magnitude in the Smoky City. I arrived in the evening and immediately started out to interview the trade. About the first place I struck was a prosperous looking cigar store, but I noticed that among the stock the stogie seemed to predominate. I presented my card to the proprietor, talked up my stock and firm to him in great shape, but did not seem to be making any great headway.

The proprietor assured me that he was full up, but said he would look over my samples the following morning if I would stop in. While I was talking to him endeavoring to prolong the conversation, a gentleman walked in who immediately impressed me as being one of the solid men of the town. He had that unmistakable sleek and well-fed air of fortune's favorite. Walking up to the counter he selected four stogies and lit one, laid down a 5-cent piece and walked out.

"'Do you know who that is?' asked the proprietor of me. I replied in the negative. "'Why, that's Phipps, Andrew Carnegie's partner,' was the astounding assertion. I was completely flabbergasted. That was the mutest and yet the most convincing argument I ever had to withstand. Without a word I closed up my grip and took the next train out of town. I had come to the very natural conclusion that if men worth $20,000,000 took their smokes at four for five I did not stand much show with the plebeian smokers."

Alexel Platschejow, the poor but famous Russian poet who was sentenced to death in 1849, partially pardoned by Nicholas and restored to his privileges by Alexander II., has just become incredibly wealthy by the death of a kinsman.

FULL DRESS ALONG THE NILE.

Curious Usages and Dress Among the Various Tribes.

A few miles in an uncivilized country makes a very great difference in the dress, or, one might say, the fashions of the dress of a native tribe. The Dor inhabit the Nile district just above the equator in Central Africa, and although the Kytch and other tribes enjoy a state of perfect nudity other than the climatic covering of grease and dust, the people of the Dor for that reason look down upon them with contempt, a reason that would probably not be apparent to a visitor entering that village. It may be said to be a distinction rather than a difference. The men and the unmarried women wear a small apron of leather, which hangs behind them, but which, upon the appearance of a stranger, whether native or white, is immediately turned in front of them as a mark of respect. If it is desired to affront the visitor it is left hanging behind.

When the marriage takes place there is no ceremony to speak of, but the change in the social state of the woman is noted by a change in her costume. Every morning the married woman steps into the adjacent forest, where there are abundance of creepers and evergreens with close-matted foliage, and with these she forms her dress. A tendril passed through the girdle in front forms a thick mat of leaves, and then several long ones are selected, which are fastened to the apron behind, so that they form a leafy train of ample dimensions, and so fulfill all the purposes of clothing. With these picturesque trains, they perambulate from hut to hut in the everlasting gossip that is the vital essence of their being; many of them also loaded down with ornaments which a man would not care to carry for a day through, consisting of heavy strings of beads around their waists and necks, the most valuable being beads as large as pigeons' eggs. Heavy strings of beads depend from their ears, and on their wrists and round their ankles they wear bangles, made simply of iron bars cut to the proper length and bent around the limb. Some of these are fully an inch thick and quite solid, so that their united weight is more than a trifle. Their huts and the streets of the village are miracles of cleanliness.

John L. Sullivan on Boston.

John L. hasn't the highest respect for Boston. "Why!" he exclaimed to a reporter, tossing the butt of his cigar into a cuspidor, "if the papers were to show up Boston politics as they have done New York and Chicago politics, officers would go to jail for the rest of their natural born lives. The law that makes a man sit down to drink in a Boston saloon will be repealed. They have the bar fenced in, and instead of taking a drink and going, a man sits down, a bottle of whisky is brought to him and he drinks himself silly. And the saloons are closed Sunday so that a man who wants a drink on that day has to take home a quart of whisky or a barrel of beer. Boston is full of cranks; that's the trouble. Cranks and hypocrites. I ain't got any use for them. They go to church, not to hear what the minister says, but just to be thought pious and to look around and pipe off the bonnets and dresses of the other hypocrites. Then they go off and booze, or anything else. I've no use for them."

THE DUDE.

The dude is like a match, because its head is the light end.

It is like a man without legs because it has no visible means of support.

It is like Mother Eve, because it fosters cane.

It is like a woman scaring chickens, because it uses absurd shoes.

It is like the noise made by an omnibus because it is of no earthly use.

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GOD'S ANVIL.

Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow.
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper: As God will!
And in His hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
In His own fair shape to beat it
With His great hammer blow on blow
And yet I whisper: As God will!
And at His heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it,
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,
And lets it cool and makes it glow;
And yet I whisper: As God will!
And in His mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? For the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be;
Its end may come, and will to-morrow,
When God has done His work in me;
So I say, trusting: As God will!
And trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing, fiery braud;
And all His heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a master's hand;
So I say, praying: As God will!
And hope in Him, and suffer still.

—From the German.

LOVE IN STEEL BRACELETS.



N Cheyenne's early days the sheriff was one of the most important personages in the country. In fact he still holds a conspicuous position in most cities of the vigorous, impetuous west.

Some years ago, Sheriff Black, of Cheyenne, was much annoyed by the persistence and determination o sundry suitors for the hand of his fair daughter, Miss Helen.

As is always the case in mining districts, the male population far outnumbered the gentler sex, and Miss Helen, who was a handsome brunette, would have been a belle among far severer critics than the youth of Cheyenne.

She had graduated at St. Louis, and besides being a gifted musician was a devout worshiper of nature and fond of outdoor exercise.

Almost any fine evening in summer a passer by might hear her rich mezzo voice accompanying her guitar to some ringing "ballad of the plains."

Unconscious was she of the fact that the melody floated out from the shadows of the cottonwood trees and mingled with the broad, effulgent moonlight, and that many a luckless youth darted a hopeless love from the first evening when he had dropped in to help the sheriff and the old servants in making an audience.

Miss Helen cared little for the admiration of men, but accepted it as a matter of course, having been brought up among them. She enjoyed herself in a fashion of her own, with her books, guitar, sketch book, and her spirited horse, Wildfire.

Two of her lovers, however, seemed to gain more favor than the rest. In fact, popular opinion was puzzled as to which would win.

One of them was a tall, athletic young Westerner, who was as bright and invigorating of presence as the air he breathed, and in whose clear blue eyes not a shadow of deceit was visible. Handsome, for true, but so sturdy and independent that he impressed one as a young giant.

He was an ardent geologist, could analyze a "find" as well as an expert, loved his mountains and worshiped—Miss Helen.

But with all his devotion Joe was a discreet young fellow, and held his curly head up in defiance of mankind in general and his rival in particular, and he never let fair Helen feel too sure of her conquest.

The aforesaid rival was a wealthy young mine owner from Chicago—all that is conveyed in the term "a polished gentleman!" He had laughed heartly when, on departing for his new home, his Chicago friends had jokingly predicted that he would lose his heart to some Western beauty. But here he was, eager to lay his fate and fortune at the feet of the sheriff's queenly daughter.

One bright, breezy day in September Helen cantered off soon after dinner with her sketching material, ostensibly to make some sketches of the autumn scenery, but really to commune with nature, the only mother she had ever known, and to decide what answer she should give on the morrow to her wealthy lover, who that day had asked her to be his wife. She told him that she must read her own heart before she could answer, and he hoped for a favorable reply.

Joe had been offended by one of her hasty speeches a week before. They were talking about Russell, and she had asserted somewhat warmly that she knew of no one whose society she preferred. As soon as the impulsive words were spoken she repented, but Joe rode away with a look in his blue eyes that had haunted her ever since.

Somehow Joe's haughty head, flung back like a stag at bay, kept looming up before her mental vision, when duty demanded that she be thinking of Russell and his flattering offer.

The hours wore on, and so preoccupied was she that she did not observe the heavy clouds that were rolling black and massive down the mountain sides.

Suddenly a large drop splashed in her face, and she looked about her in alarm. A heavy equinoctial storm seemed almost upon her.

Wildfire sprang forward at the touch of the whip, and literally flew in the direction of the house.

The great clouds were rolling over the hills like giant ogres clad in mist. Thunder and sharp, vivid lightning followed, and then the deluge.

Wildfire dashed on until they came to the creek, and then the girl drew back in dismay.

The creek was a foaming torrent, and she could not see the bridge.

Suddenly she heard a man's voice shouting to her, and in a few minutes Joe on his tough little mustang was beside her. He wore a buffalo overcoat and threw a large cloak of her own about her shoulders. She did not wait to ask how he happened to come for her. She forgot that he was angry and hurt. She reached out her firm, white hand and caught Joe's extended fingers, and side by side the two horses were urged across the bridge.

They galloped home in silence, and when they reached there and Helen stepped into the friendly shelter of the broad veranda she noted the fact that Joe led both horses to the stable and put them up.

Half an hour later Joe, arrayed in Sheriff Black's dressing gown and slippers (articles brought by Miss Helen from the east), was explaining to the rosy, demure young mistress of the house that her father had been called suddenly to the next town, and might not return before early morning. "He asked me to keep a sort of lookout over the place, and when I rode over to ask you to invite me to tea and found you gone, I hastened after you."

This speech over, an embarrassed silence followed. It was broken by Joe, who looked straight at his hostess and said:

"If I am intruding, Miss Nellie, why, just give the word and I'll go."

Helen assured him in a constrained sort of way that she was glad of company, and went out to prepare the little supper herself, for in those days as now, servants were rare and insufficent in the west.

After supper, in an awkward pause of conversation, Joe took up a little case from the table and began examining its contents—A bright new pair of hand cuffs.

They were a new kind just from the east, and Helen began explaining the spring lock which opened with a skeleton key.

Somehow one of the bands was on Joe's wrist as he slipped the other bright circlet over her firm, white hand, when, lo! the lock snapped and they were locked together.

Helen blushed crimson and commenced searching for the key in nervous haste.

But no key was to be found. Suddenly the truth dawned upon her. The key was in her father's pocket and he was on the other side of Crow creek, which was now a foaming torrent and dangerous to cross in the storm and darkness.

She tried to smile and treat the matter lightly, but it was just the ghost of a smile, and it was a very doleful voice that said: "I am afraid, Mr. Gordon, that we must break the lock. Father has the key."

Joe felt tempted to indulge in a hearty laugh over their queer situation, but a glance at the distressed face across the table sobered his mirth. A great throb of sorrow came over him. If she loved him she would not care so much.

He gazed at the shining fetter on her wrist so long and so earnestly that Helen lifted her eyes wonderingly, but dropped them again.

What woman ever failed to read the story that she saw in the honest blue depth of her humble young giant's eyes?

Her confusion encouraged Joe, but there was almost a tremor in his voice as he laid his great brown hand over her fettered one and said softly: "Nell, if you only loved me I would believe that it was fate that bound us together. I would take it as an omen that fate would grant me my dearest wish. But, Nellie, I dare not hope."

The girl looked up slowly into her lover's eyes; looked steadily though she still saw that look in them: "Joe," she said, "it is fate."

The cool and cultured Mr. Russell would have marveled had he seen "that queenly girl" sobbing for very joy on Joe Gordon's shoulder, and, perhaps, he would have marveled still more had he known at that moment the thought of him and his millions did not once enter her mind.

When the sheriff returned in the gray of the morning he found an interesting picture.

The lamp still burned in the corner and the fire was smoldering away. On the broad lounge by the fireplace sat Helen and her lover. She had fallen asleep from sheer weariness, and Joe sat like a statue lest he might disturb the fair sleeper whose cheek was so near his own.

The old gentleman's face was a study. When the truth dawned upon him, he flung himself into the nearest chair and laughed until he waked the echoes—likewise Miss Helen.

She was first bewildered by her novel position, but soon remembered the true situation and relapsed into silence, leaving Joe to tell the story.

"And now, sheriff," concluded he, "you may loose these fetters with the understanding that they will soon be replaced by more enduring ones. I must not let my prisoner escape."

Helen's father had always liked young Gordon, and his blessings was forthcoming.

The announcement of the approaching nuptial gave Mr. Russell a conclusive answer, and he settled up his affairs in short order and returned east.

The old sheriff used to tell with great gusto how Gordon won his perverse daughter and how gracefully she wore her fetters after she was won.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Brave Woman.

More than a score of years ago a party of Americans were traveling in Spain, there were eight of them—four men and four women—and one night they found themselves in a little hostelry containing one bed, in which the four women slept, with the bare floor for the four men, who found the necessary room to lie down in by utilizing the space under the bed for their feet. Just as the party were dropping off into their first doze the youngest woman felt something soft and warm moving in the straw of the tick beneath her. She awaited a moment to make sure, and then as it began a passage up one side of her body she gave a jump that landed her clear over by the opposite wall, and got ready to scream.

"What is it?" came from the doctor on the floor.

"There is a rat or a snake in the bed," she whispered excitedly.

The doctor sat up. "Nonsense!" he said. "I tell you there is. It is in the straw of the tick. And it crept up my leg."

"Well," asked the doctor calmly, "suppose there is an animal there. What are you going to do about it?"

"Do? Why I'm going to get the girls out and open the tick and take the creature out. You don't "suppose I'm going to sleep all night with a snake coiling around under me, do you?"

Now, see here," expostulated the doctor, "let's reason about this thing. It can't be a snake, it's probably a rat; and it's inside the ticking and it can't get out. It can't possibly harm you. And by and by the warmth of your body will make it drowsy, and it will curl down and go to sleep. So much for the rat.

"Now, here we are—eight of us tired out. Nobody knows about the rat but us two. Now are you going to be selfish enough to wake these six people up, turn the girls out of their bed—they will scream, too, till they are black in the face—make us men take all the straw out of the tick—nearly a whole night's performance—just because you have got hysterical over a harmless little creature?

"Now, be a sensible girl, get back into bed and let me get to sleep again. When the rat gets to sleep you will too. Just try it."

If it is ever given to a man to be eloquent it is when he is pleading for his own comfort, and the doctor was just a man after all. His persuasiveness won. The young woman crept timidly back, and lay with clenched fists and tightly shut eyes, while the little creature nestled uneasily about, and finally crept close to her side under the ticking and curled down to sleep. Sure enough the doctor was right. And pretty soon she did go to sleep, too, and only waked with the morning to tell the other women of their fifth bedfellow, and how she saved them from an overwhelming fright.

And the girls quite turned her head with their ohs! and ahs! And the doctor said she was pretty sensible for a woman. And she sometimes tells the story even today. "But was it a rat after all?" the listener is sure to ask when she is done. And she also likes to answer, "It is my chiefest glory in the whole affair that I left the inn in an hour without speaking of the matter, and to this day I do not know whether I slept with a rat, or a kitten, or a snake."—New York Evening Sun.

Wild Western Justice.

In one of the frontier settlements in the wild west a German cobbler was elected police justice. His reputation as an honest toiler was well established, but his legal knowledge and sense of humor were so far of unknown quantities.

One of his first cases was that of a tough citizen who was duly arraigned for a breach of the peace. The justice heard the evidence in the case and pronounced sentence of three months in jail. This so enraged the defendant that he ended in a vigorous abuse of the court by promising to call on him promptly that day three months and prepare for a first-class funeral. The judge heard this abuse silently, and then, without any emotion, cogitated as follows:

"Vell, you kills me to day three months ago, vill you? Let me see. This is Aug. 1. Three months vill be Nov. 1. Thanksgiving vill be the 25th. I vill miss my thanksgiving dinner. Christmas is next. I vill miss Christmas too. Six months from Aug. 1 vill be Shanuary. I makes it six months, and den you kills me, vill it? You shust go right avay to jail six months, and then I see you any more I shust shoot you so full of lead it vill take von steam derrick to lift you down to your grave. You hear me?"

The six months were up long ago, and the justice still sits upon his cobbler's bench when not dispensing justice from his official seat. The tough citizen is presumably herding cattle in Arizona.

WHAT LACK YE?

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON UPON LIFE'S ESSENTIALS.

To Be a Christian the All-Important Requirement.—The Poverty of a World Without Christ.—An Appeal to Young Men.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 1—The deep religious feeling manifested in Dr. Talmage's congregations since his recent arousing "Appeal to Outsiders," has apparently encouraged him to continue preaching distinctively evangelistic sermons. Today he delivered another discourse of the same Gospel type, both at the morning service in the Academy of Music in this city, and at night in the New York Academy of Music. His text was taken from Mark 10. 21.—"One thing thou lackest."

The young man of the text was a splendid nature. We fall in love with him at the first glance. He was amiable, and frank, and earnest, and educated, and refined, and respectable, and moral, and yet he was not a Christian. And so Christ addresses him in the words that I have read to you, "One thing thou lackest." I suppose that that text was no more appropriate to the young man of whom I have spoken than it is appropriate to a great multitude of people in this audience. There are many things in which you are no lacking. For instance, you are not lacking in a good home. It is, perhaps, not more than an hour ago that you closed the door, returning to see whether it was well fastened, of one of the best homes in this city. The younger children of the house already asleep, the older ones, hearing your returning footsteps, will rush to the door to meet you. And in these winter evenings, the children at the stand with their lessons, the wife plying the needle, and you reading the book or the paper, you feel that you have a good home. Neither are you lacking in the refinements and courtesies of life. You understand the polite phraseology of invitation, regard and apology. You have on appropriate apparel.

Neither are you lacking in worldly success. You have not made as much money as you would like to make, but you have an income. While others are false when they say they have no income or are making no money, you have never told that falsehood. You have had a livelihood or you have fallen upon old resources, which is just the same thing, for God is just as good to us when he takes care of us by a surplus of the past as by present success. While there are thousands of men with hunger tearing at the throat with the strength of a tiger's paw, not one of you is hungry. Neither are you lacking in pleasant friendship. You have real good friends. If the scarlet fever should come tonight to your house, you know very well who would come in and sit up with the sick one; or, if death should come, you know who would come in and take your hand tight in theirs with that peculiar grip which means, "I'll stand by you," and after the life has fled from the loved one, take you by the arm and lead you into the next room, and while you are gone to Greenwood they would stay in the house and put aside the garments and the playthings that might bring to your mind too severely your great loss. Friends? You all have friends.

Neither are you lacking in your admiration of the Christian religion. There is nothing that makes you so angry as to have a man malign Christ. You get red in the face, and you say, "Sir, I want you to understand that though I am not myself a Christian, I don't like such things said as that in my store," and the man goes off giving you a parting salutation, but you hardly answer him. You are provoked beyond all bounds. Many of you have been supporters of religion and have given more to the cause of Christ than some who profess his faith. There is nothing that would please you more than to see your son or daughter standing at the altar of Christ, taking the vows of the Christian. It might be a little hard on you, and might make you nervous and agitated for a little while, but you would be man enough to say: "My child, that is right. Go on. I am glad you haven't been kept back by my example. I hope some day to join you." You believe all the doctrines of religion. A man out yonder says: "I am a sinner." You respond: "So am I." Some one says: "I believe that Christ came to save the world." You say: "So do I." Looking at your character, at your surroundings, I find a thousand things about which to congratulate you; and yet I must tell you in the love and fear of God, and with reference to my last account, "One thing thou lackest."

I remark again that you lack the element of usefulness. Where is your business? You say it is No. 45 such a street, or No. 260 such a street, or No. 300 such a street. My friend immortal, your business is wherever there is a tear to be wiped away or a soul to be saved. You may, before coming to Christ, do a great many noble things. You take a loaf of bread to that starving man in the alley; but he wants immortal bread. You take a pound of candles to that dark shanty. They want the light that springs from the throne of God, and you cannot take it because you have it not in your own heart. You know that the flight of an arrow depends very much upon the strength of the bow, and I have to tell you that the best bow that was ever made was made out of the cross of Christ; and when religion takes a soul and puts it on that, and pulls it back and lets it fly, every time it brings down a Saul or Goliath. There are people here of high social position, and large means, and cultured minds, who, if they would come into the kingdom of God, would set the city on fire with religious awakening. But we all have a work to do. I cannot do your work, nor can you do my work. God points us out the place where we are to serve, and yet are there not people in this house who are thirty, forty, fifty and sixty years of age, and yet have not begun the great work for which they were created? With every worldly equipment: "One thing thou lackest."

Again, you lack the element of personal safety. Where are those people who associated with you twenty years ago? Where are those people that fifteen years ago used to cross South Ferry, or Fulton Ferry, with you, to New York? Walk down the street where you were in business fifteen years ago, and see how all the signs have changed. Where are the people gone? How many of them are landed in eternity I cannot say, but many, many. I went to the village of my boyhood. The houses were all changed. I passed one house in which once resided a man who had lived an earnest, useful life, and he is in glory now. In the next house a miser lived. He devoured widows' houses, and spent his whole life in trying to make the world worse and worse. And he is gone—the good man and the miser both gone to the same place. Ah, did they go to the same place? It is an infinite absurdity to suppose them both in the same place. If the miser had a harp, what tune did he play on it? O my friends I commend to you this religion as the only personal safety. When you die, where are you going to? When we leave all these scenes upon what scenes will we enter? When we were on shipboard and we all felt that we must go to the bottom, was I right in saying to one next me: "I wonder if we will reach Heaven if we do go down tonight." Was I wise or unwise in asking that question? I tell you that man is a fool who never thinks of the great future.

I apply my subject to several classes of people before me. First, to that great multitude of young people in this house. Some of these young men are in boarding-houses. They have but few social advantages. They think that no one cares for their souls. Many of them are on small salaries, and they are cramped and bothered perpetually, and sometimes their heart fails them. Young man, tonight, at your bedroom door on the third floor, you will hear a knocking. It will be the hand of Jesus Christ, the young man's friend, saying: "O, young man, let me come in; I will comfort thee, I will deliver thee." Take the bible out of the trunk, if it has been hidden away. If you have not the courage to lay it on the shelf or table, take that Bible that was given to you by some loved one, take it out of the trunk and lay it down on the bottom of the chair, then kneel down beside it, and read and pray, and pray and read, until all your disturbance is gone, and you feel that peace which neither earth nor hell can rob you of. Thy father's God, thy mother's God, waits for thee. O young man, "Escape for thy life!" Escape now! "One thing thou lackest!"

But I apply this subject to the aged. O father of the weary step, O mother, bent down under the ailments of life, has thy God ever forsaken thee? Through all these years, who has been your best friend? Seventy years of mercies! Seventy years of food and clothing! O, how many bright mornings! How many glorious evening hours you have seen! O father, mother, God has been very good to you. Do you feel it? Some of you have children and grandchildren; the former cheered your young life, the latter twine your gray locks in their fingers. Has all the goodness that God has been making pass before you produced no change in your feelings, and must it be said of you, notwithstanding all this: "One thing thou lackest?"

I must make application of this subject, also, to those who are prospered. Have you, my friends, found that dollars and cents are no permanent consolation to the soul? You have large worldly resources but have you no treasures in heaven? Is an embroidered pillow all that you want to put you dying head on? You have heard people all last week talk about earthly values. Hear a plain man talk about the heavenly. Do you not know it will be worse for you, O prosposed man, if you reject Christ, and reject him finally—that it will be worse for you than those who had it hard in this world, because the contrast will make the discomfiture so much more appalling? As the hart bounds for the water brooks, as the roe speeds down the hill-side, speed thou to Christ. "Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain lest thou be consumed!"

I must make my application to another class of persons—the poor. When you cannot pay your rent when it is due, have you nobody but the landlord to talk to? When the flour has gone out of the barrel, and you have not ten cents with which to go to the bakery, and your children are tugging at your dress for something to eat, have you nothing but the world's charities to appeal to? When winter comes, and there are no coals, and the ash-barrels have no more cinders, who takes care of you? Have you nobody but the overseer of the poor? But I preach to you a poor man's Christ. If you do not have in the winter blankets enough to cover you in the night, I want to tell you of him who had not where to lay his head. If you lie on the bare floor, I want to tell you of him who had for a pillow a hard cross, and whose foot-bath was the streaming blood of his own heart. O you poor man! O you poor woman! Jesus understands your case altogether. Talk it right out to him tonight. Get down on your floor and say: "Lord Jesus Christ, Thou wast poor and I am poor. Help me. Thou art rich now, and bring me up to Thy riches!" Do you think God would cast you off? Will he? You might as well think that a mother would take the child that feeds on her breast and dash its life out, as to think that God would put aside roughly those who have fled to him for pity and compassion. Yea, the prophet says: "A woman may forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb, but I will not forget thee."

If you have ever been on the sea, you have been surprised in the first voyage to find there are so few sails in sight. Sometimes you go along two, three, four, five, six and seven days, and do not see a single sail; but when a vessel does come in sight, the sea glasses are lifted to the eye, the vessel is watched, and if it come very near, then the captain, through the trumpet, cries loudly across the water: "Whither bound?" So you and I meet on this sea of life. We come and we go. Some of us have never met before. Some of us will never meet again. But I hail you across the sea, and with reference to the last great day, and with reference to the two great worlds, I cry across the water: "Whither bound? Whither bound?" I know what service that craft was made for, but hast thou thrown overboard the compass? Is there no helm to guide it? Is there no gun of distress booming through the storm? With priceless treasures—with treasures aboard worth more than all the Indies—wilt thou never come up out of the trough of that sea? O Lord God, lay hold of that man! Son of God, if thou wert ever needed anywhere, Thou art needed here. There are so many sins to be pardoned. There are so many wounds to be healed. There are so many souls to be saved. Help, Jesus! Help, Holy Ghost! Help, ministering angels from the throne! Help, all sweet memories of the past! Help all prayers for our future deliverance! O, that now, in this the accepted time and the day of salvation, you would hear the voice of mercy and live. Taste and see that the Lord is gracious. In this closing moment of the service, when everything in the house is so favorable, when everything is so still, when God is so loving, and heaven is so near, drop your sins, and take Jesus. Do not cheat yourself out of heaven. Do not do that. God forbid that at the last, when it is too late to correct the mistake, a voice should rise from the pillow, or drop from the throne, uttering just four words—four sad annihilating words: "One thing thou lackest."

By George Bancroft's will congress has the refusal of his historical collections.

The United States revenue cutter Bear is being fitted for sea at San Francisco.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

The average age of eighty-four Congregational ministers who died last year is given at 71 years.

A singular religious sect has become prominent in and around Zewnckau, Saxony. Its members predict the speedy coming of the end of the world. They are so confident of the correctness of their faith that they decline to work or engage in any business. They spend their time in watching and prayer.

Bishop John P. Newman is to take a prominent part in the quarter-centennial Methodist jubilee, to be held at New Orleans. It was in 1864 that Dr. New man was first sent to New Orleans by Bishop Scott at the request of President Lincoln to take charge of the Methodist churhes in that region. The celebration will be held in the largest hall in New Orleans and Bishop Newman will be the orator of the day. He will speak on "The Future of the Negro Race."

An Episcopal minister has been giving to the public his opinion of the Salvation army. He asks "whether anybody could imagine Jesus Christ as an officer of such a remarkable organization!" To this the London Christian World answers that there are those who would at once reply that they could just as soon imagine Jesus Christ as a Salvation army officer toiling among the poor as they could imagine Him a bishop or an archbishop, with his £5,000 or £15,000 a year and a seat in the house of lords.

THE BUSKIN-WEARERS.

Gossip has it that Den Thompson will retire from the stage at the end of this season.

Patti has arranged for a tour in Russia. She has also signed with Sig. Lago to sing in opera next season in London.

George Thatcher is not afraid of No. 13, and truthfully says that no matter how superstitious a man may be he would rather have $14 than $12.

Mme. Modjeska was not allowed to play in Warsaw for fear her reappearance there would stir up Polish patriotism that would be inimical to Russia.

Marie Wilt, the opera singer, has just endowed the city of Gratz with a fund of 100,000 florins to be used in the support of students of music who are poor.

Lillian Russell made her first appearance as a chorus girl in one of E. E. Rice's companies at $10 a week. Tony Pastor heard her sing one afternoon and discovered that she possessed a voice of marvelous power and purity. Mr. Pastor offered her an engagement at $15 per week, which she gladly accepted. Being a beautiful girl with a fine figure he introduced her to his patrons as a serio-comic and she made an instantaneous hit. Then she essayed leading parts in small operas. At the time she left Mr. Pastor's management she was receiving $250 a week. If Miss Russell was not an American she would receive $1,000 a night.

USEFUL SUGGESTIONS.

Always use a little vinegar in anything made with molasses.

One tablespoonful of soft butter, well rounded, weighs just one ounce.

When obliged to take unpleasant medicine hold a bit of alum in the mouth first, and the dose will not be minded at all.

A small piece of fresh lime put in to boil with watery potatoes will make them, it is said, perfectly dry and mealy.

A lamp may be kept from smoking if the wick is soaked in strong vinegar and dried well before using. It will then burn clearly and give much satisfaction for the trifling trouble taken to prepare it.

THE CZAR'S PEOPLE.

Gatchina, the Czar's home, contains 700 rooms.

The ministry of education has adopted a plan to promote popular education in Bessarabia. Schools will be established and teachers maintained at the expense of the government in all the towns of that region.

A railroad will be built in the Caucasus along the coast of the Black sea. It will run from Vladikavkas to Baku, over Grozny, Petrovsk, Derbent and Kooba. There is also a project for a line to be built from Vladikavkas to Tiflis.

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THE FARM AND HOME.

A HALF-HOUR WITH AGRICULTURAL EXCHANGES.

Something About the Silk-Worm Mulberry—Breaking a Colt—Mulching in Winter—Raising Onions—Farm and Stock Notes.

The Silk-Worm Mulberry.

Since the formation of the Women's Silk Culture association, now several years ago, a great deal of interest has been excited in the silk worm industry. Plants are sent free to those who give proper guarantee that they will cultivate them for the purpose specified. The association started right at first, by deciding on the use of the Morus alba, the white mulberry, as the proper one for the purpose, and they have adhered to the sending out of this one alone, despite the well-meant but mistaken advice of some persons to use the multicaulis, or some other one differing from the alba. It is said that the silk from worms fed on the leaves of the multicaulis is finer than that from those fed on the alba. While this may be so, it is well known to those familiar with the subject that multicaulis-fed worms do not long continue healthy. This was why the industry came to an end many years ago, when the craze known to Philadelphians as the "multicaulis fever" raged. Though there were many who went into the business from excitement alone, believing that it offered a large field for great profits, there was nothing then to prevent its paying a fair profit, excepting that the wrong kind of mulberry was used. There was something in the multicaulis which did not agree with the worms. They sickened and died, and this it was which brought the business to an end. The explanation given for the lack of fitness of the plant was, that as it was but a variety and not a true species, it could not be raised from seeds, but had to be increased by cuttings and layers. The excessive propagation the demand called for so weakened the plants that they became sickly, and thus caused a lack of health in the worms; and no doubt this was the cause of failure. The mulberry now used is raised from seeds, which insures a healthy tree to start with. The stripping of the leaves to feed the worms, of course injures the trees to some extent. The wisest way is to set out enough trees, that one set can be left entirely alone every other year. Even then the trees in use should only be partially stripped, as, if wholly defoliated, it is almost death to them. Osage orange leaves can be fed to the silk-worm, but are not to be recommended, as they produce a coarse silk. As said above, the common white mulberry, Morus alba, has been found the best of all trees that have been tried.

Onions.

Take one year with another the onion crop is about as profitable a crop as the small farmer or the market gardener can grow. The market gardener, however, would not grow them in the same way nor sell them in the same condition that the small farmer would. He would raise small onion sets and these he would pull and dry and early the next spring he would set them out in rows. He would commence pulling these for market and sell them in bunches just as soon as they began to form small bulbs and would probably have them all sold before they were ripe. Onions grown and sold in this form have been known to bring from $600 to $1,000 for the product of an acre. But then there is a large charge for labor to balance against this income.

Small farmers, even at a considerable distance from market, can grow ripe onions, with profit, if all the conditions and the management are correct. One of the fundamental conditions is, a good rich soil. If it be rich it does not make a great deal of difference what its classification is. We have seen splendid crops, yielding 400 to 500 bushels to the acre produced on a quite light sandy loam, and we have seen them equally large grown on a deep swamp muck. The two indispensable requisites are fertility and fineness. It is not requisite that it should be mellow to a great depth, but the upper three inches should be of very fine tilth.

Breaking a Colt.

A writer who claims to know what he is talking about, gives the following directions for leading a colt along side of a cart: "Put a halter on the colt and halter-break it. Harness a gentle horse in a cart. Procure a slender stick like a broom handle (the sprout of a willow, locust or elm is as good) about four and a-half feet long; use it as a jockey stick. Fasten one end with a thong of buckskin to the colt's halter at the chin. Make the other end fast to the center of the breast plate of the harness. Then fasten a long strap or cord to the halter at the chin, and then tie the end so that it will hold the colt back about abreast of the horse. The jockey stick will hold the colt off from the horse about four feet. The strap will hold him from going in front. Start the horse off in a walk. If the colt fails to come up to place touch him up with a whip. In five minutes the colt will trot alongside of the horse, more or less agreeable to you as he is well or otherwise broken to halter or as he likes the company of the horse. You can turn either way without danger. After you have tried it you will say it is the easiest, safest and most sensible way to lead a colt that was ever thought of. You can fasten the jockey stick to the shaft where it goes through the strap if you prefer. Then your stick would answer if four feet long."

Mulching in Winter.

Mulching of trees is usually not thought of until it is found that drought is injuring them. By this time, of course, the soil has become thoroughly dried, and as the mulch itself will absorb light rains, it may absolutely do little good during the remainder of the growing season. The very best time to apply mulch is in the winter while the soil is frozen. The ground is then full of moisture and the mulch prevents its evaporation. In winter it has also several other good effects, especially around bearing fruit trees. The mulch, by preventing the soil from thawing out quickly, keeps back fruit buds that might in some places put out and be destroyed by late frosts. It also helps to prevent too deep freezing of the soil, which in dry land sometimes kills otherwise hardy trees. There are fewer objections to a mulch in winter than in summer. During the growing season continuous mulching keeps the soil near the surface so moist that it encourages the tree roots to form near the surface. So, if mulching is done in summer, it must be kept up during the winter, in order that these surface roots be not frozen dry and killed.

Irregularity in Feeding.

Jersey Bulletin: Irregularity in feeding is much more hurtful to cows than most men are aware. Cows are much more completely creatures of habit than men, yet all men know when meal time comes, how the appetite wakes up and what a feeling of discomfort it is to be disappointed. Cows have nothing to do but digest their food and elaborate milk. They have nothing else to think about. Hence all the more are they disappointed and disturbed if, when feeding times comes, the food is not ready. As irregularity in meals will soon beget indigestion in men, so it will in cows. Loss of appetite in a cow means disturbed digestion, interrupted milk flow and lowered powers of milk secretion. Irregularity in feeding, either as to time or quantity, is sure to impair the appetite and bring all the attendant ills of indigestion.

Ignorance in Dairying.

National Stockman: In no business perhaps does ignorance have to be paid for more promptly than in dairying. When we churn, if we don't know the right degree of temperature for the cream we may either waste many hours at the crank or else have the butter come too soon, with flavor and texture ruined. If we don't know how to feed our cows we may be wasting feed every day; we may be dairying with the wrong breed, and so on through the whole business. If we do not have the knowledge we are always in the way of making heavy losses. In the present state of dairy science it is inexcusable for anyone to go blindly about his work when he, by a little reading and study, can be as fully informed on every dairy subject as the most expert.

Keeping Breeding Stock.

Breeding hogs, especially, should not be allowed to get fat. A good development of bone and muscle is far more important than an accumulation of fat.

The kind of food that is supplied makes a considerable difference in this, and then in addition a good pasture should be supplied where they can have a good range. This affords them a good opportunity to take exercise. Some animals seem more inclined to lay on fat than others, and while this is no fault with fattening hogs, care must be taken to keep from getting too fat. With breeding hogs, both with the sire and dam, a good thrifty condition is all that is necessary and the nearer they can be kept to this the better.

Farm and Stock Notes.

An animal raised on the farm will not introduce disease.

On the farm something is always growing while you are sleeping.

Generally, early planting should be shallow and late planting deep.

If hauled to the fields as fast as made, manure needs but little care.

It is poor economy to purchase good implements and allow them to lay out.

A good horse blanket saves feed, prevents disease and is a credit to the owner.

Even if stock are allowed to run out, it will be better to feed a little hay or fodder.

Beauty in a horse, if combined with a good animal, increases its value very materially.

If a bell is kept on any of the sheep, select one of the ewes that is most docile to wear it.

The amount of stable manure can be greatly increased by supplying plenty of bedding.

The men who breed and raise good draft horses for market rarely complain of hard times.

The kind and quality of the hay supplied, will make a considerable difference in the amount of grain it will be necessary to feed.

With all classes of stock, if the quality is kept up, it will be necessary to keep weeding out occasionally always selecting out the best to keep.

"Johnny—Johnny, if you don't go in the house this minute and get your over-shoes, I'll tell your mother." Tell on then, I ain't a-caring—we've thrown away our rubbers and taken to Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, we have."

W. R. Gregory was sent to jail in Kansas City, Mo., the other day, for stealing a "red hot stove," the oven of which was filled with biscuits. He sold it at a second-hand store, biscuits and all, for $3.

Should be kept at stables and stock yards.—Salvation Oil is the best friend not only of man but of dumb beasts as well. For swelled joints, strained tendons, old sores, saddle galls, and wounds of all kinds there is no remedy like Salvation Oil.

One of the industries of London is the selling of sea water, which is delivered at the purchaser's house for twopence a gallon. It is brought to town every night by the railroad companies.

Why rub, and toil, and wear out yourself and your clothes on wash-day, when, ever since 1864 Dobbins' Electric Soap has been offered on purpose to lighten your labor and save your clothes. Now try it. Your grocer has it.

An English court has decided that the chimes of bells in the village of Deptford must not be sounded because the noise is offensive to the majority of the property owners in the vicinity.

GARFIELD TEA cures Constipation and Sick Headache; restores the Complexion; saves Doctors' Bills. Sold by Druggists.

A New York husband was so insanely jealous that he would take his wife's shoes with him when he went to work so that she could not go out in his absence.

Alexander's Detective Agency, 181 W. Madison St., Chicago. All kinds of detective work done in the most satisfactory manner. All communications strictly private.

Half a dozen New York ladies earn a handsome living by holding conversation classes and giving private lessons in that art.

Sudden Changes of Weather cause Throat Diseases. There is no more effectual remedy for Coughs, Colds, etc., than BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold only in Boxes. Price 25 cts.

On Lake Nyassa, Africa, the Scottish Free church has, at Bandawe, 1,189 pupils and thirty-eight native teachers in its schools.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

The oldest clergyman in the church of England, the Rev. John Elliott, vicar of Randwick, began his hundredth year Dec. 19. He has served in Randwick for more than seventy years.

THE WORLD GROWS.—Noah Webster would not know his old dictionary in its new dress. The world grows, however, and dictionaries with it, so an old "Webster" is now worth about as little as an old almanac. Webster's International Dictionary, a new book re-edited and reset from cover to cover is a magnificent work, and well used in a family will be of more value to the members thereof than many times its cost laid up in money.

Sadie Martinot is having a play written for her with Mme. de Pompadour as a central figure. It will be a faithful portrayal of the times of Louis XVI. and will introduce several characters prominent in the history of France at that period.

An Illustration

Of the value of extensive and judicious advertising of any article of undoubted merit is found in the remarkable success of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., which has simply been phenomenal, even in this age of great enterprises.

Organized a few years ago to manufacture a new and more perfect remedy than had ever been produced, a laxative with original and attractive features, prepared from delicious fruits and health-giving plants, one which would be pleasant and refreshing to the taste, as well as really beneficial to the system, the management very wisely concluded to select the leading newspapers throughout the United States to make known to the public the merits of the new remedy, Syrup of Figs. As happens with every valuable remedy, cheap substitutes are being offered to the public, but with the general diffusion of knowledge it is becoming more difficult each day to impose on the public. Health is too important to be trifled with, and reputable druggists will not attempt to deceive the public, as they all know that Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. of San Francisco, Cal., Louisville, Ky., New York, N. Y. Do not accept any Neap, non-advertised imitations if offered.

Nothing is more soothing for burns or scalds than to put the white of an egg over the injured place. It is easily procured and is more cooling than sweet oil and cotton.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

☞ Sold by druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

The sight of a gang of convicts in prison suits of broad black and yellow stripes at work in the public parks of Richmond strikes a Northern man as a peculiar feature of the Virginia reformatory system. They work even in the shadow of the State house, keeping the walks and lawns in order. They are short-term men and do not require much watching to prevent their escaping.

Dropsy.

We call attention to those suffering with dropsy to the fair proposition of Dr. H. H. Green & Sons in their advertisement on this page. Try them; costs you nothing to do so.

For next season Richard Mansfield will have two new plays besides "Don Juan;" namely, "The Man Without a Shadow," by Mrs. John Elliott (Maude Howe), and "Charles II.," by Margaret Mayrington and Miss Purdy.

In another column of this paper can be seen a small cut of "The Newcomb Fly-Shuttle Rag Carpet Loom." They claim the loom will weave seventy yards of carpet per day, and we should judge from the amount of carpets woven in this vicinity, that the business could be made a very profitable one for a good weaver. Write them for circulars.

Laura (at the play): "I wonder why Booth isn't with Barrett this season." Jean: "Why, don't you know that Booth is giving all his time to that wonderful Salvation army of his, and to his plan for helping the London poor? Why don't you read the papers, dear!"

GOSSIP ABOUT THE FAIR SEX.

At Morristown, Pa., Colonel Theodore W. Bean, prominent in Republican politics in Pennsylvania, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. Financial trouble was the cause.

Mrs. Dolph, wife of the Oregon Senator, is one of the pretty women of Washington. She is a brunet, of fine figure and handsome face. She is a farmer's daughter and was a dairymaid in her youth.

Miss K. T. Mumford of Detroit, at one time George Bancroft's amanuensis, says that the historian, though deluged with letters and telegrams of congratulations on every birthday, scrupulously replied to every solitary one by letter.

Dr. Charles A. Young, professor of astronomy at Princeton college, has received notice that he has been awarded the Janssen prize for 1890, by the French Academy of Sciences, in recognition of his discoveries in spectroscopy.

One of the best financiers of St. Louis is Mrs. Lucy V. S. Ames, who, since her husband's death, has managed his estate with great skill and practical good sense. She is at the same time a prominent figure in the best society of the Mound City.

It is said of Queen Victoria's daughters that if it had not been for their exaltered position in society they would all have made names for themselves in literature or art. Among their accomplishments they are noted as being good needle women and excellent cooks.

Mrs. Kate Chase has in her home near Washington a large piece of Gobelin tapestry, one of the few in America, that once hung on the walls of King Louis Phillippe's palace. It tells the story of Ulysses in the guise of a woman being entertained at a feast by the Queen of some barbaric island.

The new college for women to be established in Virginia is partly the gift of a land company of Lynchburg, which has offered to give Randolph-Macon college twenty acres of land for a woman's college and $100,000 in bonds, provided $100,000 more can be raised for the endowment fund.

There are many curious copies of the Bible in the various collections of Europe and America, but it is doubtful if there is a duplicate for the one belonging to Dr. R. T. Williams of London. This odd copy of the holy writ is in shorthand characters and is complete throughout.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Pope has conferred upon the Hon. M. Mercier the premier of Quebec, the great privilege of having the blessed sacrament reserved in a tabernacle at his private residence. Mr. Mercier has built a sumptuous chapel, which was consecrated at the first mass of the new year.

St. JACOBS OIL
CURES SURELY.

SPRAINS.

Ohio & Miss. Railway, Office President and General Manager, Cincinnati, Ohio

"My foot suddenly turned and gave me a very severely sprained ankle. The application of St. Jacobs Oil resulted at once in a relief from pain."

W. W. PEABODY, Prest. & Gen'l Manager.

BRUISES.

746 Dolphin Street, Baltimore, Md., Jan'y 15, 1890.

"I was bruised badly in hip and side by a fall and suffered severely. St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me." WM. C. HARDEN, Member of State Legislature.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

AGENTS of every kind, Men and Women seeking a business change, $75 to $100 monthly; Send for our "Copyrighted methods" and double your profits or salary. Big pay for spare hours at home. Particulars free. THE AUBURN PURCHASING AGENCY, 3 COOPER UNION, NEW YORK.



CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH. RED CROSS
PENNYROYAL * PILLS
DIAMOND BRAND
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, plain wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square, PHILADELPHIA, PA. Sold by all Local Druggists.

PISO'S CURE FOR
25 CTS. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.
Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

"What force cannot do, ingenuity can." Weak women can
PERFORM MIRACLES
with the aid of
SAPOLIO
Try it in your next house-cleaning and see.

A STRUGGLE WITH DIRT

Goes on in civilized society from the cradle to the grave. Dirt is degradation—and degradation is destruction. Women, especially, are judged by their habits of household cleanliness, and no stronger condemnation can be expressed than "she keeps a dirty house and a filthy kitchen." But the struggle with dirt is often unequal. The woman's weakness or the worthlessness of the soaps she uses make it impossible to overcome the demon of dirt. By the use of SAPOLIO she wins easily.



I have Tried

the new *five cent* package of Pyle's *Pearline* and like it—decidedly—economical for use—economical to hand to servants—no waste by upsetting.

I know *Pearline* is never peddled—gives no prizes—*is a prize* in itself; and further I know, when a grocer tells me "this is just as good as" or "same as" *Pearline*, he does not know the truth, or else is not telling it.

Manufactured only by 002 JAMES PYLE, New York



Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the world-famed remedy for all chronic weaknesses and distressing derangements so common to American women. It is a potent, invigorating, restorative tonic, or strength-giver, imparting tone and vigor to the whole system. For feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon. *Guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper.

A Book of 160 pages, on "Woman: Her Diseases, and How to Cure them," sent sealed, in plain envelope, on receipt of ten cents, in stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.



THE NEWCOMB Fly Shuttle Rag Carpet LOOM.
Weaves 10 yds. an hour. Send for circulars.
C. H. NEWCOMB, Davenport, Ia.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P.O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

MARVELOUS DISCOVERY MEMORY
Mind wandering cured. Books learned in one reading. Testimonials from all parts of the globe. Prospectus post free, sent on application to Prof. A. Loisette, 237 Fifth Ave, New York.

S. E. WOOD, JAS. WOOD, E. A. WOOD, R. NASH
WOOD BROTHERS,
Live Stock Commission Mch'ts,
UNION STOCK YARDS, CHICAGO.
Branches: OMAHA, SIOUX CITY.
Established 1867
It will pay you to give us a trial. Correspondence invited.

$100 IN ONE YEAR AND $10 PER WEEK SICK BENEFITS. Men and women wanted in every town to organize Lodges. No previous experience necessary. Liberal commissions. J. F. DODGE, Chicago, Ill.

$525 Agents' profits per month. Will prove it or pay forfeit. New portraits just out. A $15.00 Sample sent free to all. W. H. Chidester & Son, 20 Bond St., N. Y.

WANTED! MEN TO TRAVEL. We pay $75 to $150 a month and expenses. STONE & WELLINGTON, Madison, Wis.

LADIES can have smaller feet. Solid comfort. Pamphlet free. Sample pkg., 10c. The Pedine Co., New York.

CHEAP FARMS, Fine climate, free fuel, rich soil and best stock country. Nebraska Security Co., Harrison, Neb.

PATENTS Obtained by Experienced Solicitors at lowest price. Address the CHICAGO PATENT LAW AG'CY., 84 La Salle St., Chicago

R. T. FORD LAWYER, 291 Dearborn St., Chicago. Contested cases a specialty. Advice free.

W. N. U. CHICAGO VOL. VI.—No. 6.

THE ANTIOCH WEEKLY NEWS.
SILVER LAKE CLIPPER.
LAKE VILLA ADVOCATE.
HAINESVILLE WEEKLY BLADE.
} $1. PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

— PUBLISHED BY —

J. J. BURKE,

From the Press of the Antioch News.

Advertisers will find the above four leading weeklies, the best Advertising medium, in Northern Illinois.

RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION.

Address the Publisher, at Antioch, Illinois

IT seems peculiar that those little Central American nations can't be neighborly with each other, Guatemala and San Salvador are now calling each other sassy names, and between times preparing for war.

GERMANY'S o-grab-me (embargo) on American pork will soon be raised. The sturdy Teuton could not afford to live without the American hog—not the street car kind. Heaven knows we all could dispense with him, it is the other kind we mean.

WHAT a benighted place St. Louis must be. A couple of importers in that city have filed suit against the United States Government to test the constitutionality of the Mc'Kinley law. The law has been passed. It is a drastic dose, but we might as well swallow it without a grimace.

THE grand total of the production of pig iron for the year 1890 in the United States is 10,250,000 tons an increase of 1,750,000 or over 20 per cent. over the product of 1889. The production of steel ingots in the year 1890 was 4,900,000 net tons, and of steel rails 2,200,000 net tons.

SENATOR-ELECT Gordon has a good war record to recommend him to the position he seeks. This is a fact conceded by both his friends and foes. At the battle of Seven Pines he received three bullet wounds, at Antietam he got two bullets in the leg, one in the arm, one in the shoulder and one in the right cheek. He also had a horse killed under him, the butt of his pistol shattered, his canteen pierced and his coat torn with bullets.

A local spirit dealer in Ayr, during the visit of a circus to the town, hit on an expedient for obtaining a cheap advertisement by offering a prize for the best reply to his conundrum: "Why is it that my whiskey resembles a certain bridge across the water of Ayr?" The answers were read aloud in the circus, and the one which obtained the prize was given in by a poor boy, and ran as follows: "Because it leads to the poorhouse, the lunatic asylum and the cemetery." The publican had his advertisement, but history does not state whether he relished the notoriety it brought him or not.—*Ex.*

Preachers are some times given to using enerjetic terms when addressing their congregation. A certain Baptist minister in Pennsylvania recently said to his people: "This church is rotten to the core, from the front seat to the back, and if the people who live in large houses and put on the most style paid their honest debts they would not have a quarter of a dollar to call their own." He also offered to kick some of the members out of the church if they did not go voluntarily. His language created an uproar but the society concluded that they could not get along without him and his salary was raised to $500.

THE *Boston Herald says that* over 20,000 women voters registered in that city in 1888, a few over 10,000 in 1889, and less than 8,000 in 1890. It will thus be seen that the list grows beautifully less year by year. If female sufferage was to have succeeded anywhere it should have done so in Boston. The women there fought and nearly bled and died for the ballot. But three years have passed since they gained their point and their voting force has decreased from 20,000 to about 8,000. The quickest way to settle the question of female sufferage would be to at once grant to every woman in the land the right to cast a ballot and in about five or six years they would all be satisfied to stay home on election day.

THERE are 3,085 paper mills in the world and 1,904,000,000 pounds of paper are turned out annually. Half is used for printing, 600,000,000 pounds being required for newspapers alone, the consumption of which has risen by 200,000,000 pounds in the last decade.

THE third party movement is not making very rapid progress, owing to the difficulty of getting the Southern members of the Farmers Alliance to withdraw from the democratic party. This obstacle is a formidable one, and may defeat the whole movement, or postpone it until after '92.

SINCE bringing out the fact that Senator Cameron was a speculator in silver bullion, the House committee which is investigating the charge of Congressional silver pools, hasn't discovered anything startling, and it is whispered around the Capitol that it isn't trying as hard as it might, because of knowledge of the guilt of certain men high in the counsels of both parties that has unofficially come to its members. These things are hard to believe, but they will be believed unless the committee adopts more energetic methods than it has yet done. No honest man would object to stating under oath whether he had engaged in speculation in silver; therefore it seems that the best way to clear the innocent and show up the guilty would be to examine every Senator and Representative, not forgetting the members of the committee.

The Art of Advertiseing.

Many an advertiser spends hundreds of dollars yearly in advertising, and the sales resulting therefrom do not net him three per cent on the money invested. Why? Because he lacks the happy faculty of making his advertisements appear attractive and at the same time impressive. The day has gone by when the mere announcement that "John Jones sells goods dirt cheap" or "Sam Brown keeps the best store in town" would have the effect of increasing the sales in either of the above stores. There are too many other business men advertising their place in the same style. An advertisement, if it would be remembered by all who chance to read it, must have an individuality of its own. The most successful advertisers of the present day all adopted at the start an attractive, *and in many cases a peculiar*, style of advertising, and have "stuck to it" through thick and thin. Who is not familiar with the advertisement of Dr. Price of baking-powder fame and that of Pear, the famous soap manufacturer? So persistently did the latter use the startling and suggestive expression "Good morning. Have you used Pear's Soap?" as a heading for all of his first class advertisements, that now the friendly greeting "Good morning" almost suggests the impertinent inquiry "Have you used Pear's Soap?" These two, as well as many other advertisements that we might mention, have established their own individuality and are among the *best paying "ads" to be found. It takes* as much intelligent brain work to prepare an *attractive* advertisement as it does to keep a set of books in one of our large mercantile establishments.

AGENTS WANTED.
FOR OUR NEW BOOK, RECENT
INDIAN WARS.
By James P. Boyd, A. M. A full account of all Indian wars for the past 30 years, *including The Minnesota Massacre* and its terrors; The Sioux Wars on the Missouri River and in Wyoming; The Wars of '68 and '69 with the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes; Custer's War with the Comanches and Cheyennes; The Modoc War of 1873; Wars with Sitting Bull and other chiefs from 1876 to 1880; The Custer Massacre; The Nez Perces War; Sketches of leading chiefs and a complete history of
THE PRESENT WAR.
Over 300 pages. Cloth $1.00; Paper covers, 50 cts; Agents outfit, 25 cts. Everybody interested. Intense excitement everywhere. A thrilling book. Sells as fast as you can show it. Prices at which everybody can buy. A quick canvass will pay you big. Send 25 cts. for outfit at once. Address
FRANKLIN NEWS CO.
533 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.



$4000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $2 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay MADE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which persons can realize that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It is NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

Many years practice have given C. A. Snow & Co., solicitors of Patents, at Washington D. C., unsurpassed success in obtaining patents for all classes of invention. They make a specialty of rejected cases, and have secured allowance of many patents that had been previously rejected. Their advertisement in another column will be of interest to inventers, patentees, manufacturers and all who have to do with patents.

FOR SALE.

I now offer for sale my warehouse; house and lot, and three building lots and I will also rent my farm of 480 acres. Call on or address:
T. C. Udell, Antioch, Ill.

FARM FOR RENT.

I desire to rent my farm in the town of Richmond, 3 miles south-east of the village of Richmond. The farm consists of 121 acres of good improved land with good buildings, wells etc. For particulars enquire of R. Johonnott, Antioch, Ill.

NOTICE!
Watches! Watches!!
All that are lovers of good and reliable time keepers, watches and clocks, can buy of me for spot cash, at wholesale prices. All I ask is 6 per-cent. over wholesale list price. You will get from 40 to 50 per-cent discount, which will reduce your time pieces from $20 to $10. Please call and I will show you the net prices.
T. C. Richardson,
Antioch, Ill.

JOB WORK
NEATLY DONE
AT THIS OFFICE.

FOR RENT:
A good store with dwelling rooms overhead. For particulars call on or address: H. Thacker, Lake Villa, Ill.

MISS ADDIE SHAFFER,
Invites the Ladies of Antioch and vicinity to call and inspect her new line of
WINTER MILLINERY.
Prices Always Reasonable.
Everything New and of the Latest Styles.
Shop in Foltz' Store,
ANTIOCH, -:- ILLINOIS.

E. H. AMES,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office at Residence,
ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.



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During the month of February,
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Full Standard prints 5 & 6cts. ₱ yard.
Amoskeag & York Ch. Ginghams @ 6½
Fine Dress Ginghams, ... @ 8½.
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All No's. of thread, ... ₱ doz. 45c.

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OUR STOCK OF CLOTHING
AT THE LOWEST PRICES
quality considered
EVER OFFERED.

Ladies, Gents and Misses
UNDERWEAR
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LOWER THAN EVER KNOWN
in this town.

NOTE THESE PRICES
IN GROCERY STOCK.
Tea at 50 cts, or 45 cents in 5 pound lots.
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CANNOT BE EQUALED
in Lake County.

Fine Valencia Raisins 8c ₱ lb. 14 lb. $1.
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SUGAR!
For The Present,
15½ lbs. Granulated, ... $1,00.
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